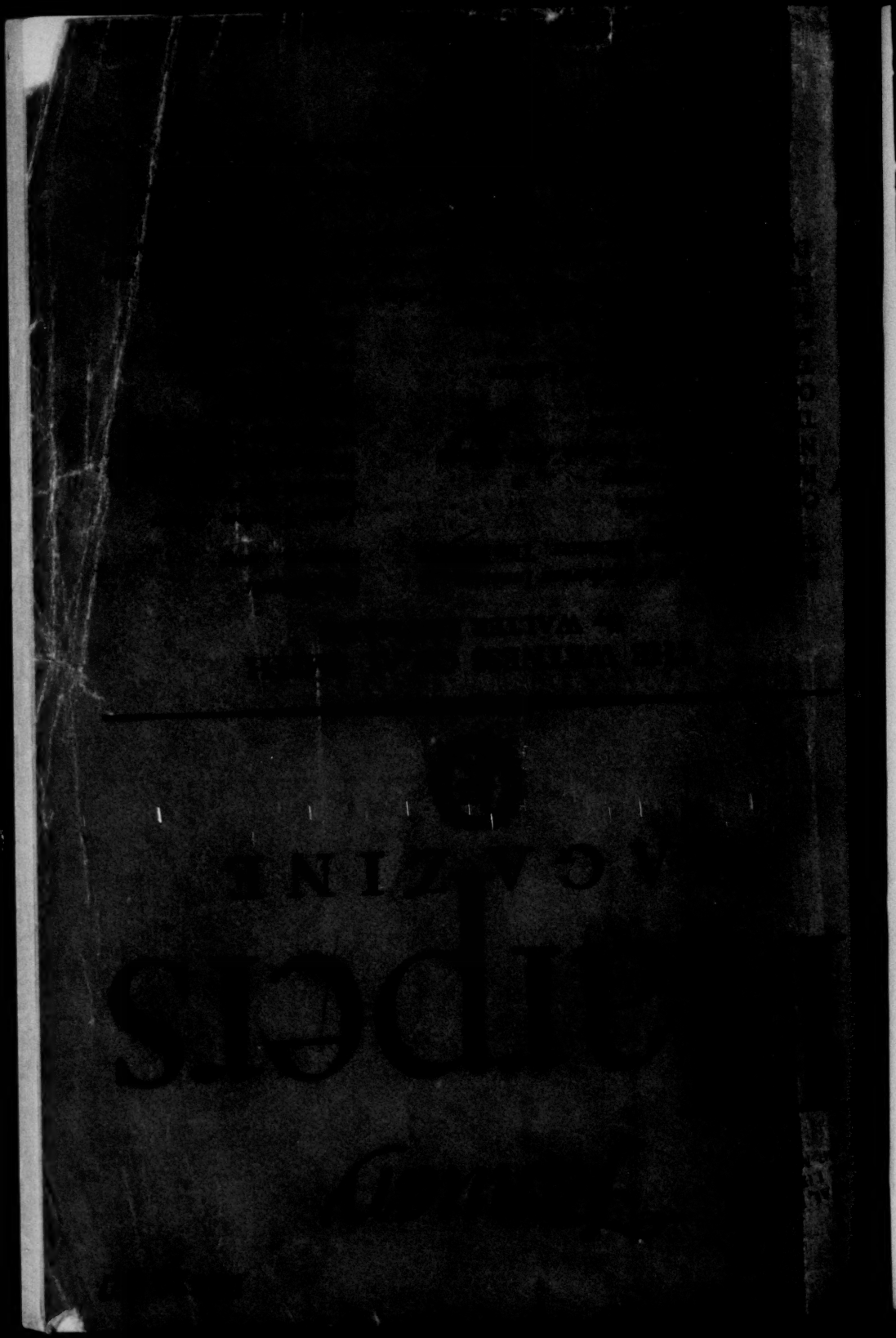

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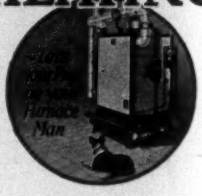

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MY FAMILY

By George Bellows

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VOLUME 156 JANUARY 1928

Harpers Magazine

THE WETNESS OF AL SMITH

THE PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES IF HE WERE ELECTED

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

THOSE who have followed closely the growth of Governor Smith's candidacy will have observed, I think, that discussion of Smith as a wet is gradually tending to supplant discussion of Smith as a Catholic. This shifting of emphasis is due in part, no doubt, to a realization that the employment in so conspicuous a case of a religious test for public office might do subtle and irreparable injury to American self-respect. But the shifting of emphasis is not due wholly to such remembrance of the ideals which Americans have always professed. It is due also, I think, to a feeling among Governor Smith's opponents that the rules of the game permit them to argue against Smith's wetness with a freedom which is not possible in arguing about his religious associations. Prohibition is a legitimate public issue. The other objections to Governor Smith—his Catholicism, his immigrant origin, his personal variation from the traditional type of American presidents, his Tammany associations, his identification with New York—may have enormous weight with the voters, but they cannot be discussed very much or very frankly. The conventions do not permit it. The objection to him as a wet has, therefore, gathered up much of the stress and strain which originated in the objections which cannot be put forward too bluntly.

The managers of Governor Smith's campaign are aware that the public controversy about his nomination will be fought out largely in terms of his record and attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment. They know that if they can meet the objection to him as a wet they will deprive the Democratic opposition of the only issue which it can afford to avow. But they have no easy task. The problem of how to make Smith acceptable to a party which is at least half dry is taxing all their ingenuity. Broadly speaking, they would, I believe, adopt any formula which would work, for they are not crusaders and they are not bothered too much by questions of

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principle. Smith's backers, like all other backers, are practical politicians; they are more interested in electing their man than they are in any issue. They would cheerfully make him out a staunch dry if that were the way to obtain the nomination. In saying this I do not mean to be cynical. The Smith candidacy is managed largely by wets, but they are wets who care more for his candidacy than for the reform of prohibition. They are prepared for any concession to the drys which will satisfy the drys.

There are also practical politicians among the drys, and these politicians are well aware that, in spite of all the objections to him, Governor Smith is the only candidate who appears to have even a fighting chance against the Republican nominee. Many of these dry politicians would like to see Smith nominated if it could be done in some way which would not cause too much trouble for themselves in their own dry, rural, Protestant constituencies. Some of them regard him as a good political gamble; the shrewder and more far-sighted ones would like to see him nominated because they have come to realize that the rejection of Smith in 1928 would alienate for years to come a mass of Democrats without whom the party cannot hope again to win. They may not want Smith, but they regard him as a bitter pill which they have to swallow now if they are ever to restore the political health of the party.

II

These practical drys have, I believe, been conferring a good deal with the practical wets in an attempt to work out a strategic formula. The first impulse of these conferring politicians is to look for some way of pretending that there is no issue at all. For it is the fashion these days to say as little on troublesome questions as possible. There is a school of Democratic politicians who have taken Mr. Coolidge as a model: they would like nothing better than to smother prohibition as neatly as Mr. Coolidge has smothered half a dozen great questions during his term of office.

But there are many reasons why the smothering policy will not work. There are, first of all, the extreme drys who take prohibition seriously. Then there are the extreme wets who take anti-prohibition seriously. There are all the Democrats who do not like what Smith represents and will not relinquish the one good pretext on which it is possible to oppose him. But there are still more fundamental difficulties about smothering the prohibition question in connection with Al Smith. It is a fact, unfortunately I think, but none the less a fact, that wetness is the one unmistakable national cause with which the Governor is clearly identified. He is as thoroughly identified with wetness as Mr. Coolidge has been with prosperity. He is not identified with anything else. He has, at least when this is written, no position on the tariff, on the international debts, on association with Europe, on American responsibility in the Caribbean or in the Pacific, on agrarian relief, on railroad consolidation, on the merchant marine, on federal taxation. It is possible to infer a national program of water-power development from his proposals in New York; but by and large the one definite thing fixed in the popular mind is that he is an opponent of national prohibition.

President Coolidge could be vague about all sorts of concrete questions because everything in his administration has been developed in a golden haze of prosperity. But Governor Smith's vagueness about national questions has served merely to emphasize his record of opposition to the Volstead Act. It is, moreover, too late for him to obscure prohibition by making himself the leader of some other cause. There is no other cause to lead. And if he found one it is altogether unlikely that it would be heavily enough charged with emotion to distract either the drys or the wets from their preoccupation.

If this analysis is sound then we must conclude that circumstances will not permit the Governor to make a detour around prohibition. The road is rough. But he must take it.

III

When I speak of evading the issue I include all the attempts to utter pious platitudes about respect for law and belief in enforcement. Prohibition is one of the few political questions about which the ordinary voter has real opinions and ardent convictions. He knows that there is a difference between a wet and a dry, and when he is examining the candidacy of a man with Governor Smith's record he will insist upon knowing—I think rightly—just exactly what practical difference the election of Governor Smith would make.

In trying to answer that inquiry there is very little actual material at hand to guide us. We know that before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment Governor Smith was a wet. We know that he was opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. We may assume that he would like to see it repealed. We know that after much hesitation he signed the measure repealing the New York State enforcement act. We know that he has recommended, though he has not insisted very furiously upon, the enforcement of the federal statute by state police officials. We know that he voted "yes" on the New York referendum which asked Congress to permit each state to define for itself the meaning of "intoxicating" beverages. This is enough to place him unmistakably on the wet side, and yet it does not give the voter any very clear idea of what Al Smith would do about prohibition if he were elected President, took the oath of office, and moved into the White House.

Governor Smith is an extraordinary man with an impulse to be very frank. He may, for all I know, disregard the advice which will be offered him, and some fine day he may decide to say what is really on his mind about the whole question. But if he follows the advice that is sure to be given him, it is a safe guess that until the convention meets he will be drier than he really is: that will be for the benefit of the Southern delegates. Between the convention and election he will be made out much wetter than he now appears to be: this will be an effort to capture the Northern and Eastern states. And after election, if he wins, he will again be drier than the wets would like him to be: for then he will be dealing with the realities of the political situation, and what he would like to do and what he has promised to do will be regulated by what it is feasible to do.

IV

The real answer to the question of what Smith's election would mean to prohibition can be approached not by studying what he says now, or what his platform may say later, but by considering the concrete situation which would confront him as a President in office. Here there are certain fixed points which will in all likelihood remain fixed for as long a time as one can reasonably look ahead. They are:

1. *That the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed or modified.* Whatever Governor Smith may think of the Amendment it will remain part of the Constitution, because a majority in one branch of the legislature of thirteen states is enough to preserve the Amendment intact. There is no reasonable chance of a sufficient change of sentiment to carry the legislatures of thirty-six states for repeal.

2. *That the Volstead Act is not likely to be modified by the next Congress.* The dry majority is secure for the present.

3. *That Congress, while retaining the Volstead Act, will not appropriate enough money to enforce it thoroughly, nor arm the Executive with the drastic police powers which thorough enforcement calls for.* This prophecy is based on the past record of Congress. It never has, even in the

heyday of the prohibition fervor, been willing to pay the bill for real enforcement. There is no reason to suppose that it will be more willing to do so next year.

4. *That since the appropriations and the powers for enforcement will remain inadequate, the Executive, charged with enforcement, is bound to use his discretion as to where he will apply his limited resources to a virtually unlimited problem.* Congress in effect gives the President three policemen to catch ten lawbreakers. The President cannot catch more than, say, three lawbreakers with three policemen. He must, therefore, decide which three lawbreakers he will send his policemen to catch.

Smith's actual policy would inevitably lie within the framework of these four propositions. They are the boundaries of his freedom of action. He could do nothing which carried him outside these limits. He may believe, for example, that the Eighteenth Amendment ought not to be part of the Constitution, but as President he could not repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. He might advocate its repeal, although in fact he has never, I believe, done even that. He might make speeches in favor of repeal, but farther he could not go. Actually, he would almost certainly not go farther than to express an opinion on the desirability of repeal or modification, because the hopelessness of accomplishing it would make the effort abortive. A President of the United States is a busy man and he cannot devote much energy to campaigning for hopeless causes. Smith or no Smith, the Eighteenth Amendment will remain part of the Constitution.

In regard to the Volstead Act he is more definitely on record. On June 1, 1923, he approved the repeal of the New York enforcement act and issued a memorandum in which he declared:

> It is . . . a fact that the definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one. It is impossible to divorce from the public mind the impression that the definition of an intoxicating beverage as containing not more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol was written by the fanatical drys in defiance of the general experience of mankind and of actual fact. It seems to me that common sense, backed by good medical opinion, can find a more scientific definition of what constitutes an intoxicating beverage. Such a definition should be adopted by Congress as a proper and reasonable amendment of the Volstead Act, and a maximum alcoholic content should be prescribed by Congress which would limit all States to the traffic in liquors which are, in fact, non-intoxicating within the meaning of the Eighteenth Amendment. Subject to that limitation, each state would thereafter be left free to determine for itself what should constitute an intoxicating beverage.

This is, of course, definite enough in theory but quite vague in its application. No one could tell from this passage whether or not he expected Congress to amend the Volstead Act so as to permit states to legalize wine and beer. When the 1924 convention came along the Governor made it plain that all he had asked for was the legalizing of 2.75 per cent beer. This satisfied nobody. For 2.75 per cent beer is not beer, and no wine fit to drink can be made with so small an alcoholic content. The wets insisted on a more genuine program of reform, and in 1926 the New York legislature passed a bill authorizing a popular referendum on this question:

> Shall the Congress of the United States modify the Volstead Act to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States so that the same shall not prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation of beverages which are not in fact intoxicating *as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective states?*

Governor Smith signed the bill authorizing this referendum, his platform urged an affirmative vote, he himself voted in the affirmative, and the proposal was carried by a majority of 1,164,586 votes. The policy laid down in this referendum is, therefore, the most authoritative pronouncement of Gov-

ernor Smith's commitments in regard to the Volstead Act. It supersedes the vaguer policy of his 1923 memorandum on the Mullen-Gage repealer. In 1923 he stood merely for a new definition by Congress, which might raise the permissible alcoholic content from .5 per cent to 2.75 per cent. To-day he stands for the much more radical policy of allowing each state to define the alcoholic content for itself. The new program laid down in 1926 in effect reverses the whole theory of prohibition as we have known it. The present theory is that Congress shall define the meaning of "intoxicating" and that the states are under some obligation to help the federal government enforce the rule laid down by Congress. The 1926 program in New York proposes to let each state legislature define "intoxicating" and to place upon the federal government the obligation of helping each state enforce its own rule.

This being the policy to which he is committed, what could Governor Smith do about it if he were elected President? The answer to that question depends first of all on the stand which the next Democratic convention takes on prohibition. For the pronouncement in the platform will bind the candidate regardless of his previous commitments. The only question is whether Governor Smith can accept a nomination if the platform is utterly at variance with his convictions and previous commitments. The chances are, of course, that if the Democrats decide to nominate Smith they will write a platform which is absolutely meaningless. That is the only way they can satisfy the drys without alienating the wets. In that event the candidate will make his own platform, and I shall assume for the purposes of argument that Smith is elected without being irrevocably committed against that reform of prohibition to which he is now so deeply committed. Anything else would stultify him hopelessly, and ruin his chances of election.

As President, then, he would be bound to recommend to Congress the policy laid down in the 1926 referendum. How earnestly he would recommend it would depend upon circumstances that cannot now be foreseen. Prohibition might be the great question of the day. It might be a wholly minor question in comparison with some other matter that is now unnoticed. But whether the amendment of the Volstead Act was a major or a minor issue, the final word here will rest with the majority in both houses of Congress. The President can talk, but he cannot act and, therefore, no matter how sincerely and strongly Smith might desire modification of the Volstead Act, the decision rests with the legislature. The Volstead Act cannot be modified until Congress consents.

V

This narrows the practical consequences of Smith's wetness to the question of enforcement. However, it throws no light on the question to say that having taken the oath of office, he will of course enforce the Volstead Act along with all other laws. That kind of talk is stupid when it is not insincere. For the fundamental fact about the Volstead law is that Congress provides the means for only partial enforcement. Congress understands perfectly what it is doing. Congress has been told a thousand times by wets and by drys, by men of experience with the problem, that if it desires an effort at thorough enforcement it must triple the appropriations, must vastly enlarge the federal judiciary, must abolish trial by jury, and do many other difficult and expensive things. Congress, although there is a strong dry majority, has steadily refused to supply the means for thorough enforcement. It follows that Congress expects the Executive to enforce the law partially. Congress might not admit this, but its actions speak louder than its words.

The effect of this attitude in Congress is to put upon the Executive the burden

of deciding where on the whole long front he will place his inadequate forces. This decision is made by every high executive charged with prohibition enforcement. He has several choices. The conventional choice is to adopt what might be called the sniping policy. It consists in taking a shot at this café and that bootlegger and that rum runner, occasionally arresting a waiter, or padlocking a landlord, or jailing a liquor magnate. This is not a very dignified policy. It is certainly not effective, and it is deeply corrupting. The lawbreakers have to pay for protection; and corrupt officials, since enforcement is so spasmodic and casual, can easily give the protection for which they are paid. Another possible policy is that which United States Attorney Emory Buckner inaugurated. It consists in ignoring all the small violators and concentrating on an effort to catch the big ones. The policy, when tried out in practice, was enlightening. But New York was as wet as ever at the end of it. Then there is the policy of what might be called tacit nullification in the wet centers. This, in effect, is the present Republican policy in New York. The officials go through the motions of enforcing the law, but they do not excite themselves much about it.

If Smith were elected President he would have to decide on the character and the quality of enforcement which his Administration would attempt. I do not know what he would decide to do, but some sort of decision he would have to make. For this is the field in which the President's convictions have practical consequences. Now, many of his opponents believe, no doubt, that being a wet he would make no real effort to spend wisely the money which Congress appropriates for enforcement. I think they are wholly mistaken. They not only misunderstand Smith but they misunderstand the mind of those wets whose objection to prohibition is more than a thirst for liquor. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that Smith, precisely because he is a wet, would devote an amount of thought and attention to the enforcement machinery which no President has ever yet given to it. A President who is a theoretical dry can make a few statements and let the business work itself out. But a President who is as conspicuously wet as Smith could not, if he wanted to, get away with the laxity and corruption which are a normal part of enforcement to-day. His critics would exercise a vigilance which they do not exercise when the President has received the approval of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Coolidge, for example, is charged with tolerating everything from inefficiency, through corruption, to nullification. But the drys cannot attack him very fiercely because he is theoretically their man. But Smith they could and would attack with gusto.

I am persuaded, however, that Smith would be bound to adopt a more genuine policy of enforcement, even if he had nothing to fear from the drys. As a wet, and as a duty to the wets who support him, he would be forced to adopt a constructive policy. I am persuaded that such a policy can be devised and that the logic of events would bring Smith to it. What is this logic of events and what is the constructive policy which it indicates?

There is, first of all, the fact that the resources available permit only partial enforcement. There is, in the second place, the fact that Governor Smith is committed to the general principle that dry states ought to be dry and wet states wet. Put these two considerations together, and what conclusion do you reach? Is it not that the effort at enforcement should be concentrated primarily upon protecting dry states against the invasion of liquor from wet states and from abroad?

Such a program would more than tax the resources of enforcement. But it would be more nearly practicable than the present arrangement. The South and West are fairly dry and would like to be bone dry. Very well. What do

the South and West want most? To be dry themselves, or to interfere with drinking in Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York? If they are primarily concerned with protecting themselves against the liquor traffic, they ought to welcome a policy which would allocate to them the bulk of the resources available to enforcement. For every dollar spent in futile efforts to dry up the wet centers means a dollar less for protection to the dry states. It might be possible in time to dry up the dry sections of the United States, the sections where people are dry by conviction and habit and where they will co-operate with the federal government to enforce the law. But that in itself is so huge a task that it will not be done if the meager resources of the federal power are wasted in those sections of the country where resistance to the law is an established and respectable practice.

VI

I do not know whether political conditions in America are ripe for the avowal of a policy as candid and as unconventional as the one I have outlined. We may require more buncombe and less logic from our public men. But this, at least, can be said in behalf of the policy. It represents the limit of what Smith could do practically to modify the existing situation. More he could not do. He might do less, in that he might speak more piously about the Volstead Act and might tolerate more of the existing confusion and corruption. But if this analysis is sound, the drys can rest assured that the most he could do, beyond expressing his opinions, is to adopt some such course as I have suggested. The least he could do is to practice the same kind of enforcement as exists to-day.

SALOME

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

SHE stamped her foot, "I want his head!"
And her brow was black as she looked at John:
"I want his head in my hands," she said,
"And I don't care whether it's off or on."

John would not kiss, so he had to die;
She was wilful as she was proud,
And she bore the head on a salver, high,
And kissed its lips and triumphed loud.

For what woman cares if his soul she kill,
When a man to her whim she has chanced to find,
If she only can fondle his hair at will,
And kiss his lips when she has a mind?

BOSTON

NOTES ON A BARBARIAN INVASION

BY ELMER DAVIS

TWICE in the past year Boston has come back into its own, though with a difference.

There was a time when Boston produced most of the front-page news in these states; a later, and a longer, time when it produced almost all of the literary news. But after the Civil War the Great Silence set in. Much still went into Boston, chiefly in the way of dividend checks; but less and less came out, except men of letters who migrated to New York and looked back on Boston for the rest of their lives with a mixture of amused vexation and wistful regret. Westward the star of empire took its way, carried as often as not by emigrant Bostonians; and as the rest of the country escaped from the intellectual domination of New England it began to be suspected that a good deal of Boston's reputation sprang from the fact that the Bostonians, like the Athenians of old, had had the happy idea of writing the histories and giving themselves all the breaks.

Boston was still an inhabited city, great and prosperous; it contained Cabots, Lowells, and John Francis Fitzgerald, a Symphony Orchestra that played Brahms, and Royal Rooters who sang "Tessie"; but off the sporting pages and the financial pages Boston had ceased to be news. Even that famous police strike of 1919 which catapulted the astounded Calvin Coolidge up to the summit of Olympus was news because it might have happened anywhere, not because it actually did happen in Boston.

But last summer Sacco and Vanzetti got Boston back on the front page the world over; and about the same time the news appeared on the book pages that the city which used to write most of American literature was now forbidden by the police to read most of American literature. Nor did either of these news items have the peculiarly adventitious interest of the police strike, or the fire of 1872; they could not have happened just as they did anywhere on earth but in Boston. So a good many people who had not thought of Boston since the Red Sox won their last world's championship have begun to wonder, What is Boston? And why?

II

These following observations do not purport to be an explanation of Boston, or even an exhaustive description; they are only diffident contributions which may be found useful by the historian of the future. Several resident Bostonians have politely intimated to me that any outside opinion of Boston is sure to be wrong, and several ex-Bostonians have told me with some acerbity that any unfavorable opinion is sure to be right. However that may be, the remark of a well-known Boston poet that "things are not what they seem" should be borne in mind by every student of a large and complex city. It is easy enough to generalize about Boston, but not so easy to be sure that any generalization contains more than fifty-one per cent of truth.

It is true, for example (or at least fifty-one per cent true), that Boston has lately passed a turning-point in its history, the outward and visible signs of which are the Statler Hotel and the Chevrolet electric sign above the Common. But despite the foreshortened view which one gets by looking back through three centuries, there seems to have been a turning-point in its history every twenty or thirty years since its foundation. One thinks of Boston as the seat of an ancient, frigid, and austere aristocracy, which lives, in the main, in the Back Bay district. The Back Bay streets have an air of solidity and permanence such as few residential districts in the United States can even approach; yet, as every schoolboy knows, this section is made land, and made rather recently as time goes in Boston. Considerably less than a century ago the Back Bay section was filled in on mud flats; most of the Back Bay aristocracy is quite as recent, and a good deal of it rests on quite as humble a foundation.

It is also true that the cardinal fact about Boston is the racial antithesis. A city built and made famous by the Puritans is chiefly inhabited and almost wholly governed by the Irish; while the enfeebled descendants of the Puritans retain most of the money and all of the social prestige, in the main ignoring and despising the newcomers whom they cannot resist. And the Boston Irish (with exceptions) are a peculiar people. The New York Irish were only one of several streams of immigration that swept into New York, in the decades when it was growing from a parochial town to a world metropolis; the original New Yorkers were swamped and the contact of the various swarms of immigrants produced, in course of time, a Manhattan type to which the Irish, in the main, conform like all the rest.

But the Boston Irish were the overwhelming majority of the immigrants; a compact racial block meeting a compact homogeneous block of the older settlers. Fusion between those diametrically opposite elements has hardly even begun. So the present state of Boston suggests an obvious historical parallel. This attractive equation presents itself most readily to the visitor who strolls along the Esplanade beside the Charles and regards the strawberry-brick expanse of Beacon Hill and the Back Bay streets in the afternoon sunlight—a spectacle of serene beauty such as no other city in America can offer, and few other cities in the world. In New York and Chicago beauty and ugliness stand side by side, skyscrapers fling new outlines against the sky and are shut off within the year by newer skyscrapers; but Beacon Hill is all of a color, all of a height; nothing breaks the gently rising skyline until the gilded dome of the State House crowns and centers the picture. It is flawless, complete, finished, static, dead; it lies before you in an autumnal sunset splendor, like Rome under the Ostrogoths. The Irish have the Gothic roughness, the Gothic vigor and power; and the old Bostonians, like the old Romans, keep out of their way, hiding in the crumbling palaces, each race despising and envying the other.

There is your historical parallel—a little too obvious; for the more exact a historical parallel appears, the more probably there is something wrong with it. Not even Beacon Hill is what it seems. Compare it with the ever-changing skyline of New York, and it looks finished—something that has been completed and set aside. But behind those strawberry-brick façades a good deal of real estate activity has gone on of late years.

Beacon Hill, in fact, or parts of Beacon Hill, have passed through the same cycle as Greenwich Village in New York. Mount Vernon Street and Louisburg Square are outwardly untouched, though here and there an ominous "To Let" sign reminds you of Heraclitus's gloomy observation that nothing stands still; but Beacon Street has been pretty

extensively invaded by business of the more refined sort, and the back streets of the Hill, a few years ago, were downright slums. As in Greenwich Village artists and writers were attracted by slum rents; as in Greenwich Village, opulent parvenus were attracted by the Bohemian atmosphere created by the artists and writers; and the ever-ready real estate agent promptly began taking over the old houses, cleaning them up, and cutting them up into studio apartments. Beacon Hill is coming back, but the artists have gone—they cannot pay rents based on the real estate values they created; a sporadic blossoming of tea rooms, "artistic" restaurants, and Ye Antique Shoppes remains to remind the new tenants that they live on Boston's Montparnasse.

As for the old aristocracy—well, like most old aristocracies, it is not so old as it looks; it is rather like that famous ship of Theseus, which was repaired and rebuilt, bit by bit, till not a single timber of the original structure was left, so that the Athenian philosophers used to have a pleasant time arguing whether you could really call it the ship of Theseus or not. There are old families in Boston—old and rich; some few of them have been rich from the start. More of them were old long before they were rich enough to be heard of. When the British army was driven out in 1776 a good many of the best families of colonial days went with it, and most of those who remained were exiled two years later when they refused to swear allegiance to the United States. The Boston aristocracy has developed a more consistent type than any other in the country, and newcomers usually fitted readily, even eagerly, into the mold. There are a few genuine antiques among the Boston old families but most of them are only good modern copies; some of the proudest of them are comparatively recent geological formations.

The merits and demerits of the codfish noblesse cannot profitably be discussed by one who has no acquaintance among them. Charles Francis Adams II, one remembers, said that he had tried Boston summer and winter, drunk and sober, and had found nothing in it but Boston; but the Adamses were always cantankerous and irregular. Indeed, most of the intellectuals who made Boston famous were cantankerous and irregular; State Street regarded them with incomprehension and distrust, and only enrolled them among the demigods after they were dead and incapable of making trouble.

III

It is now an old story that Boston appreciates music but does not make it, that it reads books but does not write them. The average Bostonian spends three times as much for books as does the average resident of the rest of the country; yet you must look back a good many years to find a single Bostonian literary figure of importance except Amy Lowell. (Creative literature, that is; Boston has been and still is embellished by some distinguished scholars.) The old stock has lost its old creative force, and the new stock, the Irish, has not yet found it.

In the interaction of races, of creeds, of philosophies of life in contemporary Boston there is magnificent material for literature, but it is not being put to use. From a very similar situation Sem Benelli and Italo Montemezzi evolved the magnificent "Love of the Three Kings"; but they, after all, wrote a thousand years afterward, when all the qualifications and offsets that might have complicated their simple story had been forgotten. Elliot Paul and Dorothy Speare have written good novels about minor aspects of the Boston scene, but the major antagonism remains untouched.

The inferiority of the Boston newspapers is also an old story. There are still good newspapermen in Boston, despite a considerable migration to

New York, but there are no good newspaper owners; and it is a depressing fact that the owner is the man whose personality, or lack of it, is reflected in the modern newspaper. It must be observed, however, that the failings of Boston newspaper owners are more evident to the foreign than to the Bostonian eye. Each in its separate way, the Boston papers suit Boston. Notably the famous *Transcript* (which has indeed good dramatic and literary departments, by no means heavy though the typography makes them look so) is adapted to the taste of the customers. "The last time I was in New York," a Bostonian told me, "I walked around Times Square till eleven o'clock at night waiting for the *Transcript* to come in. I couldn't go to sleep till I had read it."

No, his name was not Cabot, nor Lowell; it was, in fact, Cohen.

Nevertheless, one reads all the Boston papers, and particularly their editorial pages, with an intensification of that peculiar feeling which Boston as a whole, particularly the traditional Boston, evokes in the visitor from New York—a sense of being in an old house, cold and clammy and mildewed, where the furnace will never be lighted again. There are men in Boston who are lighting a furnace, but it is a heater which offers, in immediate prospect, small warmth to the soul.

Stiffening of the backbone against external criticism and external ideas is perhaps characteristic of the old Bostonians rather than the new; but old and new share the responsibility for the great crusade against current literature which has been going on in the past year; the Puritans forged the sword and the Irish are wielding it. There are at this writing, and there will be more by the time you read it, sixty-five current books that cannot be sold in Boston; among them *An American Tragedy*, *Elmer Gantry*, *Black April*, *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, *As It Was*, *Doomsday*, *In Such a Night*, *From Man to Man*, *Blue Voyage*, *High Winds*, and *The World of William Clissold*. The timidity of Boston booksellers before this onslaught has been much criticized and, indeed, some of them show perhaps an excessive inclination to kiss the rod that beats them; but you can hardly blame them for displaying little eagerness when a New York publisher advises them, "Go tell the Superintendent of Police that he can't intimidate me." When you study the Massachusetts laws you realize that it is only due to the forbearance of the clergy that any books can be sold in Boston at all.

The statutes forbid the sale of any book "containing obscene, indecent, or impure language"—in other words, a single passage, a single line, is enough to condemn a book. Moreover, a decision of the Supreme Court, handed down twenty years ago (the book in question was *Three Weeks*) defined impure language as that which "manifestly tends to incite obscene, impure, and indecent thoughts in the minds of those susceptible to such influence." Persons of a lewd turn of mind can find incitement to such thoughts anywhere; if a law like that is taken literally (and it generally is, in Boston) a single protest against a book is enough to condemn it. Books are placed on sale subject to the application of anybody's *liberum veto* at any time.

But a statute which condemns almost every book will, of course, be enforced only against certain books. The practice of enacting a law which almost everybody violates, and then catching up only such violators as for one reason or another are distasteful to the ruling opinion, is common enough in these states. The most obscene book I have ever read was an argument by an Irish judge against birth control; but I do not imagine that my protest would induce the Boston police to suppress it. The calling of attention, in these matters, is a prerogative of the clergy.

The old and famous Watch and Ward Society has let books pretty much alone of late, and devoted itself mainly to a campaign against "art" magazines.

Most of these sixty-five books have been suppressed on the instance of a suburban Episcopal clergyman, whose protests seem to find a ready hearing from Mr. Michael H. Crowley, Superintendent of Police. Mr. Crowley is highly praised, as a person and a policeman, by those who know him; and his attitude toward the discussion of sex in fiction is after all that which was held by almost all intelligent persons twenty-five years ago. If a large number of people, generally regarded as decent and intelligent, have changed their ideas since then, their opinion does not disturb Mr. Crowley, just and tenacious of his purpose. Censorship in Irish hands has elsewhere tended to cramp political and social discussion, but Mr. Crowley has not moved against anything except what seems to him indecent or blasphemous. Boston might have fared a good deal worse; yet men of letters sigh for the good old days of the once abused Watch and Ward Society.

District Attorney Foley also is drawing his sword in defense of the moral ideals of the Puritans, from which their enfeebled descendants have fallen away. Lately a professor in the Andover Theological Seminary observed that some of the moral standards of yesterday are not those of to-day. Mr. Foley, addressing the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, promptly warned all such modernists that "so long as I am District Attorney the standards of decency, purity, and morality set up by past generations in this county will be maintained by me." He added that "the people who believe that the standard of our fathers and mothers is not the standard for us are also the people who believe in teaching birth control and sex education in our public schools." Now that the Protestants have lost control of the secular arm, Boston, which was chastised with whips, is likely to be chastised with scorpions. But the District Attorney's office rarely has to draw up indictments; at one word from Mr. Crowley Boston booksellers come down like Davy Crockett's coon. You can hardly blame them, considering the phrasing of the law. There was, of course, the famous case of Mr. Mencken, who stood trial personally when the Watch and Ward Society tried to suppress an issue of the *Mercury*, and was acquitted. But that precedent offers small encouragement to the booksellers. There are twelve judges of the Boston Municipal Court, in which such cases are tried; and I am told by men who ought to know that by pure chance Mencken got the only one who would conceivably have let him off. Any of the others would have had him pounding rock even unto this day.

All of which has led to considerable derision of Boston in the world outside; but I am not persuaded that this has had much repercussion in Boston. A good many Bostonian readers, and even some Bostonian booksellers, are inclined to agree with the views of the police and the courts about decency in literature—all the more readily, in the case of the readers, since of course anyone can get the prohibited books by the simple expedient of mailing a check to New York. Indeed, you can get most of them right across the river in Cambridge. The Rev. Raymond Calkins, the present head of the Watch and Ward Society, seems to be more reasonable than most persons engaged in such activities, yet he told a gathering of clergymen (as reported in the *Transcript* of October 3rd last) that "Mr. Mencken is a bright young man who seized the opportunity to sell his magazine on Boston Common, and a good many people doubtless would never have heard of the *American Mercury* otherwise." I believe this extraordinary statement represents an opinion fairly common in Boston.

But the book censorship is making itself felt in other ways. The booksellers are losing trade—and so are the department stores. Now and then, one hears, an indignant Bostonian who finds that the department store where he (or more

probably she) has traded for decades is unable to sell a book which she regards as perfectly innocuous, stalks out in disgust, announcing that she will do all her buying in New York hereafter. They say that incidents such as this may operate, in time, to bring about a change of heart. For Boston does not want to lose money; and Bostonians are beginning to realize that a good name is not only better than great riches; it is apt to help in their accumulation.

IV

If the country at large has been impressed with the idea, in recent years, that New England is about through, that its ancient industrial and financial opulence is gone forever, New Englanders have mainly themselves to blame. St. Louis boasts that it is taking away the shoe trade; the South at large, and Atlanta in particular, boasts that it is taking away the textile manufactures; but these are interested witnesses, who might not be believed if they were not corroborated by the frequent conferences of New England business men who ask one another in dolorous tones, "What's the matter with New England?"

One cannot help feeling a certain admiration for this candor. Westerners or Floridians would never admit that anything was the matter; the deeper the depression the more loudly they would shout that all was well. National prosperity may last forever; on the other hand, some of us pessimists suspect that the day may come when citizens of the United States will have to face the facts, and some of them are going to find themselves grievously out of practice. New England has faced the facts, and perhaps rather more than the facts.

New England industry began when Jefferson's embargo and the War of 1812 shut off imports from England, and after the Napoleonic Wars it went into a slump as disastrous, on the smaller scale of those days, as the slump which followed the end of the war a few years ago. It might have been submerged by the dumping of English goods but for a protective tariff—which, it must be remembered, was bitterly fought for years by New England conservatives. The established money interests of New England were mostly tied up in shipping, and it took years for New England industry to assure itself of the tariff protection which saved it from death in infancy.

The infant of those days is doing pretty well now, but long habit has inured the New England manufacturers to regard the tariff as a cure-all. Messrs. Fordney and McCumber did their best for New England industry, but despite their exclusion of the products of the pauper labor of Europe New England factories went on closing down. The only remedy comprehensible to the ordinary New England mentality was more protection; and one hears that a good deal of the recent distress of New England has been deliberately exaggerated by New England manufacturers who think that if they only put on sackcloth and sit in ashes Congress can be persuaded to jack up the duties once more.

Also, one is inexpressibly pained to learn, the depression has been exaggerated by advertising men, in the laudable endeavor to persuade New England that it is irretrievably lost unless it spends some millions of dollars on a national advertising program.

New England, like old England, owed its industrial primacy partly to the accident that it got started first, but mainly to cheap and accessible power. Power is cheaper now elsewhere, though intensive development of hydro-electric plants will enable New England to regain much of its old advantage; but in the meantime new industrial areas nearer the raw materials have naturally cut in considerably on fields where New England was once unrivalled. I am not enough of an economist to determine just how much New England has lost; more, I suspect, than New England

admits, and less than St. Louis and Atlanta claim. The textile industry has suffered the world over through the late inclination of the ladies toward scantier attire; even the up-and-coming South has lately been beseeching the girls to go back to cotton petticoats and cotton stockings for the sake of local industry. . . . When they do, Vermont will go Democratic.

But New England has suffered more than other textile centers through one fault which is a flowering of the past three centuries of history—the timidity of New England capital. This was lately made appallingly evident in the discussion of the liquidation of the Amoskeag Mills. At this writing, the management—considerably more courageous, the *Springfield Republican* has observed, than the stockholders—is going to try to carry on; but a good many of the stockholders who took the profits of the fat years are unwilling to carry on through the lean; when times are bad they want to take their money out and put it into safe and sane bonds. While liquidation was an imminent possibility, a letter to the editor of the *Transcript* pointed out one source of this timidity: "Much of such stock is held by trustees, whose duty is not to the public but to their *cestui que* trusts, commonly widows and orphans, who need the money such stock should pay. Such persons can hardly be expected to act philanthropically."

Trustees, in other words, cannot take a chance—though, as a Boston lawyer remarked, they had already taken a quite unjustifiable chance in leaving their money in an industry so subject to fluctuations as textiles. And without taking a chance no region sunk in a slump is likely to get itself out. In the second century A.D. the Roman Empire was more prosperous than any extensive community had ever been before in all history; yet even before civil wars shook its fabric beyond recovery economic progress had stopped. Why? Rostovtzeff, in his recent monumental history, lays the blame to the ascendancy of "the ideals of the rentier"; Roman capital insisted on a safe income; it would not take a chance. Here is one historical parallel that really comes near fitting.

New England's industrial plant, expanded in war time, is too big for an age of hand-to-mouth buying, especially with the rise of rival industries in the West and South. Also, New Englanders will remind you with some bitterness, the South can compete with New England partly by reason of the fact that it works its employees longer hours and has no such industrial welfare laws as increase costs in New England. The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce advertises in the Boston papers that Atlanta can offer manufacturers various advantages, including "efficient, loyal, Anglo-Saxon labor." Well, it was efficient, loyal Anglo-Saxon labor that made New England rich. What became of it? Some of it was worked to death in the hard factory conditions of the early nineteenth century; some of it emigrated; many women factory workers failed to marry, and many men went to the Civil War and were killed off or returned to move West after they found their places filled by Irish and French Canadians. Present-day New England expiates the sins of its ancestors now that Boston is ruled by the Irish and Rhode Island by the French Canadians—but the South may do some expiating too, in the course of time. That efficient, loyal Anglo-Saxon labor of Georgia is presently going to want more money for less work, unless it differs from all other members of the human race, whether laborers or capitalists; it may be as transitory an advantage as some of the factors in the early growth of New England.

All this is a background to the present state of Boston; much of the old nobility of Boston lives on the income from New England mill towns, or on capital accumulated from mill dividends in past generations; but there is a good deal of industry in Boston, too. Boston, it

must be remembered, is a city of eight hundred thousand people surrounded by suburbs in which live a million more; and the suburbs are as integral a part of Boston as are Queens and the Bronx of New York—more, perhaps, for there is hardly a city in the country in which the suburbs do so much to set the tone. Bostonians are quite right in holding that metropolitan Boston, the area governed by certain administrative commissions, should be treated as one community—a community including Cambridge, Everett, Chelsea, Lynn, as well as Swampscott and Wellesley and Brookline. And this area has pretty well recovered from the depression of a few years past. Bank clearings and savings-bank deposits increase steadily; the number of industrial workers is still below the peak year of 1919, but the value of manufactured products equals the highest record; and the tonnage of traffic in the port of Boston increased sixty per cent between 1921 and 1925.

This was due mainly to the new industrial development along the Mystic River; the efforts of Boston's very diligent Chamber of Commerce to bring great passenger liners to Boston have as yet met with little success, possibly because most people, for some inscrutable reason, would rather go to New York than Boston even if it is a day farther from Europe. But manufacturers have discovered that a water-front plant can get its raw materials by sea, very often, more cheaply than it could haul them by rail if it were inland; and here Boston sees a chance to make up for some losses.

A further sign of the times is the fact that Lynn's shoe industry is now of less value than its electrical products. New England is getting away from one or two staple trades, beginning to diversify its output. If Boston is full of trustees who hunt safety, it also contains a good many men who are willing to take a chance and put their money on it.

These dismal details may seem unworthy of a disquisition on the Athens of America; but the Athens of America does not think so. Grievous as it may seem to the high-minded, "When do we eat?" is a question which, as a rule, has to be settled satisfactorily before more spiritual topics can profitably be discussed.

V

Twelve or thirteen years ago I knew certain superficial aspects of Boston tolerably well. It was a gay and pleasant town to the casual visitor, even if his friends were neither Irish nor old Bostonians, but members of that numerous middle class which manages to get along pretty well in Boston, in spite of its being ground, theoretically, between the upper and the nether millstones. Boston's intellectual splendor had long since faded, but nobody seemed much worried about that. War prosperity kept the citizens fairly well supplied with money; Percy Haughton's Harvard teams were beating Yale annually by terrific scores; Bill Carrigan's Red Sox and George Stallings's Braves were winning world's championships; the Symphony, not yet disturbed by Doctor Muck's distaste for the musical values of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was reinforced by a fairly good opera company; and the beneficent administration of Governor David Ignatius Walsh was imparting a certain geniality to the atmosphere of Boston which seems to have been beyond the capacity of the somewhat morose Protestant executives who have followed him. I recall pre-war Boston as a place where people seemed to be enjoying themselves.

If some of that color appears to have washed out of the landscape now, the fact that I am twelve or thirteen years older may be partly to blame. But I am not the only person who has found contemporary Boston a rather cheerless place, at least to outward appearance.

Boston has its supper restaurants and one or two night clubs (one of them advertises itself as "Just like New York," which is proof enough that

Boston is not what it used to be); there are still plenty of dance halls scattered about; and if the sort of gayety one sees at such places seems rather factitious, why, so it does in New York as well, and the senescence of the observer may be partly to blame. A dozen years ago Boston had some terrible dives, which I am told no longer exist; if gayety has been driven under cover, actual vice, which in these enlightened times is mostly dependent on the hip flask and the automobile, has been diluted and diffused over wider areas. Even in Boston, the definition of vice has changed; a dozen years ago a woman who smoked in a public restaurant did so in imminent peril of being thrown out, and the clothing of feminine ankles in white spats, then a passing fashion in New York, was in Boston a major offense against public morals. Boston, which used to resent the attraction of attention to an ankle, now calmly regards the revealed knee; stout and pious matrons light their cigarettes in the Touraine, and no fire falls from heaven to consume them. The old Thorndike, where Wellesley girls, annoyed by the regulations of their college, used to foregather to solace themselves with Ward Eights, is an office building now, and I suppose the girls in question have long ago taken to raising children instead of hell; but there are places in Boston where the seductive Ward Eight is still manufactured, a gratifying testimonial to the continuity of history.

These passing observations on gayety and vice may seem to the Bostonian the wholly irrelevant comments of an incurable New Yorker. But they are offered because there has always been, so far as I can gather, a good deal of gayety and a good deal of vice in Boston; and there have always been Bostonians who could distinguish between them, even if the more austere elements in the community could not. Boston's reputation for morality, in fact, has never been very well founded; most abhorrent breaches of the public decency are recorded even in the days of the early theocracy; and a British officer in the army of occupation at the beginning of the Revolution wrote, "The women are very handsome, but, like old Mother Eve, very frail." So far as the visitor can gather, street walkers are to-day more numerous and more aggressive than they have been in New York for a decade.

Bostonians ought to be gayer than they are, for they are comparatively free from what is becoming the greatest curse of American urban life. No one can calculate how much traffic congestion costs the average city in mere nervous wear and tear on its citizens. Boston traffic seems bad enough to its residents, but the visitor from New York or Chicago hardly notices that Boston has a traffic problem at all. Despite the narrow and twisting downtown streets, despite a daily influx of automobiles which in actual numbers is very considerable, one can still get around, on foot or in a car, in downtown Boston. Civic experts suggest two possible reasons—Boston was ahead of most cities in putting its transit lines overhead or underground, so that there are hardly any surface cars in the downtown districts; and Boston still keeps down the height of buildings. For decades, a hundred and twenty-five feet was the limit; there is the well-remembered case of a hotel whose owners had to knock off the top story which they had put on, apparently in the confidence that they could get away with it on payment of a small fine (as they probably could in most cities). Lately that limit has been raised by thirty feet, so that such a building as the new Ritz Hotel on Arlington Street looks like a real skyscraper by contrast with its surroundings. But even a hundred and fifty-five feet is no great height as American architecture goes; Boston has pretty well proved that the skyscraper is the principal cause of traffic congestion.

Bostonians also can ride in their subway with little of the discomfort and indecency which make the New York subway lines a disgrace to the city. But that seems to be an accident of traffic distribution; the Boston subway is short, and downtown workers can go home in three different directions; they are not all compelled, like New Yorkers, to start for the same place at the same time. After a football game in the Harvard stadium I have seen Nordic blonds, apparently of our better classes, fight their way into subway trains just as ruthlessly as if they were scrambling into a Bronx Park express at Times Square. Given downtown conditions as bad as New York's, Bostonians might behave as badly as New Yorkers.

VI

Again, remember that things are not what they seem, that nothing which may be said about a large and complex city is more than fifty-one per cent true. It is fifty-one per cent true that Boston belongs to the Irish and, to all appearance, will always belong to them; also, that fusion of the Irish and the old Bostonians must apparently be a long and difficult process. So obvious is this that the visitor is apt to feel that the simplest thing to do with Boston would be to put Beacon Hill under glass, subject the old Bostonians to a quick and easy euthanasia, and leave the Irish to build up their own culture unhampered by the effort to absorb this residue of aborigines.

But this statesmanlike program would be difficult to put into practice; also, there are other races in the city besides Irish and old Bostonians. There are a good many Italians and a good many Jews; and one hears that the Irish show the same tendency to exclude them from the places they desire that the old Bostonians show to the Irish. The Irish are bound to be the dominant element in the ultimate racial fusion, but they will have to absorb the Italians and the Jews as well as the old Bostonians. And there are signs that this getting-together is already under way; slowly, to be sure, but it has begun.

It began, curiously enough, at Harvard College, whose ruling powers awoke some fifteen or twenty years ago to the realization that it might be more agreeable to beat Yale with an Irish backfield than to go on winning moral victories with a team of Mayflower descendants. Harvard makes no discriminations; the laurels won by the Mahans and Caseys are entrusted to the guardianship of the Guarnaccias and Zarakovs. Even this admirable cosmopolitanism has not produced very good teams of late years, because the Harvard administration has a captious inclination to ask a football player where he got his money and what he did for it. Obviously it is pretty hard to get a good triple-threat man that way, in the present state of the market. Still Harvard has demonstrated that there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth, when you are in a tight place; and Boston, lately finding itself in a tight place through the misadventures of New England industry, shows signs of learning the lesson.

What Boston wants just at present is to make more money; that aspiration seems to be shared by all races, all classes, and they are all beginning to get together to try to make it come true. Those distinguished ex-Mayors, John Francis Fitzgerald and James Michael Curley, used to typify all that made the old Bostonians shudder and shiver. Yet there are men who give Fitzgerald credit for first emphasizing the booming of a bigger and better Boston; and citizens who used to damn Curley when he was Mayor now wish they had him back again.

The city is at present enjoying a "reform" administration, headed by a Nordic Protestant graduate of Harvard; but people who count the merit of an administration by what it accomplishes, even if the accomplishment costs money, point to a long list of public improve-

ments which were put over by Curley. Neither Mayor Nichols nor Charles H. Innes's Republican machine which came in with Mayor Nichols has anything like such a record. Much has been said against Curley, and many excuses have been offered for the lesser accomplishments of other Mayors; but the fact remains, so far as an outsider can discern, that with all his faults Curley saw what Boston needed, and got it done, more successfully than any other Mayor of recent times.

Boston, on first coming out of the slump of a few years back, began to build frantically to catch up with the accumulated building shortage of the war years. So did every other city; and if Boston rather overbuilt itself, especially in office buildings, other cities have done the same. The office buildings are filling up fairly well by now, so well that Mr. E. M. Statler lately put a good deal of money into one of the largest of them all, in that area west of the Common where the most active real estate and building development has taken place of late years. With his office building Mr. Statler also erected a hotel. Boston found itself short of hotels a few years ago, an inconvenience especially felt since the Chamber of Commerce was working hard to make it a convention city; and it is a mark of the profound change in the Boston mentality of late years that when you mention new hotels they will tell you proudly, not that they have a Ritz, but that they have a Statler. It is an attested fact that the Statler sends its overflow to the Ritz; and there seems always to be an overflow. So far as I can gather, nothing has heartened Bostonians so much in a decade as the fact that Statler thought their town was still worth buying into. Boston newspapermen may tell you that the town needs a Scripps-Howard paper. Statler and Howard are worthy men, but a Boston which they can save is not the old Boston.

The other noteworthy sign of the times is that huge red-and-gold electric sign, advertising Chevrolet cars, that blazes above a building on the summit of Beacon Hill overlooking the Common. (At least, it blazes at this writing; before this article is printed its enemies may have removed it, though I gather that its friends are prepared with injunctions to keep this obstacle from the path of progress.) Electric signs are not unknown in Boston, even electric signs with moving figures and running letters that spell out advice to the customer; the products of the Anheuser-Busch Company are so advertised on Boylston Street at the other end of the Common. But this Chevrolet sign was within a hundred yards of the gilded dome of the State House; it was bigger than the dome, and brighter. It dwarfed the State House, cried the old Bostonians; it dimmed the ancient glories of Boston Common.

The violence of the agitation over this sign, the legal attacks and counter attacks, the public meetings, the letters to the newspapers, the rallying of the old settlers behind the Boston Common Association which was trying to get the abomination of desolation removed from the holy place—all this may be hard for the foreigner to comprehend. It is hard because in any other city the result of the battle would have been a foregone conclusion; everywhere else, advertisers have the right of way. Boston fought this sign for months, and it finally gained a precarious security only because somebody raked out an old statute providing that any tenant in a building has the right to erect an advertising sign thereon. The framer of this ancient law could hardly have foreseen modern advertising; but the firm responsible for the sign hired a room in the building which it decorated, and that, for the time being, seems to have been sufficient.

The foreigner, in this case, must feel a good deal of sympathy for both parties to the controversy. That sign does dwarf the State House dome—there is no doubt about it; it does loom up more

significant than the sacred Common; it defaces a prospect unique in American urban landscapes, of which Boston is rightly proud. And if you wonder why half of Boston rose up so fiercely to defend the sacred right of that sign to stay there and go on glittering, you must reflect that to all of Boston, old and new, this was a test case. Here was a clear and critical conflict between progress and conservatism, between those who wanted to preserve ancient and hallowed traditions even at some monetary cost (to other people) and those who wanted to make money (for themselves) even at the cost of ancient and hallowed tradition. The same battle has been fought over and over again elsewhere—in Italy, for instance. In Italy the progressives have won; Italy is essentially a place where people live now, not where people used to live, a producing property, not a museum piece. So the issue appears to have been settled in Boston. The new has vanquished the old—but it must be remembered that, for all Boston's tradition of stability and conservatism, the new Boston has been vanquishing the old at tolerably frequent intervals for the past two hundred and fifty years.

So the violence of feeling stirred up by this roof sign becomes intelligible; it touched the complex of nearly every Bostonian, old or new, Puritan, Irish, Italian, or Hebrew. For most of them seem to have a Boston-Common complex of one sort or another. On that wild night in 1919 when the police had walked out and Calvin Coolidge was pursuing a policy of masterly inactivity, the criminal classes had the town pretty much at their mercy. Some of them devoted their attention to unprotected women, but the great majority sated their lustful desires by shooting craps on the sacred sward of the Common. From that one fact a good psychoanalyst might deduce the whole history of Boston.

So it seems settled that Boston is going ahead to try to make some money, and in that good cause all races can and doubtless will co-operate. Irishmen may be so rare as to be almost invisible in two or three of the more recondite clubs on Beacon Hill, but they are plentiful enough in the best downtown luncheon clubs. If they all get together to make money they are going to begin to get together in other ways as well. A good specimen of contemporary Boston is Governor Fuller, whose family was ancient but undistinguished until he put it on the map. He got rich selling automobiles, and he is a Baptist. To the founders of Massachusetts Bay Colony a Baptist was not much less abhorrent than a cardinal.

The Statler Hotel, the Chevrolet sign, the almost Californian zeal of the Chamber of Commerce—these, to the visitor, seem to be the most significant items in contemporary Boston. What becomes of Boston tradition in this new adventure? For an answer to that I call your attention to a sign board of the Cambridge Chamber of Commerce erected on the border of that thriving city. In large red letters it proclaims that "Cambridge leads all Massachusetts cities in industrial growth." Afterwards, and below, and less ostentatiously, it confesses that Cambridge is famous also for its educational institutions. The emphasis is characteristic. How much of the old tradition is already lost you can infer when you read on the front page of the *Transcript* that "both teams used two pitchers," though a glance at the adjacent box score makes it clear that each team used two pitchers; and when the magazine of the Chamber of Commerce boldly ascribes a well-known Scriptural quotation to "a work of fiction."

Well, this change of base is going to be hard on a good many of the inhabitants; perhaps not so hard on the Mayflower descendants, who will probably be able to keep most of their money, as on the younger people of the non-Irish-non-Puritan group who might like to see Boston change, but are not pleased

by the prospect of its changing into something like Detroit or Los Angeles. From the letter of a high-spirited young woman of this faction I quote the following:

> Poor old Boston does not want in the least to be a real city. But wearying of hearing itself ridiculed it does try to live up to expectations. But not without misgivings; not without protest. It attempts to compromise; it lives in terror, shudders in its bed at night, realizing that when the final concession has been made, it will have lost its identity and will be no more. The bitter truth it has had to learn is that the price of insularity is too high. . . . Boston is going to hang on to the ideals that built it, just as long as they can be hung on to. It may be a futile struggle but it is gallant and pathetic.

So it is. A New Yorker, who finds Bostonians of this group so much like his own people, is apt to think that the most painless exit for them would be a mass migration to New York. A good many of them have come already, and others doubtless will follow. But a stubborn minority, including the lady who thus sets forth their situation, loves Boston too well to leave it, no matter how thoroughly the boosters get control.

Just so some of the ancient Cretans fled from the Achæan invasion to Philistia (the parallel would seem most apt, to the Bostonian); but some of them stayed behind in Crete, and their blood and their tradition was eventually built into the structure of classic Greece. Eventually Boston must evolve a new local culture, predominantly Irish but with a difference. The process is already far advanced in New York, where an Irishman and a Jew and a Texan and a Knickerbocker Dutchman are apt to think and feel pretty much alike in most of the essentials. It will be slower in Boston because the old Boston culture was far more comprehensive and more deeply rooted than the culture of New York before the immigration; but it must surely come to pass.

Meantime there will be recurrent friction, in the course of which many things of enduring value are likely to be ground into dust. The go-getters have gone and are getting Boston, as they are getting Key West and New Orleans and other cities which punctuated the rather monotonous scene of these States with a pleasing variety. But you cannot blame the Bostonians for wanting to go on eating three meals a day.

MURDER

A STORY

BY ANTHONY RICHARDSON

OF COURSE he had had bad luck. The world had treated him very badly, he would tell you. In reality he had treated himself very badly. And yet his soul was his own and his body. They were his property. If he had ever owned a dog he might have been cruel to it. He was cruel only to himself. It was nothing to do with anybody else. Or was it?

He was harmless and futile and fragile. Mildred in after years, staring at you in a steely way through her glinting pince-nez, her sharp little nose uplifted, would say that he was his own worst enemy. Inwardly she felt he'd deserved what he'd got. That was perhaps in self-defense. She was never in the wrong—so practical, so shrewd, so neat-minded was Mildred. And hard and merciless. And righteous.

He drifted to them. There was no deliberation in his arrival, nor premeditation; he found himself in Buckley and was rather surprised to find himself in the company of his niece and her husband. Almost the first thing he said was, "I've had a lot of troubles." He was a little shoddy man of sixty, pale-eyed, peaky-faced, with moist lips and scanty gray hair. He was pathetic to look at. He was timid and very diffident. Often his fingers would flutter up to his mouth as if to hide its quivering. He seemed to be perpetually on the verge of tears.

"I hope you received my letter?" he asked.

"Three days ago, by the morning post," said Mildred. She had a precise sort of mind for details.

"It's very nice of you to put up with me," he said. "Till I find something. It won't be long."

He lapsed into silence, sitting on the edge of a chair, looking all round him without curiosity, yet noticing abstractly all the details of Mildred's drawing-room, the flowery paper, the trim pictures, the shining china in its cabinet, the Dresden figures and the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece. He thought it all rather pretty.

Teddy found the ensuing silence rather embarrassing. It was queer to find this odd little man suddenly in your house. Uncle Henry from America. Not the traditional uncle of the stories, who after many years returned rich and benevolent, but, nevertheless, an uncle from foreign parts, Mildred's uncle. Teddy by the bay-window watched Mildred. She would manage the situation. She could manage anything, anybody. Three days ago she had said:

"I have heard from Uncle Henry. He wants to stay with us for a bit."

"Uncle Henry?"

"Oh! you wouldn't know him. He's been abroad for years. None of us really know him."

"I suppose he'll have to come, then."

"I've already written to him. We can't turn him away. He's got nowhere else to go. He's poor. But he hopes to find something to do over here. Anything would do, Teddy. I suppose there's not a vacancy in your office?"

"I could inquire," Teddy had replied.

Now he knew he would not inquire. The fellow's looks were against him. There was no assurance in him. Teddy hoped things wouldn't get awkward.

But Mildred did not mind the silence. She was not embarrassed. She surveyed her uncle as if he were something in a shop, to be studied, examined, and if necessary, handled. She was summing him up. She was fitting him into her conception of him. Already her rapacious feminine mind was fastening upon him. Very soon she would have him well in hand, know everything that it was useful to know about him.

Uncle Henry thought she went well with her drawing-room. Pretty and fresh, but over-neat. There was a primness about her, a determination. Perhaps it was the pince-nez. He felt she was the sort of woman who would demand satisfactory answers to her questions. He dreaded questions, because they made one think. He loathed thinking. He had only one great passion.

"We have given you the spare room," said Mildred.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"We have supper at half-past seven, Uncle. Breakfast sharp at eight. Ted has to get to his office. And we don't wash in our own rooms, we use the bathroom."

"I see." His voice was just above a whisper.

"I'm afraid you've missed tea," she said.

"I never take it," he answered.

He blinked his eyes and peered towards Teddy. He could see his nephew-in-law's square shoulder turned against him, and beyond, the sad gray of autumn evening. There was a mist outside, stealing up from the river, blotting out the trees, the rows of suburban houses, making railings damp, setting leaves dripping. The desolation of the evening entered into him. He hoped that they would soon let him go upstairs and be alone for a little while. When he had unpacked his box he would be able to drive the mist out of his mind and fill it with rosy, gentle pictures. He knew he would not be able to sit still down in the drawing-room very much longer. Suppose they kept him down here; suppose he would not get away for a little while! That would be frightful. He would have to fight his way out. Then perhaps that tall strong girl would prevent him, would seize hold of him, and poke her face near his, glinting at him through her pince-nez, seeing right into him, finding out what was inside. Horrible, horrible.

She was still talking. "And of course it suits us very well. The people in Buckley are so nice. It makes a great deal of difference, don't you think?"

He nodded. It would make no difference to him. They would not appear as real people, these friends of his niece. They would be ghosts, shadowy dim phantoms thronging the outside murky world, remote from him, disconnected, shut away from him as he shut all exterior things away from himself. There was only one reality and that was inside.

"And what do you intend to do, Uncle?"

He fought back his terror.

"I must find work."

Teddy broke in.

"What kind of work?"

He shivered.

"Something to keep me going. I've had a lot of trouble."

"We'll find you something," said Mildred.

"It's very good of you," he whispered. "I am quite homeless. I have a little money. A very little. I dare not part with that. I just managed to pay my voyage."

"Why did you leave America, Uncle Henry?"

He moistened his lips:

"The cost of—the cost of living is so high."

"But you had work there?"

He nodded.

"Not very good work," he said.

The chilliness of the evening had got into his blood. The cold was killing him. It was in his feet and hands. It would spread soon, a fearful paralyzing iciness. It would creep up his spine and into his neck. Then it would set his brain afire with bitter coldness. They would have to let him go soon. His teeth began to chatter.

At once Teddy turned to him. "Hullo! You've got a cold."

He saw Teddy's figure advancing towards him. It loomed large and terrifying. He slipped from the chair and rose trembling. Mildred also rose.

"Quinine," she said sharply. "It's the change of climate."

Teddy took his arm. The action nearly made him scream. He managed to say, "I think if I might lie down for a little while . . ."

Teddy led him from the room. They went upstairs.

"You're seedy, Uncle. Here's your room. Lie down a bit."

"Thank you. Thank you."

He went in.

"I'll call you at supper-time. But you suit yourself."

"Thank you."

The door closed.

He waited till the footsteps died away. Voices sounded muffled down below. His box was on the chair by the dressing-table. He darted towards it and jerked at the straps feverishly. They were new straps and stiff. In his frantic movements he broke a finger nail. At last the lid flew back and his shaking hands were diving into the layers of clothes. He threw things to right and left. Then his fingers found their mark. He fell on his knees before the box, his teeth chattering loudly and his breath coming and going gaspingly. Almost it was as if he sobbed for sheer relief. . . .

They did not have to rouse him for supper. He came downstairs of his own accord, well up to time. He had changed his gray suit for a dark one, had smoothed his hair and brushed his mustache. He certainly did not look ill. He walked in a sprightly fashion, rather on the tips of his toes and with his hands clasped behind his back. They were surprised to see him.

"You're sure you're all right, Uncle?"

He blinked his eyes rapidly.

"Quite all right, thank you very much."

Husband and wife glanced at each other.

"I think you ought to have rested—properly," said Mildred.

"I am very well, thank you," said Uncle Henry.

He ate very little at supper, picking at his food, crumbling his bread on his plate. He explained that his appetite was ordinarily small. He'd never been a great eater, he said. It was not until the meal was nearly over that he began to talk. Teddy produced a bottle of port. Uncle Henry was not to be tempted. It was against his principles, drink and all that drink implied.

"A glass of port would hurt no one," said Teddy. He liked port himself and mildly resented Uncle Henry's assumption that one glass meant inebriation.

"It is a matter of constitution," said Uncle Henry. "Alcohol reacts differently on different people. I have seen so much of it in my time."

"Not so much lately in America!" Mildred, full of facts, cut in.

"Ah!" Uncle Henry made a bread pellet rapidly. "Ah! you should *see!*" he added darkly. "Perhaps not for the poor, but for the rich . . . and there is so much wood-alcohol, terrible stuff, poison. You never know. Whole families die. It is dreadful. And Prohibition—it is a great thing. It is a great idea."

The color rose in his sallow cheeks.

"It is one of the greatest ideas of the age. Mark my words, mankind will learn to bless America. But people are such fools! They will not see what is good for them. They will not obey the laws. There is graft everywhere. But the laws should be enforced more powerfully. Penalties should be more severe.

Prison is not enough for bootleggers. They should go back to other ages, the rack, the irons. If I should find a bootlegger, do you know what I would do to him? I would—" He broke off suddenly.

"Dear me!" he said, "I let my tongue run away with me."

Thereafter he was more silent.

"A queer old stick," said Teddy to his wife as they went to bed that night.

"We must find him something to do," said Mildred.

"Well, I hope we can."

She looked up at him.

"You don't mind him being here, Ted?"

"If we can help him—"

"I'm sure we can," she said. "He's been lonely and neglected. You can see it, can't you? Being with us for a little while will put new life in him. One ought to take the opportunity of doing a good turn when one can."

"Well, as long as he keeps off that Prohibition rot," said Teddy. "I can't stand that kind of bilge."

That was the way then that Uncle Henry came to Buckley. He became rapidly absorbed into the household. Within a week it seemed as if he had always been there. Teddy returning from his office and walking up from the station to his house grew accustomed to seeing the little man emerge from some side street, wait for him at the corner, and accompany him back. Surprisingly, Teddy did not resent his presence. There was a great deal very likeable in the old man. He was so utterly helpless and in such sore need of protection. He was childlike, pleased inordinately with simple things, mild, and perpetually cheerful. But they could not find work for him. What work could he do? Anything, Uncle Henry replied, he was not proud. Some small post, just to keep him independent with enough to eat. That was not asking over much, was it?

They did their best for him. They took in an extra newspaper and studied the advertisements: they consulted an employment agency: they asked their friends. Nothing came of it.

"I'm used to disappointments, dear Teddy," said Uncle Henry. "I've had a lot of trouble in my time."

But he was no trouble about the house. He interfered in no way with Mildred's routine. He excused himself from meeting their friends, refused any invitations to accompany them to parties and such like in the evenings. He seemed quite happy, sitting alone in the drawing-room or writing letters in his bedroom. Sometimes they forgot he was with them, so unobtrusive was he in all his ways.

So six weeks passed.

It must have been about then that Teddy realized that there was something very wrong. How does such a perception come about? Seldom by some definite climax. More often realization of a state of affairs grows unobserved. The appearance of dissatisfaction evolves slowly.

The pleasant commonplace little house lost, for Teddy at any rate, something of its charm. Too often a little gray figure would appear at the end of a passage, move through a door, pass across the hall, and disappear. Too often soft footsteps would move overhead—soft, padding, cautious footsteps. Too often would sound a faint cough, the click of a closing door. The house became haunted.

It took on an air of mystery. Something else beside Uncle Henry had come to stay at Buckley. . . .

Then one evening that which had been concealed came to light in all its frightfulness.

The evening was typical of Buckley, misty, gray, chilly. The rows of houses, the trees, the trim small gardens looked mean. The street lamps, recently lit, gleamed dully. The pavements were wet and dark. Leaves rustled and overhead a low hood of cloud was advancing. Rain pattered upon the road.

When Teddy came to his house he

found the front door open, a bright shiny rectangle in the dusk. He could see from the garden gate, the foot of the stairs inside, their turkey-red carpet and bright brass rods. As he watched, Uncle Henry moved across the doorway and looked out. His form was clear-cut against the light. He raised his arms.

"Peace be to this house," he said. "I am a prince of life. I give peace to this house."

He disappeared from the doorway and went upstairs.

Teddy followed him in. But he stood alone in the hall. The gas hummed cheerfully in its decorative lantern, the leaves of the garden trees behind him rustled and whispered, the mist crawled up the stairs.

Then the dining-room door on his right opened and Mildred came out. Her face was white, her pince-nez tilted, her front hair stuck to her forehead. Her hands were clutched at her breast, and her mouth was open. She walked straight to her husband and put her arms round his neck. She was trembling violently. Never before had he seen her afraid.

A sudden impulse of fear, clutching at his bowels, made him grip her as tightly as she gripped him. So they stood locked together, with the door open behind them and Uncle Henry peering over the banisters at them in front and above. They did not see him, nor hear his giggle, nor notice how he fumbled with his hands in front of his ghostly face.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Teddy forced himself into speech.

For answer, she took his hand and led him into the dining room, and shut the door behind her.

"Oh, my God," she said, and sat down heavily on a chair. Something inside Teddy was saying, "It's come at last. You knew it would, but you pretended that there was nothing. You've known all the time, ever since *he* came into the house, that there's been something wrong. Now you are going to know what it is."

He did not want to know. He was sick with fear.

"What is it?" he heard himself asking.

His wife began to speak, in a curiously level tone. She was recovering herself, mustering her forces to combat the evil.

"He was out this afternoon," she said. "I went up to his room to put it in order. He's so often in it that there's little chance of really doing it out. Teddy! The moment I was in the room I knew I was going to find something. Do you know the feeling—an awful apprehension?"

He nodded. He was experiencing it now.

"Go on," he said huskily.

"Well, I did his room. I swept and dusted. Then I had to do under the bed. His box was there, the big black trunk he brought with him. His clothes were in the wardrobe and chest of drawers, so I knew the box would be empty. I had to drag it out to sweep. I couldn't move it at first, it was so heavy. Then I got it out. And it was full."

Two small bright crimson patches burned beneath her cheek bones. Already her horror was turning to fierce indignation.

"It was full," she repeated. "It was full of bottles."

"Bottles!"

"Empty bottles. Bottles of gin. There were twenty of them. Square-shaped bottles with short necks. I was still looking at the things when he came in. He just stepped inside, saw me, and saw the open box. He never said a word. He just shrugged his shoulders. He took no notice of me, but went straight to the washing-stand, opened the cupboard, and took out another bottle. It was three-quarters full. He filled the tooth-glass—a glassful of neat gin, Teddy!—and drank it off. He smiled at me in a strange way and went out again. Ever since he's been prowling about the house, talking to himself. The beast! The beast!"

"My hat!" said Teddy.

"That's why he's got no money. That's why he can't get work. He drinks. And he wouldn't touch the port at dinner that night, and all his talk about Prohibition being a fine thing! So it would be for him. But he's got me to reckon with. I went down to Martin's, the grocer's. He's bought the stuff there—some of it. And other places. I found out a lot. How filthy, Teddy, oh! how filthy it is!"

"We'll settle this," said Teddy. "Once and for all. I'll have him in."

"Yes, call him," she said.

"I'll face him with it. He's sure to lie. He'll try and get out of it. But we've got him. My God! I'll have something to say to him. Will you wait here, or—"

"I must be here," she said.

He took off his overcoat and hat and went and hung them up in the hall. Then he called sternly, "Uncle Henry!"

Uncle Henry appeared at the top of the stairs, his head inclined on one side, a hand at his mouth.

"Please come down here, Uncle Henry—into the dining room. I want to speak to you."

"Of course I'll come," said Uncle Henry. He came downstairs steadily, easily, and followed his nephew into the room. He did not seem in the least perturbed but, as usual, very diffident, humble, and rather pathetic.

Teddy sat down.

"Have you got any explanation or excuse before I start in telling you off?" he asked brutally.

Uncle Henry blinked.

"Excuse, dear Teddy?"

"For using my house as—for soaking yourself silly-drunk—for—"

"Silly-drunk?" asked Uncle Henry. Then looking round, "May I sit down?"

"If you want to," said Teddy. "I suppose you must. I tell you this is the most disgraceful thing I've ever heard of. You come here, install yourself, use our home— Do you deny it?"

"Do I deny what?"

"That you swill like a swine, that—"

"Do you mean that I drink spirits, dear Teddy?"

"Yes. Do you deny it?"

Uncle Henry shook his head.

"No, dear boy. Of course I do not deny it."

So simple and direct a statement, given so readily and with so amiable an expression, blew the bluster from Teddy's lips as a breeze blows thistledown. He spluttered, gasped for breath, groped for words, failed to find any.

"But what have I *done?*" asked Uncle Henry. He looked from one to the other, puzzled, pained, but only too willing to make amends.

"Good God! He asks what he's done!"

"Of all the cheek," said Mildred.

"I'm afraid you're very angry," said Uncle Henry.

"You're mad," said Teddy.

"Not now," the fingers fumbling at the lips. "Only when I cannot get my gin, dear boy. You see I drink a very great deal of it. I am often surprised at the amount I consume. Of course in time the system adjusts itself to the stimulant. But you are so angry and I fear you resent my presence."

He sighed.

"Of course I knew you would find out in time. It is really impossible to hide the bottles. I had got rid of several—a dozen I think—you see I use nearly a bottle a day—by carrying them one by one down to the river and throwing them in. But it was very difficult. I knew this would come, but I did not think you would be angry. So often people just shrug their shoulders—"

"People? What people?"

"Other people, dear Teddy, with whom I have stayed."

"Do you mean to tell me—now you're sober—that you go from place to place till you're chucked out?"

"In a sense, yes. But, if I may say so, I am not at the moment sober. That is, in the usual, accepted sense of the word. I am, in fact, very rarely sober. I was when we first met and it was very distressing."

Mildred gave a high hysterical laugh.

"I think the world's all gone mad," she cried. Then she turned on him. "Haven't you any moral sense at all? Do you know you're killing yourself?"

"They always say so," Uncle Henry replied. "But, though I've had a lot of trouble, I continue to live."

"But you are killing yourself! You're murdering your soul."

"I don't think so," he said. "And even if I am, it's my own soul. You see, it's so pleasant to be drunk. Troubles fade away, this grim, cold world that is so heartless and severe becomes kind and generous. Memories of happier times return and become real. One remembers just what one wishes to remember. It is a kind of magic. To step on air, to live in a lovely colored world, to feel fine feelings, to be a real and vital man."

"But it's *wicked!*"

"I've never thought so. Why is it wicked? When I am sober, I am mean and frightened and small. When I am drunk, I am noble and splendid. I could do fine things."

"Such as ruining our home!"

"You are very hard on me. I am sure I have done nothing wrong to you. Perhaps I have taken advantage of your hospitality too long, but it has been so pleasant here, and quiet. I have not misconducted myself. I have not interfered with your pursuits. I have damaged nothing. But I assure you I fully appreciate your viewpoint. It is one I have encountered before. There remains for me but to apologize most sincerely and to go. Indeed I will go now and pack my things."

He rose from his chair.

"Good-bye, my dear Mildred. Good-bye, dear Teddy. You have been kind to me indeed. I shall never forget it."

He moved towards the door.

Then Mildred made her decision. Her neat, practical mind, her vivid sense of right and wrong, her triumphant feminine mind could not tolerate a state of affairs so unsatisfactory, so untidily presented, so inconclusive. She was filled with righteous indignation against, not Uncle Henry now, but that bitterest foe of women, alcohol. It was Mildred against the demon. She became then not merely Mildred in her small suburban home faced with her small sordid problem, but woman, up in arms, the feminine resolute mind, up in battle, going into conflict. And when such a thing occurs, quarter is neither given nor expected. It is a fight to the finish.

"Come back!" she called. "Come back, Uncle Henry!"

He hesitated.

"Come back," she called.

She was not to be refused. Mankind at that tone of command of womankind obeys. Uncle Henry obeyed.

"Where will you go?" she asked.

He waved his arms about.

"Somewhere—anywhere."

"Let him go," snapped Teddy. She stabbed him into silence with a look. She was irresistible.

"Just like a man!" she cried. "Where would you go? You would starve, or be turned out from place after place. You'll die."

"I expect I shall," said Uncle Henry. Thought of death had never really troubled him. He had a sense of what a fair bargain should be.

"You're killing yourself," she said. "Drink's killing you. Now, listen. You said you were glad to be here. Well, you shall be more than glad. There's time yet. You shall stay here. And you will learn to give up this frightful habit."

Uncle Henry blinked.

"Why?"

"Because it's killing you."

"But I don't mind."

"Rubbish. You're beside yourself."

"Oh, no I'm not. But what you don't understand, dear Mildred, is that killing myself is my only life. You see if you take that away—" He fumbled with his lips. "I really don't know," he said.

She jumped from her chair and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Be a man, Uncle Henry! Be a man!"

"Oh, dear!" he said mildly. "I don't think I could bear that."

"You don't know what you're talking about! You're not fit to judge—the state you're in! But you'll learn to bless this day."

Uncle Henry wondered if she meant "bless me." There was a reformative vanity in women, so he understood.

"Teddy and I will help you. And you must help us. Oh! buck up, Uncle Henry."

"Do you mean I must stay here?"

"For a bit, yes. Till you're cured."

"And I mustn't drink anything?"

"No alcohol."

"Oh! but I *couldn't* stay," he said.

"You must! You must!"

Fear, actuality, catastrophe imminent broke through his phantasy.

"But Teddy doesn't want me here."

Vain attempt.

"Teddy's backing me up," said Mildred.

"I can't," Uncle Henry cried shrilly.

The hands on his shoulders pressed down upon him. He thought they were as heavy as sacks of flour.

"But after all these years . . ." he broke off. The weight of the hands, the weight of her awful determination were crushing him.

"Rubbish." Her voice was like a trumpet call to battle.

So for one whole interminable week the reformation of Uncle Henry continued. Abruptly it began, and as abruptly ended. Unfortunately, like all things which have beginnings and endings, it had also a middle. Uncle Henry was in hell for seven days.

That from which he had fled discovered him. Reality, grim monster, brushed aside the flimsy defenses of his phantasy, and seized upon him. He could no longer waste delicious days, fumed with drink, in day-dreams; he could no longer pace down the corridors of memory, master of all, conjuring up delights, browsing on thought, living in his soul. Every value, principle, which he had disregarded, returned to taunt him. He was no longer, to himself, a prince of life, but Uncle Henry, shoddy, down-at-heel, a little dirty man.

Anger filled him. He had done no wrong to anyone but himself. And was it wrong to escape from the enemy?

Before he had been mild and gentle, sweet-tempered and kind; now his ferocious hunger made him crafty, cunning, full of hate, bitter, and vindictive.

"He's bound to be like that," said Mildred to Teddy. "But he'll get better. He'll win through."

"I suppose so," said Teddy, but must ask himself, "Win through to what?" In his clumsy mind he speculated vaguely on definitions of tolerance. The old man was hurting no one but himself. Was he hurting himself? Was he better now, in his frenzied misery, than before? The neighbors, the respectable, the upright and the strong, they without doubt would have condoned Mildred's action. What had God got to say? What would that wise and splendid Son of God have had to say? He had known sinners. And sinners had known Him, had sought Him out, had stolen towards Him in a crowd to touch His garment. Little men like Uncle Henry, too weak for battle, too weak for anything except sympathy. Would He, loving all men, knowing how vain it is for the weak to fight their souls, by His very sympathy and tolerance have given, in place of that strange and fearful means to power, another power of His own?

But Mildred gave nothing but advice.

On the evening of the seventh day, Uncle Henry sat in his room. He had not pulled the blinds. He sat on his bed with his head in his hands. *They* were downstairs, and he could hear them talking. They were talking, of course, about him. They were planning and plotting. They had told him that very day that he should see a specialist. He was going to be cured. He was going to be made a man. And then he would be turned out into a cheerless world. Never again his lovely dreams. Never again.

He began to tremble. He was caught at last. The specialist would cure him. This day week he would be cured.

There was a cupboard downstairs, at the back of the boot-hole, through the scullery. He knew the cupboard quite well. In it Teddy kept his port. Very well. It was their fault. There should be for to-night one last grand bout.

He took off his shoes and tip-toed to the door. The stairway and hall were unlit. His trembling ceased. He crossed the landing. Now he was at the head of the stairs. They were still talking down below; Mildred's high clear voice and Teddy's gruff approvals. A step at a time, right at the edge of the step by the banisters, so there would be no creaking. Laughter, the first for seven days, filled him. This was so cunning, so cunning.

He was in the hall. Very quietly now, very cautiously, tip-toe, tip-toe, shuffle, shuffle. There was the kitchen door before him, ajar in the dusk. Fancy leaving the kitchen door open! They'd locked the front door so he couldn't get out. Fools! as if he wanted to get out.

The stone floor of the kitchen froze his feet. No matter, there was warmth ahead. Round by the kitchen table, carefully; step over the pots and pans; there was the scullery, the door to Paradise!

The cupboard had a brass handle. It was easy to turn. He opened the cupboard. He had to pause a minute to still the laughter racking him.

There were three shelves in the cupboard. Two were empty.

But on the top shelf were some bottles and tins. There was a round coffee tin, a square mustard tin with no lid, a flattened oval tin of Donald's Clear Sanitary Disinfectant Fluid, a slender bottle of Callaber's Olive Oil, a medicine bottle labelled, "A teaspoonful every three hours, as directed," and there, solid, shiny, black, a bottle of port.

He rubbed his hands together and chuckled.

"Any port in a storm!" he whispered, and rocked to and fro on his heels at his fantastic pun. He cocked his head on one side. Not a sound, not a sound. He turned to the sink and found a glass on the rack. It couldn't be better. A glass and everything. Dear me, dear me, it was all very funny.

He reached up and seized the bottle.

It had been opened. The cork was half out. He plucked it out. He held the bottle up and poured.

The liquid fell into the glass. Thin looking port—cheap port—white port—the light was bad! He put the glass to his lips, sniffed. Every nerve in his body contracted, wires red-hot burning him inwardly. This wasn't port. It was water!

And then he saw pinned at the back of the cupboard a small square of paper. On it he read in Mildred's writing: "We have taken every precaution."

For a moment or two he stood utterly motionless. "Every precaution." They had guessed he would come here. Mildred had guessed. Perhaps even now, shut in their room, they were laughing over their success. "Every precaution." There was no escape.

Quite calmly he put the bottle on the side of the sink. He returned to the kitchen and found, where he knew he would find, on the dresser, a pencil. Again in the scullery he unpinned the notice from the cupboard. He laid the paper, overturned to its blank side, beside the pencil. He reached for the oval tin and filled the glass with Donald's Clear Sanitary Fluid. Then, with deliberate and clear letters, he wrote in a steady hand on the piece of paper one word. The word was "Murderers." The disinfectant tainted the air with carbolic.

He raised the glass to his lips, threw back his head, and took one great gulp of its contents.

THIS TWO-HEADED MONSTER—THE FAMILY

BY HENRY R. CAREY

"IF WE leave this town, and go to live in that village hole, I am going to quit you flat!"

Through an open, brilliantly lighted window came the wife's voice, sharp, aggressive, and defiant. Yes, I will admit it, I stopped under the window that hot summer evening and listened with both my ears. There was something arresting in this woman's excited tones—something which told me that here was no ordinary altercation, no customary threat. Thunder and lightning were in the air within doors as well as outside. A short silence ensued during which I could hear the husband shifting in his chair and rustling his newspaper. Cigar smoke curled thickly from the open window. Finally the answer came:

"You know the law in Pennsylvania, I suppose. A woman who refuses to accompany her husband when he changes his residence lays herself open to a charge of desertion and to an action for divorce."

I could hear the sharp click of the woman's heels as she paced the floor. "It's a horrible, old-fashioned, man-made, despotic law! Children or no children, business or no business, divorce or no divorce, law or no law, I simply will not go." This time there was a longer pause, during which the tobacco smoke continued to slip in thin wraiths from the window.

At last, "Very well," answered the man quietly, "that settles it. When the month is up here I shall move, and you can go where you damn please. If you will not follow me, where I follow my business, I shall have to divorce you and find another mother for the children."

I continued my walk, not in the most pleasant mood. There was no denying that such an episode as this gives one furiously to think, and it is not always easy to cogitate on sultry summer evenings. Here was a woman actually breaking up a home by refusing to change residence with her husband. If this sort of thing was at all common our country had gone forward, or backward, with a vengeance. It was at any rate a great change from the days of our forbears, whose wives traveled with them or perished. As I strode along in the moonlight I recalled a little scene—another domestic row—which I had witnessed long ago in Paris. How differently that had ended! My American college acquaintance had been living on the Boulevard St. Germain, just where it crosses the great student highway into the Latin Quarter. His young French wife was the most delightful little witch who ever came out of Marseilles. They had been gloriously happy for two years, while he worked on his book and she kept house, mending his clothes and keeping a zealous watch over their common purse. Tiffs, of course, they had had. French women, one almost believes, occasionally manufacture minor quarrels, carry them to their artistic climax, and then melt deliciously, in a halo of reconciliation, into the arms of their men. However that may be, when the fight is over the last state of that union seems to be better than the first. There is a new emotional bond between the partners. This time, however, there seemed to be a serious disturbance be-

tween my friends, as I happened upon them in their special cozy corner of their favorite restaurant. I never did find out what it was all about, but they were more excited than I had ever seen them before. Suddenly, however, the radiant Marseillaise leaned across the tiny table and caught her husband's hand in her pink fingers.

"*Chéri*," she crooned, "your good friend is arriving. It will not do to go on. I am sure you are right anyway. Let us order a third glass and a second bottle. We shall all drink to the success of your book in good *Château Lafitte* and we shall top it off with coffee and cognac. After that we shall go home and I will do for you both my little Spanish dance while you play the guitar. When your friend leaves we shall sleep soundly and cozily, and to-morrow we shall see our way clearly out of this mess." With that she leaned over and implanted on his cheeks two good French smacks, in front of us all. The incident was closed. When I met them a week later, at a dance in the Latin Quarter, domestic harmony was written in every line of their smiling faces.

"She got her way after all," grinned my friend, as they whirled off together in one of those intricate steps of the Boulevard St. Michel.

Since then I have often compared in my own mind these two domestic skirmishes. After all, which kind of feminism works best within the man-woman relationship, the American variety, or Feminism—French Style? One begins to understand why the women of France have so often said to the feminists of other lands, "We have no need of the vote, for we rule our men already, far better than you." True, many Frenchmen have their escapades outside of the family life, and at such times, at least, the French wife does not rule. That, however, is beside the point. American escapades are unfortunately common too. No wife in any country rules an unfaithful husband while he is on a spree. Her innings come in his lucid intervals. But the French husband returns to a wife who, like his mistress, governs him by charm, whereas the American goes back, as often as not, to irritation, sex competition, divorce, and every incentive to return to his Lily of the Field. Thus, assuming that the legalized man-woman relation is worthy of encouragement, for the sake of children and the race if for no other reason, the French woman is often more successful than the American wife, for she has found the secret of holding a man and of preserving harmony. French women thrive upon charm. American wives copy their dress and use their perfume; but they do not adopt the wonderful manners and easy yielding to male authority by which the French woman so often achieves her purpose and so successfully staves off the disruption of the family. American men cannot be permanently governed by gowns and perfume alone. Paradoxical as it may sound, they must be ruled in the long run by feminine surrender and submission. Such were my thoughts as I strolled through the moonlight on that summer's evening. I asked myself again and again, "Which of these women won, and which lost? Which family came out ahead? Which did the more for posterity and the race? The children of which union will make the better citizens?"

II

I have often wondered, too, why American divorces are increasing so rapidly. Has the high and quickly increasing divorce rate anything to do with the new independent ways of American women? Feminist writers have long foreseen that woman's emancipation is a possible threat to family life. A well-known feminist, writing at about the turn of the century, expressed the following mingled hopes and fears:

"The liberation of woman in every one of its aspects profoundly involves the destiny of the family. It signifies in all the larger activities of life the relative

individualization of one-half of human kind. This means, of course, a weakening of the solidarity of the family group, so far as its cohesion is dependent on the remnants of medieval marital authority. Will the ultimate dissolution of the family thus become the price of equality and freedom? Or rather, is it not almost certain that in the more salubrious air of freedom and equality there is being evolved a higher type of family, knit together by ties—sexual, moral, and spiritual—far more tenacious than those fostered by the regime of subjection?"

Let us see what the "more salubrious air of freedom and equality" in the most salubrious air of America has done to knit together "the higher type of family" by ties more "tenacious" than the old. As far back as 1886, when the Woman's Movement in America was well under way, the United States led every country in the world (for which figures are obtainable) in the number of its divorces proportionate to population, with the one exception of Japan. For more than a quarter of a century, prior to 1925, the increase of divorce in the United States was far greater than the growth of population. The number of divorces per thousand of the population was more than three times as large in 1925 as in 1887. Apparently the new equality-cement for marriage has not quite come up to expectations, at least in America. The rise of the New Woman in America has been accompanied by an astounding growth in the American divorce rate.

Wholesale divorce is thus a distinctively American phenomenon. If we wish to explain it, therefore, we must look for a distinctively American cause. We must seek its reason for existence in some clearly American aspect of family life. Is it due to the comparative brutality or neglect of American husbands? But American husbands have the reputation in all foreign countries of being the most faithful, indulgent, and even cringing in the world. Is it caused by the American woman's political freedom? Hardly, for women have liberty as citizens in many foreign countries where divorce is not a rapidly growing phenomenon: women may vote even in China. But just notice this: a wife's financial independence of her husband is a characteristic of family life far more marked in America than elsewhere. Nowhere has a married woman's economic emancipation been carried so far. An American wife is remarkably free to earn money and to spend it; in a word, to live a life comparatively independent of her husband. Of course there are cases of husbands whose unproductiveness forces their wives to earn outside the home. But the fact remains that public opinion permits the American wife to make money whether or not it is really needed.

This rather new state of affairs seems to have come in with the Industrial Revolution. When the factory took away woman's home occupations, one by one, she started to pursue her employment and livelihood within the walls of factories and offices. She, like her husband, became a wage earner, and began to bring home cash wages. Unfortunately, but perhaps naturally, she considered them as her own. Family budgets were changed so that there was now not one fund but three, the husband's, the wife's, and the house account. Marriage was no longer a co-operative adventure. Gone was the old division of labor, in which the husband filled a single family treasure chest and the wife kept the key. Questions of mine and thine arose within the partnership. Our American doctrine of liberty and equality, pushed to a fatal extreme which has affected the discipline even of our children, began to threaten the age-old unit of society. When liberty and equality came in at the front door, fraternity and maternity flew out the window. The fine spiritual bonds, which used to knit together the old families, weakened and disappeared when the economic tie was severed. And we have learned—let us hope not too late—that the income-dependence of the

wife upon the husband, and the home-dependence of the husband upon the wife are the indispensable cohesive forces without which the American family threatens to scatter to the four winds. Take these away and you have left only the yoke of mutual sentiment, which often dies too soon, and the common interest in children, who too frequently never appear at all. The home is becoming, not a club, but a place to sleep in.

The new woman, according to an American feminist, Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, prizes her economic independence because it enables her "to terminate a marriage that has become unbearable"; but the trouble is that this new financial freedom and the ease with which American divorces are obtained tend to make woman, instead of the court, the judge of what is unbearable, and the new woman is quite capable, especially if she is earning a salary, of considering even children unbearable. Thus, a distinctively American cause of divorce seems to be the American woman's financial independence, a phenomenon occurring to the same extent nowhere else in the world.

A poor man married to a rich wife is generally recognized as the most abject of creatures. He is the butt of jokes in every comic paper. Why? Simply because the realities have been turned upside-down, and authority has been shifted, with economic leadership, from the man to the woman. Try as they will, such a couple are apt to become ill at ease. American diplomats are not the only men whose careers have been ended shortly after marriage with an American heiress. We all know of such cases. In my own experience, there is a young doctor of splendid promise whose patients are leaving him one by one. His hours for consultation are becoming shorter and shorter. The monotony of daily golf is robbing him of the infinite variety of medicine. Sooner or later comes the gentle command, "My dear, I have decided that we are going to spend the winter at Hot Springs." Exit career, close on the heels of proper masculine authority. Such a situation seems to most of us unnatural. But it is only a higher development of woman's ordinary economic semi-independence, which appears to the writer almost equally unnatural.

But there is another curious thing about American divorces. The overwhelming majority of them are, and long have been, granted, not to men but to women. During the year 1926 in Paris, judgments of divorce were handed down to more than two hundred American couples. Of these only a dozen husbands brought successful suits. Thus, about sixteen American women sought and received legal freedom, to one American man. (The very latest news from the Paris divorce mill tells of a well-known feminist who has petitioned for her liberty on the ground that her husband has "refused to serve her in his home"!) But perhaps this feminine nature of American divorces in Paris may be explained on other grounds than the freedom-urge of the new woman. Perhaps it is due to the collusive manufacture of divorce "evidence" by gallant American husbands; or just possibly to the overwhelming comparative wickedness of the American male (a rather doubtful assumption, to say the least).

Let us turn, therefore, to divorces in America, where collusion and the manufacture of evidence, not to mention immorality, are supposed to be far more restricted than upon the shores of Gaul. Which is the divorcing sex in the United States? The Government Census Report for 1925 shows that in the divorce business husbands are trailing far behind. In 1925, 30.1 per cent of all divorces in the United States were granted to men; 69.9 per cent to women. Here, at least, the interpretations usually given, male depravity and the fact that divorce is in some states more easy for women, are by no means satisfactory. And they fail utterly to explain why since the late eighties, a period of pro-

nounced feminist agitation, the preponderance of wives in America who receive divorces has been slowly but unmistakably increasing. The bare fact remains that for more than a generation American wives have been exceedingly aggressive in legally disrupting the family. They are becoming more so with each succeeding year. In America, divorce is a growing female institution.

Since 1922, moreover, there has been an increasing proportion of divorces in which children were affected by the decree. In 1925, in probably one-half of such tragedies the lives of American children were involved.

Very possibly, then, we can isolate a second factor in American divorce—some feminine attitude of mind, not found to the same extent in other countries. I here raise the question whether that peculiar mentality is not the craze for independence which we have learned to associate definitely with the feminist movement and its egocentric doctrines. Recently, a London daily paper published a questionnaire, intending to discover why unmarried British girls had abstained from wedlock. Mr. Meyrick Booth has pointed out that not one of the young spinsters who replied even mentioned the fact that women, as such, owe a duty to the community; that the maintenance of the home life of the nation is their specific task. One and all, the answers showed a self-centered tone, extreme love of personal freedom, and a total lack of "the sense of feminine function." Many of these girls had had chances to marry, but had let them slip because their suitors were not in a position to give them large incomes or numerous luxuries. Most English girls, says Mr. Booth, do not in the least realize the deep antithesis which must exist between independence and sex love. A passionate love of freedom, however valuable it may be in other directions, is one of the worst possible qualities with which to enter upon a state which demands much self-discipline. Yet British girls fly to the idea of "equality" to protect themselves against any possible possessive claims on the part of man, and to the idea of birth control (and now to the nursery school) to make sure that the claims of maternity shall not interfere too largely with freedom. Mr. Booth asks the question, "What is there of *love* in this outlook? Does not the very essence of feminine love lie in the idea of surrender?" It seems to the writer that much of this criticism applies with equal force to American women. It may be hoped that they will soon begin to think more sympathetically concerning the needs of their husbands, though, judging by the single vacuous feminine tirade which was the only answer in England to Mr. Booth's thoughtful article, the prospect is not encouraging. However, I hopefully invite American women to discuss my contention that the second great cause of the American divorce evil is the American woman's desire for independence from husband and family. I hold that the female custom of divorce in America is the outward sign of the inward craze for liberty, liberty unrestrained.

Divorce, too, seems to be more frequent in cities than in rural districts. I am inclined to lay this in part to the fact that in the country the man-woman relation has much of its old and more natural aspect. The farmer husband is still contesting with Nature and he is, therefore, more apt to control the important questions of family policy. Interestingly enough, the same natural relationship returns, even in cities, in times of physical struggle. When the car breaks down, when there is a fire or an earthquake or war, the husband is unquestionably the commander, since the family is again dealing with the hard facts of nature. It is only in the periods between such emergencies that the softer sex steps out of its feminine sphere. "The despotism of mere brute force," some woman exclaims. But muscular power is and always will be an important part of life. It cannot be ignored.

Yes, this woman movement has its good points; but it is going altogether too far. On the material side, for countless years woman's chief function on this planet has been to attract and hold a man, with the object of reproducing and educating children. Man's job has always been to feed the family. It is not natural that the role of woman should be so suddenly modified.

III

In order to test my idea that notions of feminine independence are tending to break up marriage, I resolved to collect the opinions of my friends. Since practically all of them are happily married and form their judgments jointly, I knew it would be impossible, for purposes of comparison, to get the separate theories of husband or wife. I decided, therefore, to ask for a composite picture of their views, and with this in mind I dared to send them a questionnaire! I do not know whether my wife and I had more fun in writing this masterpiece or in chuckling over the answers. One very good friend, on receiving the queries, became so worried concerning our domestic relations that he suggested that he should pay us a visit, apparently in order to patch things up! Others took the thing as a huge joke, still others were furious and declined to answer; but a large number responded nobly, obeying my injunction to avoid wise cracks and such like fooleries, and providing me with valuable and thoughtful answers.

We first asked them which one of the pair had authority to decide questions of family policy in cases where there was a complete *divergence and deadlock of honest opinion* between husband and wife—a difference due, not to mere pettishness, but to real conviction. We also asked which one *should in theory* possess such authority. To this they replied almost unanimously by unconsciously dodging the question. *They* never had disputes, it seemed, which could not be settled almost at once by sweetness, light, and reason. Sometimes one gave in, sometimes the other. It was, therefore, not necessary to discuss who had, or should have, authority. It was not needful to have a rule one way or the other. They were glad to say that in *their* family each parent had *equal* authority. The implication was that my views were horribly old-fashioned, and needed overhauling. So much for the general theory.

The answers to the next question, however, showed a painful discrepancy between theory and application. "*In case of an honest disagreement as to the next place where you are to live, or concerning the manner in which your children are to be disciplined or educated, should the husband or wife have the deciding vote?*" The good-natured victims of our questionnaire later told us that they had argued long and laboriously on these points. For of course they had to agree before they could send in an answer. One couple produced no replies because, they said, they agreed on nothing. Finally, most of them turned out a shower of conflicting solutions. "The man should determine the new place of residence, since he is usually the income provider, and because his business controls the situation of his home." Or, "The father should be the judge of the proper discipline and education for the children, because it is his place to do so, he being the firmer disciplinarian." Or, quite contrarily, "The woman is more in the house than the man. Her wishes, therefore, should govern in choosing the location of a new home." Or again, "The woman naturally knows more about the children, hence she should decide how they are to be disciplined and educated."

Next we inquired, "*Do you think that the economic dependence of wives, where it exists, safeguards the continuance of marriage, by insuring family harmony through the necessary surrender of the wife in cases of prolonged dispute?*" This question generated more heat than light.

It brought forth cries of "Shame on you!" especially in the replies which had been left chiefly in the hands of the wives. One man wrote that the economic dependence of wives is indeed a safeguard of marriage, but a poor one.

Our last question ran about as follows: "*Do you think that the growing desire for personal independence, as observed in American wives, has any bearing on the rapidly increasing American divorce rate?*" This produced the most amazing responses of all. A typical answer ran like this: "Yes, feminism is increasing the American divorce rate, but what of it? If a man is not willing to allow his wife complete freedom to do as she pleases, isn't it better that the family should break up? Divorce is surely preferable to such submission to male authority."

Here, I felt, was a striking confirmation of my hypothesis that feminism tends to destroy the family. Theoretically, these couples never had serious disagreements. Actually, it cost them hours of discussion before they could decide whether a man or his wife should settle the simplest questions of everyday life, even though the discussion was in this instance purely academic! Here were the germs of endless domestic trouble, yet there seemed to be no sort of rule or understanding for settling such disputes. The economic dependence of women, though admittedly a preserver of matrimony, was immensely unpopular, apparently because it interfered with complete female emancipation. And divorce was actually preferred by the modern educated American woman to the slightest show of authority by her husband! Now, our friends are doctors, lawyers, business men, teachers, and their wives. They are thus representative of intelligent American opinion. Practically none of the wives, be it noted, contributes to the family support. Yet so inoculated are these people with the doctrine of feminine independence that they are willing to consider the possibility of divorce in case masculine authority should become established. The idea seemed to me a bit extreme. I wondered what their attitude would have been had they possessed most of the family income, like the wife of my friend the Doctor, or had owned their own business, or their own separate establishment.

IV

While I was turning these interesting answers over and over in my mind I remembered a sentence from the early feminist already quoted. She had characterized the liberation of woman as the "relative individualization of *one-half* of woman kind." Why only *one-half*? Why shouldn't man, I asked myself, be liberated too? Why should he go on with the drudgery of his office routine, while the ardent feminist slights her household duties? If independence of this sort is good for a woman, it is as good or better for a man. If a wife is too busy outside the home to give her husband more than half herself, why should he not divide his affections also? So, acting on the theory that it is a poor rule that will not work both ways, I took the recent words of a well-known feminist writer in this magazine ("Feminist—New Style"), and made a free translation of them into masculinese, just to see how they would sound.

I called my imaginary male revolutionist the Twentieth Century Man, or "Virist—New Style," and this is what I found him saying: "Virist—New Style is moved by an inescapable, inner compulsion to be an individual in his own right. It is obvious that a man who plans intelligently can salvage some time for his own pursuits. He is convinced that he will be a better husband and father from the breadth of outlook he will gain by functioning outside the office. He means to drop the grind of the office and spend part of his week as he pleases, possibly about the house, carpentering, painting, and tinkering with the car, possibly somewhere else. Men are highly conscious creatures who

feel obliged to plumb their own resources to the very depths. It would, therefore, be ridiculous to insist that men who are gifted with genuine talent for such pursuits as painting, writing, or acting, should neglect these interests by too constant attention to their income or business. The same applies to those men who are born with marked ability for one of the trades, such as that of mechanician. They too must follow their star, even if it be only the lowly ambition completely to overhaul the family washing machine. Virist—New Style will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and energy can attain a fair amount of success by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life. 'Come out of the office' is a fine slogan, especially after working hours. Virist—New Style detests working after hours, but if his wife is properly appreciative he will do so, and he will, of course, expect her to relieve him, in turn, of some of his home duties. He knows that it is his American birthright to emerge from a creature of toil into a full-fledged individual who is capable of molding his own life. And in this respect he holds that he is becoming woman's equal, at least in the art of recreation. If this be treason, ladies, make the most of it!"

Now Married Maidens—New Style, be honest! How do you like Selfishness—New Style when the masculine version is presented? Do you not see that men would like independence too, but that so far duty has held them, in most instances, to their appointed tasks? How do you like the prospect of your husband's wasting his special business or professional talent, and seriously affecting his income, by doing work at home which someone else can do far better? Isn't it still true that specialization spells efficiency, and if it is wise for a man to specialize to produce income, is it not yet more advisable for a woman to specialize, to give her family those home values which are far more precious than money?

If you wish to realize your feelings, should you suddenly begin to see such propaganda everywhere, as men saw womanist propaganda a few years ago, suppose you try the experiment of reading this article to your husband. I will bet that before you are through a sly twinkle will creep into his eyes. He will nudge you gently in your emancipated ribs, and he will remark blandly, "Well, let's make this a fair two-sided proposition, independence from home and husband for you, freedom from office and wife for me. Suppose we try it?" No, if we still care in the least to preserve family life, the thesis of the married feminist will not stand, if the masculine converse is so much as stated.

Question your husband farther and, if you succeed in drawing him out, you will probably learn that he regards much of the independence of married women with pronounced disfavor. It will hardly be maintained by honest-minded women that this feeling is due to jealousy of female accomplishments in spheres outside the home. You will learn from your husband that he feels that where men are married to intellectual tomboys family life lacks a certain spiritual richness which was characteristic of marriage years ago, and of which men are now being robbed; that if a woman does her duty by the race and raises, with tender care, two or three children, she has all the career that she needs, and her outside interests will then take their proper place as hobbies or pastimes. That the children of the new woman feel spiritually starved does not make the situation any better. As to the man, such a situation tempts him to turn instinctively from the aggressive woman who scorns to give him her time, her thoughts, and herself, to some other feminine companion. A husband's sense of loyalty to his wife weakens as her independence grows. All too easily a man turns from a woman who is his wife only in a technical sense to one who will give herself with that completeness which alone can call forth his single-

hearted and unselfish devotion. If you say that this looks like a tendency toward sexual anarchy, you have it exactly right. It is the natural result of a failure, now chiefly feminine, to see in marriage a mutual enterprise. It is the inevitable outcome of the egocentric philosophy which the modern girl is learning in school and college. She cannot have her cake and eat it. She cannot be a man and hold a man. If she is seeking to abolish marriage, we must give her credit for knowing exactly how to go about it.

V

Do we really object to this gradual approach to a condition of free love (a term coined, by the way, in the United States)? If not, well and good. We know just where we are, with the advanced feminists who frankly want it, though perhaps they know not why. Quite possibly these women are right. If so, wives have only to continue their displeasing independence, and man will soon learn from them a new male independence which is really a throw-back to the old. Sloughing off the thin veneer of civilization, so painfully acquired, he will easily slide downhill to that delightful primitive polygamy which still haunts his dreams, and to the Romany life of ancient days, vague memories of which still make his office seem at times a worker's prison. Let us not, however, drift in this direction without at least noting our course beforehand.

But if we do look with uneasiness on the growing divorce rate and all that it may lead to, then, though there is no panacea to cure it, two steps will help us to regain the lost ground. First, married women should decide voluntarily to give up the independent breadwinning function wherever economically possible. With this goes the corresponding determination of men to assure wherever feasible a decent family income, the economic subordination of their wives, and the male authority which goes with it. Second, married women should realize that their desire for unrestrained freedom is a direct cause of divorce in America, and a treason to their primary function as women, which is to keep the family intact and to carry on the race to higher and higher levels.

Of course a wise husband will keep his authority in reserve. He will govern his home by reason and persuasion. He will not parade the Fasces. He will know that his wife should have as much freedom within marriage as is possible without reversing the natural occupations of the sexes. He will not expect her to tell him where she goes and what she does. He will not attempt to dictate what she must wear, or to control her religious beliefs. Conversely, he will hope for similar toleration on her part. But with all this proper moderation, he will keep alive the precious truth that a wife who will not surrender where there is an honest and lasting difference of opinion involving the fortunes of the whole family is, from a man's point of view, not a wife at all.

Feminists, note this well! It is the double-headedness of the modern American family which is causing it so frequently to split down the middle, leaving the children more or less exposed. The heads are at war with each other. The house divided against itself does not, we observe, stand. Marriage dissolves in feminism as sugar melts in acid. No one expects married women with the priceless gift of leisure to spend their time entirely within the home. But let them avoid the mistake of assuming the man's part. Let them fill a terrible gap in American life by devoting themselves to the many good causes which do not, as a matter of fact, pay cash dividends. Let them dedicate themselves to the task of showing their men that there are finer interests in life than dollars and cents.

I want to leave this thought in the modern married woman's mind. Co-commandership in a family, and unbridled self-assertion in a woman are the quickest ways to break up a home. There is a deal of truth in the saying

that a woman who wins an argument with her husband is likely to lose her man. It is a self-evident proposition that where two persons in *equal* authority seriously disagree there is *no* way of settling the issue save by calling in a third party. A business partnership of two members dissolves, and no great harm is done. The two equally powerful Roman Consuls of ancient times settled their differences by blood and iron, and the Roman rulers soon invented the Triumvirate, with a third member who could act as umpire. When nations disagree and a court of arbitration is set up there are never less than three members. The function of the third or neutral member is to prevent a deadlock. Marriage might in some respects have been better arranged had it included a colorless third or neutral party with diplomatic functions; but as things are, the deadlocked American marriage partners have no recourse but to air their troubles before the Domestic Relations Court or the Divorce Tribunal. The only way to avoid this intrusion of a third party is for the husband to resume command of the pair. Assuming that women still desire the welfare of their children, and that children are to receive the care to which they seem to be entitled, divorce must be knocked on the head. And the quickest way to kill divorce is to restore to all loyal husbands, in these times of prosperity, that natural authority which is theirs anyway the moment anything goes wrong. If they use their authority unwisely the courts are still at hand. But if they behave themselves, it is surely a pity to destroy a family because the wife, who would not tolerate effeminacy in a man, insists on masculine activities for herself. The charm of the sexes for each other lies in the differences between man and woman. Any step which tends to make them alike in function, manners, or appearance is a step away from nature and towards sexual chaos.

There is an African bird, the Hornbill, which during the nesting season walls up his mate with mud or clay in her nest in a hollow tree. Only the tip of her beak protrudes. Through this the male industriously feeds his spouse, while she cares for the family. That bird understands domestic unity and the division of labor which spells success. Let us admit that he is masterful. But it is known that he is extraordinarily devoted, and it appears that he is determined not to let "liberty" destroy the rights of the family. When his mate has performed her maternal functions and given her offspring a good start in life, the mud wall is broken and she is free to resume her personal occupations. But she is never permitted during the child-raising period to contribute to the family income. Nor is there any evidence that she objects in the least to the presence of a solid reminder of her duty to serve her race in Nature's good old way. Consider the ways of the Hornbill, O Man, and be wise!

OUR RACIAL AMNESIA

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I HAVE lately had occasion to read through the works of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. The great contest in which they were the leading figures on the opposing sides was the contest over the formation of a new nation with a new form of government. They dwelt, literally, in a "New World." The very existence of the ground on which they trod had been unknown to Europe a scant three centuries before. Much of the continent was still unknown and unexplored. Its inhabitants had decided to break loose from the Old World, to plunge into an unknown future, abandoning the well-worn monarchical and feudal paths, and to establish a new regime for mankind. According to present thought they might well have scrapped all knowledge of the past and said, "What has that to do with us or our present situation?"

That both Hamilton and Jefferson realized the newness of the experiment they were entering upon is obvious. Yet one is struck by their sane orienting of themselves with respect to the entire historical process. Each studies the conditions of the present, each attempts to forecast the influences and tendencies which will modify conditions in the future, but each, also, looks to the past for instruction and example. Each, in his efforts to influence the public, appeals to history to illustrate how human nature has shown itself, how it has reacted to given sets of circumstances and, hence, what might reasonably be expected of it in the future. Greece, Rome, the medieval period, and recent epochs were all ransacked to afford examples.

Both the education and the general reading of men in those days—and almost until the present day—favored this balanced outlook on life. The children of well-to-do and cultivated families, north and south, were thoroughly grounded in the classics. The history of Greece and Rome, their characters, their ideas, were as familiar to them as those of their own time. If the poorer people knew nothing of Greek and Latin, they were as thoroughly grounded in the history of the Hebrews. The Bible is a marvellous storehouse of history and character, of political as well as ethical precept and example; and this most of the people knew almost by heart. Such books as they read, when not theological, were largely historical. In the recently published biography of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the "hayseed member from Illinois," as he was first called in Congress, he tells us what his reading was as a hard-working small son of a pioneer on the Wabash. First, he read the Bible through from cover to cover every year from the age of nine to fifteen. In addition to this there was Josephus, Shakespeare—read and reread—Rollin's *Ancient Rome*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and anything else he could get hold of.

To-day we have largely done away with all this. The small child is brought up on perfectly delightful books, delightful in text and illustration; but, however much they may stimulate his imagination and æsthetic sensibility, they can hardly be said to add to his

knowledge of the past. When he advances into the grade and high schools he learns little history, whatever the curriculum may call for. The other day I asked a graduate of a high school if he had ever heard of the *Federalist*. There was considerable hesitation and then he said he thought it was a party. I said I did not mean a party but a book. No, he never had heard of it. When I pointed out that it had been one of the main influences in securing the adoption of our Constitution and that it was one of the few books produced in America which had a world-wide reputation, this information was apparently new to him. Henry Ford, with all his intelligence along certain lines and with a public-school education, testified that he had never heard of any Revolution in 1776, that the only one he recalled was "that of 1812," that he had never heard of Major André, and that he thought Benedict Arnold was a writer. These are by no means unique cases. Question almost any high-school student taken at random on the facts of history, even the outstanding ones in his own country, and you are likely to find the results appalling.

When a boy or girl advances to college the conditions are not much better. I am not speaking anywhere in this article of the exceptional student or the exceptional man or woman, but of the great average mass which is called "the people." The old idea of a college or university as a place where a student is supposed to receive mental training, to learn how to use his faculties, and to obtain a grounding in the best which has been thought and done by mankind in the past, has apparently gone for good. We have reached the point where courses in real-estate selling, basket-ball coaching, and so on, can count points for degrees. Just what the modern state college, or even the older and pretendedly conservative universities, do for their students, other than to provide them with a course in social mixing, opportunities for making friends useful to them in business later, and perhaps some occupational training, I do not know. Remember again, I am not speaking of the exceptional student or of the exceptional professor. Some time ago I asked a professor in one of the oldest and largest Eastern universities what his institution did for the thousands of young people who passed their four years there. His answer, after some deliberation, was, "We turn out, as far as I can see, a low-grade standardized product, like Ford cars, with just about as much thinking capacity."

This may have been unduly pessimistic, but that it was true in the main can be proved by listening to the conversation of college graduates successful enough to belong to a college club. There is nothing to distinguish their talk from what one may hear at the Bankers' Club, Realtors' Association, or any other business men's organization. There are five standard topics: business, the stock market, bridge, golf, and politics, the last almost invariably as it affects business. Prohibition used to be a sixth, but everyone has his arrangements made now, and the interest in that topic has declined. I recently lived for five months in one of these clubs. Americans are not noted for low voices, and it was impossible that I should not unintentionally overhear innumerable conversations. Never once did I hear the slightest mention of literature, art, economic or national affairs considered at all seriously, or anything except business, sport, and politics. And when these were on the carpet there was evident an utter lack of background. The social and economic theory of the speakers seemed to be limited to the belief that anything which tended to interfere with the rapid expansion of business or the stock market was "red," "damned anarchy," "ought to be hung," etc. In politics it was always personalities, never principles. It is for this reason that Roosevelt always had to shake hands with the engineer, that Harding used to be

photographed in a Shriner's fez, and that cautious Coolidge has to wear chaps with CAL on their sides and mount the horses which he dreads.

II

If the education of to-day fails to place a man in his human world, past as well as present, so also does most of the popular reading of to-day. And I say this despite the enormous sales of such books as Wells' *Outline* or Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*. Even these (although I know a great many people who bought Wells' book, I do not know anyone who has yet read it through), after all, are exceptional. The popular reading of to-day is fiction and science. Historical novels are not the best sources for historical knowledge; still one who was brought up as a child a generation ago on *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, the *Waverley Novels*, *Romola*, *Hypatia*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, to mention only a few at random, had at least some idea that the world did not begin with his own birthday. To-day the novelist concentrates on the immediate present. He must write on a problem of ten minutes ago. As far as most fiction is concerned, the world might have been made in 1918, with an occasional glimpse into the prehistoric era of the World War. As for science, what interests most people is the practical application of it, the invention of the moment in what is otherwise a timeless phenomenon. Science, while it may expand a man's view of his physical surroundings, does not help him find himself in the history of human endeavor and thought. It leaves him still at the eternal present.

The tremendous concentration these days on sport tends also to concentrate man's thought, or what passes for such, on the moment. When the average American is not working, you are pretty apt to find him either on the golf links or in a car. As a means of physical recreation and recuperation, golf is excellent. As an endless topic of conversation, it is abysmally boring and mentally degenerating. As for motoring, the absorbing American passion, there is nothing better calculated to narrow the entire past, present, and future of existence to the mere physical exhilaration of the moment than to drive sixty miles an hour. Nothing devised by man—unless perhaps flying—so concentrates the whole of life to the emotion of the instant second.

Even the interest in great sportsmen or sportswomen has become limited to the moment. Who recalls the great names of even ten years ago? The hero of yesterday is utterly forgotten to-day. We can still recall Gertrude Ederle (was it last year or two years ago she swam the Channel?), but of the hundred million Americans who thrilled at the news that that gallant young gentleman, Lindbergh, had flown the Atlantic, how many remembered Alcock and Brown who had flown it in 1918, or even the fact that others *had* flown it before him? To a certain extent the press encourages this quick forgetfulness. Much thus becomes sensational news that would not be otherwise had people better standards of news value.

In every way we are coming to live more and more not merely in a one-dimensional world but in a sharply focussed world, a world which is focussed on the present instant. The results are already becoming obvious. Henry Ford, a genius in one line and a supreme ignoramus in others, says history is "bunk," and innumerable people believe him, partly because they think, with the slipshod mental methods acquired in American schools, that, because he is an able manufacturer, therefore he must be able in all ways, and partly because it soothes any qualms they may have as to their own ignorance.

But is history "bunk"? That is, can we rely on men to settle the problems of the present wisely with no knowledge of what has been said, thought, and done in the past? What business man would

be willing to have his memory of his own personal past completely obliterated? Is not that hard-won and carefully garnered experience of twenty, thirty, or forty years one of his greatest assets? Cancel all recollections in Ford's memory, let him come to his desk in the morning with a mind blank as to all he has learned of the character of men, of the processes of his particular business, and what use would he be? How many absurd mistakes would he make?

It may be said that the present conditions are so different from anything in the past that the past does not count. This is not so and can never be so. The fundamental problem of man, whatever the fortuitous accidents and conditions of his temporary type of civilization, is man himself. Human nature may change. Let's hope it does. But, if it does, it does so slowly, and the whole historic era is only a moment in the history of the race. The Neanderthal man lived, say, two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, the Greeks only twenty-five hundred. They are our blood brothers, and if one reads their works it is astounding to discover how many of what we think our most up-to-the-minute problems they considered and analyzed.

III

It is not, however, for any specific solution to our problems that a knowledge of the past is essential and an ignorance of it dangerous. It is the need we have for some perspective if we are not to be led astray by every new achievement or every new social or political nostrum. We do not really see things unless we see them in their relations—not merely in their relations to *us* but in their relations to similar events or conditions in the past. Unless we know something of what has been thought and done in the past, we are helpless in judging the present.

We are moving so fast to-day that we are utterly at sea as to where we are going. It is needless to point out the changes in the last century, compared with which the entire history of the race in material advancement may be considered almost static. I may merely say that I have myself talked with a relative who recalled the days when there was no such thing as steam locomotion in common use, and the horse or the sailboat was the only means of communication by land or sea. In this mad onward whirl some perspective, some sense of past achievement, some realization of values is more essential to-day than ever.

In studying the history of America for the past hundred and fifty years with relation to the so-called "common people" one fact stands out in striking significance—the loss in the power of thought. The average farmer to-day, for example (I choose him because most of the "common people" were farmers a century and a half ago) cannot, I believe, compete for a moment with his predecessor in the power of concentrated thought. He has more schooling, he reads more printed words, he has far more advantages in the way of securing news and moving about the world, he has incomparably more luxuries, and he has quicker wits, but he has less of them. Propaganda is no new invention. Our past-masters of the present day had nothing on Sam Adams; but let anyone read the sort of arguments addressed to the farming population in 1787 when it was necessary to secure their adherence to the new federal constitution and the sort of arguments they are given in a political campaign to-day. The writings of that day, and the sermons, required a concentrated, sustained effort of thought, and the farmers gave it. To-day the headline press, the tabloid press, the movies, and the radios give them everything in snatches or pictures. And it is not the farmers alone. It is the whole population, save those who can stand aside and think for themselves; and these are becoming rare. The slogans on the desks of "high-powered

executives" are "Don't park here," "Be brief," "Make it short and snappy."

Moreover, the world to-day is singularly likely to be stampeded by the mob spirit. Partly due to the great increase in population, partly to its greater concentration, partly to the increasing lack of privacy and quiet, partly to the newspapers, movies, and other means of acting upon vast numbers of people simultaneously, we are all likely to be imbued with the same emotion at the same time. Everyone recalls how the newspapers played upon this spirit when that modest and admirable young American, Lindbergh, was exploited to rouse the mob emotion of the United States in order to increase sales.

We all know how this mob spirit operates in its simpler manifestations, such as a panic at a fire. There is no thought of past or future. Every mental process is concentrated into the one thought of the present. If there is no one who can transcend that present in his own thought the mob goes wild. Given several, or even one such person, and the mob may be kept sane. The same thing is true of all other manifestations of it. But to stand apart from the mob requires that a man have "a mind," as we say, and to have a mind he must have memory. We all know cases of amnesia victims who wander aimlessly, unable to tell who they are, where they belong, what they have done. Without memory a man has no mind; that is, he is helpless without a knowledge of his past. He is living solely in the present.

There is danger that the race may suffer the same fate if we ignore all our past and live only in the moment. By doing that we not only discard all the accumulated examples and wisdom of the past but we are left with no standards by which to judge even the present. We become unable to criticize, analyze, compare—in a word, unable to think—and become merely creatures of emotions, subject to be played upon by any false statement, any blatant campaign, any newspaper catering to mob passion. To disregard the past, to delete the "humanities" from education, to read nothing except what is wet from the press, to pay no attention to what man has done and said in the ages gone, to foreshorten our world to the living instant, is to abdicate our intellectual birthright, to destroy our power of weighing and judging, to become the victims of racial amnesia.

THE EYES OF COMPASSION

A STORY

BY DONALD CORLEY

LLANG-HUI the Condemned sat in the corner of his cell in the Fortress of Bailu twisting the last strands of hemp into the rope that at sunset was to hang him.

"Twist it very strong, Llang-hui!" his jailer had urged him that morning; "for if you do not, and it breaks, we shall have to hang you a second time, and you would not like that!"

And as Llang-hui rolled the tough fibers, dipped first in a bowl of thin shellac, across the bit of board upon his knees, and added others, as was the law, and built a rope to hang himself, he sang a little song from the rice fields of his own province below the southern sun. But he sang it under his breath, for it was forbidden to the condemned to sing.

Sing a song of rice seed
Mi-eg . . . na . . . yiep.
Sing it while you sow it
Mi-eg . . . na . . . yiep.
A grain of rice, a grain of sand,
A stalk will rise up where you stand,
A mountain will spread out over your land,
Plant what you will.

Sing what you please
You must never stop planting
For the rain to sprout
And the sun to wither
You must never stop singing
For your rice to come up.
Mi-eg . . . na . . . yiep.

Plant a mountain, plant a crop,
Plant a snake beneath a tree,
Plant a grain of rice.
Mi-eg . . . na . . . yiep.
Plant a grain of death
When you take a pinch of snuff.
Mi-eg . . . na . . . yiep.
Rain comes and waters it,
Sun comes and warms it,
Ploughs come and furrow it,
And Death takes it all. . . .

And patiently Llang-hui rolled and twisted his hemp to the grim old planting-words. And his rope grew in a coil on the floor like a snake lying down to rest.

But Llang-hui's mind was neither on his song nor on his rope, but upon his two children who were coming to see him that afternoon for the last time. For they were going to the country with their aunt, his dead wife's sister, and would not return again: Le-ti his daughter, and To-wan his son. And Llang-hui wished that he had a gift for them.

But he had nothing but rope, for they had taken away everything that he had at the door of the Fortress, even to his keys and the talismans of his family. And it distressed him that Le-ti and To-wan would have nothing to touch with their thin golden fingers and say, "This was the thing of my Father!"

The jailer opened the thick wooden door, bringing the noon repast in an earthen bowl.

"There is prison-duck in the dish, Llang-hui," he said smiling, "and water-chestnuts! And the Governor sends you a twist of tobacco and his second pipe to smoke it in, and says you may sing to-day if you like. For you have given us no trouble."

And the jailer set down the fragrant dish, the tobacco, and the Governor's second pipe of ivory and citron wood, and took up the coil of rope from the floor and measured it with his forearm, length by length.

"Two more elbows, Llang-hui, and no hurry. And when you have finished your dinner there is someone waiting to see you. Eat heartily."

And again Llang-hui was alone, sunken in thought, wondering who was waiting to see him, for it was midday, and his children were not to come until an hour before sunset, which was the time of his execution.

But after a little he took off the cover from his dish and began to eat of it, for Llang-hui was a tranquil man, who had not killed in anger, nor in self-defense even—had not killed him at all, that man who was dead—and he thought not of death, but of life, and so ate with good will and relish. And afterwards he lighted the Governor's second pipe of ivory and citron wood and gave himself to contentment. For food was good to have; tobacco was good to have . . . and he had little more rope to twist.

He was dreaming that his clouds of smoke were white birds which circled about his fields in the Province of Kwang-ko, slowly, slowly . . . against the light of his high window. Peacefully . . . drowsily . . . rice-birds.

And after a little while it seemed to him that his tobacco was exceedingly fragrant. And then it seemed to him that a tall and beautiful woman stood between him and the window, with the white birds flying lazily about her. And he reflected that the kind old Governor had sent him tobacco with *bhang* mingled in its long strands, to stupefy him against his ordeal, and he closed his eyes to shut out the woman.

For Llang-hui loved the sight and the fragrance of one woman only, and she was dead.

But a soft voice fell upon his ears like frail petals falling when one lay in the grass under a flower-tree. And for a long time Llang-hui listened as one in a dream, for the woman called him by name, many times, "Llang-hui. Llang-hui. Llang-hui!"

"It is very good *bhang*," he said to her.

For after all the Governor may have sent her to see what the state of his mind was—might have sent her to question him, and Llang-hui did not wish to be questioned any more, and there was no answer he could make further than he had made.

"No, it is not good *bhang*, Llang-hui," she was saying; "it is not *bhang* at all. It is good tobacco, and not the fibers of your rope that you are smoking. It is not a *bhang-woman* of smoke that stands before you, but a living woman, coming to do you compassion."

And her voice was so gentle, and the fragrance of her so reassuring, that Llang-hui put down the Governor's pipe and waved the smoke aside with his hands, as a swimmer putting aside water, and looked at her.

"I have come to take your sin into my eyes, Llang-hui," said the woman, "that you may die in peace. For it is not wise to die with a sin in your eyes. In the Anaon your eyes must be clear, clear enough to see the Kroishu upon their chairs of stone, and to perceive the thread that they will cut off for you and to see many other things. You did not know that in this province it is the custom to give up the sin in your eyes. And to-day the Sin-sister was absent from the convent, so they sent me in her place."

For a long time Llang-hui sat silently thinking and, in order to do so more clearly, reached for his rope on the floor and for the strands of hemp on the table and the board to complete his task. For he could think better when his hands were busy. For the woman's face blinded him—it was so radiant in the dark cell—and he feared a trap.

He had said that he was innocent; that he did not kill the man he was accused of killing; that it was the truth

which he spoke; that he had been in another village when that man was killed; that he did not know that man nor his son nor his father nor his grandfather nor his name nor the shape of his face, and he did not wish to answer these questions again, nor any others.

But his groping fingers found no rope, no board, no hemp, and he had, finally, to look up. And the woman had taken the other wooden stool that was in his cell and she sat across the narrow table from him, and he could only see her face, shaped like a long golden pear, and her brilliant eyes and her flashing earrings of gold that caught the scant cell-light and amplified it.

And he looked deep into her eyes as into two clear pools of jade and saw himself reflected there, two of himself, one in each clear pool: Llang-hui the Condemned.

And after he had looked once he could not look elsewhere, and he saw nothing but those two eyes that changed from jade color to blue and became as a clear sea. And he looked into that sea as one looks while swimming under water, and he saw all that lies in the depth of the sea.

And Llang-hui trusted her, and was no longer frightened of questioning.

And after a time he spoke, but he did not know his own voice, so quiet was it. It was the voice of another man, and not the voice of Llang-hui the Condemned. The voice of a man whom he knew very well, however.

And he said, "O Woman, I would give you the sin that I am accused of, into your eyes, but I have not that sin. I did not kill the man who is dead."

And the woman said, "I know that you did not kill him, Llang-hui."

"I go with the rope that I have made to the water-wall at sunset to die," he continued, "and I go with many a sin upon me, to meet that man in the Anaon, but I do not go with that one upon me."

"No, not with that one," she answered, gently.

"But I will give you the others," said he.

And for a long time his eyes burned like flames upon dried citron wood, and the woman received each look of his eyes without moving; but her hands were exceedingly busy under the table.

And it seemed to Llang-hui that her eyes were a little clouded each time, as he looked his sin into them, but swam clear again, instantly.

And after many looks, out of his childhood and out of his youth, and out of his manhood, and out of his maturity, for Llang-hui spared no dark place in his life, he said to her:

"That is all, O Woman."

And her eyes burned with white fire and closed for a moment. And while they were closed Llang-hui felt the sun slipping away, and the light of his life slipping from him. But even while he mourned he looked into the blue sea of the woman's eyes again.

But she only waited, with busy hands that he could not see.

"O Beautiful Woman," said Llang-hui, "you have taken my sins into your eyes and they are no longer mine. Can you take also, as I look at you, the two images of myself that I see and keep them for my children to come and behold when I am no longer here?"

"Yes, I can do that," said the woman. "Give those images to me and tell your children to come to the House With The Yellow Roof beyond the river when they wish to see you."

And it seemed to Llang-hui that the two images of himself were burned into the woman's eyes, and a great peace possessed him, for it was after his sins had gone from him, and his son and his daughter could see him as he was, there in the eyes of the Woman of Compassion.

And still the woman waited.

And as he looked into the pools of her eyes his images were withdrawn, as if two pictures had been quickly removed from their frames, as if two jewels had fallen from their settings and, instead, he looked not into green jade nor into a blue sea, but into a far, strange place where he had never been.

And yet he seemed to know that place.

"You will keep my image for them?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, "until your children no longer need your image."

"But . . . ?" he asked, in great fear.

"There is another sin that you have not told me," said the Woman of Compassion quietly.

Llang-hui looked a long way through her eyes and saw something there that he had not known that he knew. He saw himself, a long way off, running across a hill with a flashing sword in his hand, and he wore a helmet shaped as a tiger's head. And a man who ran ahead of him stumbled and fell. . . .

"Yes, O Woman," he said, at last, "there is a sin. . . ."

"Quickly," said the woman, "give it to me."

And her hands moved more swiftly than shuttles, beneath the table.

But Llang-hui could not see them.

"It was in another life," said Llang-hui, "I *did* kill a man!"

"Quickly," said the woman. "I hear your children's voices in the courtyard."

But Llang-hui said no more. His eyes at last knew what he had done, in another life, and as quickly the woman's eyes took his sin, and Llang-hui felt a great flame burn in his head, and great tears rolled down his face.

The woman was no longer there, but his two children stood before him, and To-wan his son had a basket of ripe pears in his hands, and Le-ti his little daughter had yellow lilies in hers, and they smiled at him as children smile. And he embraced them and took one on each of his knees and asked them where they wished their horses to gallop, and took them there and told them a story and looked at them a very long time.

And Le-ti his daughter looked in his eyes and said to him, "There is a little girl in your eyes, Pati-shen!" (meaning Father).

And Llang-hui in great contentment told them that soon he had to go on a journey and would not be back for a very long time, but that when they wished to see him they were to go to a certain woman, a tall and beautiful woman, who lived in the House With The Yellow Roof beyond the river, and there they could see him whenever they wished, just as if he were there.

And Le-ti his daughter took up the Governor's pipe to fill it for him, as she always had. But there was no longer any tobacco on the table. The twist that the jailer had brought was gone, and in its place was a twist of rope.

And presently the jailer came to take the children away, and they went laughing, for Llang-hui had told them under what sort of a flat stone to look to find money, and what sort of a stone to look to find cherries, and what sort of a flat stone to find crickets under, and never to hop more than three hops on one foot without first snapping their fingers.

And when they were gone Llang-hui took up his rope to finish it and found it quite finished and all of his hemp gone. And the jailer came back and measured that rope with his forearm, and said, "You have done very well, Llang-hui—it is a good rope. We shall not have to hang you a second time. Come with me."

And Llang-hui followed him, with peace in his soul and no fear, for he went toward the Anaon without sin.

And the jailer took him to the water-wall of the Fortress where an old pine tree stood. And a high stool of red lacquer was brought for him to stand upon; and the jailer knotted the rope three times about the Bough of the Condemned, and three times about Llang-hui's neck, in accordance with the law.

And the Governor, wearing the Red Hat of Anger, lighted his best pipe and gave Llang-hui a puff of it and wished him a good journey.

And he was hanged, in accordance with the law, for the black prison ponies at the crack of the Governor's whip ran away, dragging the high stool with them. And the jailer and the Governor

turned away their faces, out of courtesy. For Llang-hui had given them no trouble.

But when the Governor had counted fifty puffs of his ivory pipe, which was the law, he turned to see Llang-hui standing there beneath the pine tree. And the rope was broken, just above his head, and his eyes were closed, for he was waiting for the Kroishu to speak to him, that he might approach their stone chairs and receive the thread that they should cut off for him, even as the woman had told him. For Llang-hui had been somewhat choked before that rope had broken, and besides, he thought that he was dead,

And the Governor went up to him and held the silver mirror of the law to his lips, and it was unclouded. For Llang-hui did not breathe.

And the jailer said, "We shall not have to hang him again. He is dead."

And further, in accordance with the law, the Governor took butter from a box and touched his forehead and his lips with it, and the soles of his feet, for they had laid Llang-hui upon the cope of the river wall.

And the butter was not melted, for the evening was very cold, and the Necromancer of the Fortress pronounced him dead, and the Scrivener entered his death in the proper book. And they all went to their supper in the Fortress, leaving the prison ponies to sniff at the body of Llang-hui. For it was the law that he should not be buried for an hour after he was hung.

And Llang-hui lay very still on the wall where they had left him, waiting for the Kroishu to speak to him.

But the Kroishu said nothing.

And after a long time Llang-hui heard a soft voice from a long way off, saying to him, "O Llang-hui! Llang-hui! Turn slowly to your left, and fear nothing."

But it was not the voice of either of the Kroishu of stone, Keepers of the Anaon, that he heard, but a woman's voice with great compassion in it.

And he turned slowly to the left and rolled off that wall into the quiet river below, and was taken into a boat and vanished with the passing of the light of day in the sky.

"But you are not either of the Kroishu," he said to the woman when he had been dried and given hot wine to drink (for the river was very cold) in the House With The Yellow Roof.

And the Woman of Compassion looked across the fire in her house and said to him, "No, I am not either of the stone Kroishu, Llang-hui, but a very living woman. You faced the Kroishu in the Anaon a long time ago and took the thread meted out to you from them and wove it into your hanging rope. You could not leave yourself in your eyes for your children to see without leaving yourself there for *me* to see. Long ago you killed a man in another life. Long ago they hanged you for a man you had not killed. Look into my eyes, and find yourself—find the man whom I heard singing a rice song in the Fortress—find the man whose children *may*, some day, look for him in my eyes!"

And Llang-hui looked, and forgot all that had gone before, as it ever was to be in any life of any man, in the true eyes of a true woman.

And the Governor in the Fortress of Bailu, having finished his supper, sent the jailer to bring and to burn the rope that they had hanged Llang-hui with, for such was the law. And the jailer perceived that the prison ponies must have nosed Llang-hui off the wall and into the river, and pocketed the grave money, as was his right.

And as that rope was burned a curious smell of tobacco arose from it. And the Governor, in some perplexity, took up the twist of tobacco that the jailer had brought back from the Cell of the Condemned, the twist that had been given to Llang-hui to console him that day, and put a thumb of it in his pipe.

But that tobacco tasted like hempen rope to him.

FAREWELL TO PEDAGOGY

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

HE WAS a Professor of Pretentious Noise, and he was taking his ease at the University Club. This almost Georgian fortress is a sanctuary for jaded pedagogues. When twilight comes up across the campus from the lake you will see them emerging from their offices, stoop-shouldered, astigmatic, a little depressed, and making their way among the elms toward the Club's cushions and hooded lights. There is enough of cerebration in the day's job. These tired men make their living by keeping the gears of the mind always overheated. Therefore, when they seek repose they will not demand intellectual fare. You will find no books at the University Club, and few of the journals in the reading room are profound. All this the Professor of Pretentious Noise took for granted. He was there for comfort, and, in the dusk, he would take a little quiet pleasure, reading. So he picked up a magazine. When I came upon him, the veins on his forehead were swollen and he had found treason in the Club. For the journal he had happened upon was that contumacious *New Republic*, and he wondered what wretch had got its name on the budget. He banged his fist. Look here, the sheet spoke slurringly of the Vice-President! Mr. Dawes lived not more than half a mile from the Club, and the Professor had shaken his hand, some years before, when Mr. Dawes organized the Minute Men of America. He was for deporting these damned I. W. W. editors to Leningrad, where they belonged, whence they were paid. He would see that whoever was responsible for the presence here of this vileness lost his job or his membership. He tossed the *New Republic* away and picked up another journal. I asked if he knew this one at all. No, he said, but he had heard his uncle, years ago, speak highly of the *Nation*. I waited happily. In a moment there was a great roar, such a bellow as Professors usually reserve for colleagues who flunk fullbacks. I followed after when he dashed to the secretary's office, where with my own ears I heard his ultimatum. Either the Club would immediately cancel its subscriptions to these two subversive and inflammatory weeklies, or—or by God! the Professor of Pretentious Noise would resign from the Club and then bring suit against it.

Always, of course, there was Prexy. One day he telephoned to a colleague of mine in the English Department. Parents, he said, were complaining about the work that two of my colleague's students were doing. It was, he understood, alarmingly suggestive, and, if the reports were true, even erotic. Would my colleague investigate? Would he, if the charge proved true, move to suppress these activities? My colleague asked the names of the two rakish youths. Just a moment—Prexy had made a note of them. Ah, yes, here they were. Would my colleague kindly see if something could not be done to make more seemly the undergraduate essays of—George Moore and Oscar Wilde. . . . I once asked him, looking forward to that Greater Atlantis for which a corps of expensive publicitors was designing slogans, whether the

mounting Endowment Fund would give us a university press. I thought of the presses at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago. One was, I thought, little less than obligatory on the Greater Atlantis, which was to do so much for Scholarship, the State, the Community, and the mail-order houses. He looked at me patiently, understanding that I had the scholar's impracticality. No, he said, no university press ever made money. There would be none at Atlantis. . . . And once he called me in for rebuke. The President of the University of Utah had been offended by remarks of mine about his institution that had been published in a magazine. Displaying the provincialism I had commented on, the President of the University of Utah (and the head of his history department, too) had written, not to me but to Prexy, suggesting that I ought to be disciplined, suppressed, and—the inference was—fired. Prexy was on my side and was only bored by the protest of his peer, but the situation was delicate. Was what I had said true? he asked. I suggested that perhaps I should not have said it if I had not believed so. If it wasn't true, then it was libel, I informed him, and he might write his petitioners to sue me for damages. Ah, yes. Prexy thought and studied and looked at me. Sometimes, he said, sometimes there had been trouble—members of the faculty who had published articles, reports, and other material that, later on, proved to have been, well, not precisely their own work. Could I—that is, did I care to assure him that—that what I had written had been entirely my own?

Not forgetting the Professor, who was also a Dean. He dealt with stirring and vital truths, and he was of the department that more than any other might lead our national thinking into better ways, and his conception of his subject was based on the year 1850, when that subject was sheer romance. He would interrupt his lecture on matters of greater import, I think, than any others we pedagogues deal with and, fixing a stern eye on a man in the front row who was a candidate for honors in his field, would announce, "Mr. Smith, I did not see you at Epworth League last night." He was Professor Blank, but mostly he was Dean Blank. One dared not call him Blank or Mr. Blank. One day a library assistant approached him, a girl who was earning her tuition working at the delivery desk. "I have the book you wanted, Mr. Blank," she said, for she was young and unpracticed and knew not the management of the Levites. Without a word to her he marched into the Librarian's office and demanded that the girl be fired. "A woman with no greater sense of academic rank than she has," he said, "is absolutely unfit to be employed by the college."

II

For a thousand years the history of the universities has been the history of civilization. Moreover, the teacher is the elder wise man of the race, nor has his caste ever been widely separated from that of the priest. Always, in any age, pedagogy is a vital, adventurous profession. Always, too, at any moment, it is torn within by discord and self-distrust and the turmoil of the new age that is perpetually coming to be. Reading in the public prints to-day the dirges and pæans of those who are considering the state of the colleges, one is amused to find a prevalent belief that the present turmoil is something new and that the colleges face a crisis which is likely to destroy them. A certain ignorance characterizes those experts in education who make most outcry. Abelard, I remember, complained bitterly that the colleges of his day were overcrowded, and Erasmus after him. Have we forgotten Herbert Spencer's declaration—it might well have been Mr. Dewey's—that the colleges must adapt themselves to the new age or perish? One whole school of modern complainants cast out entirely the whole

complex of education, the colleges, the curricula, the faculties, the student bodies: and no one remembers that a diversion of Edward Gibbon's was the writing of autobiography. Nor do I find anywhere among the current Hoseas and Jeremiahs any awareness that they are echoing Henry Adams or Matthew Arnold or Cardinal Newman, or Plato, Zeno, or Epictetus. A bilious onlooker might suggest that one cause of the crisis may be the scarcity of educated men among the faculties.

Nevertheless, it is true that the profession was never in a greater chaos than to-day's and that the problems confronting the colleges were never more difficult. Novel as the idea may be to the editorial writers, no one is quite so keenly aware of these facts as the colleges themselves. Panic, indeed, has settled on them. A great many of them actually confess failure by pausing in the year 1928 to inquire just what their function is. Atlantis, which I have just quitted, was feverish throughout my stay with that very question. With every equinox the Dean of Liberal Arts, or the Department of Personnel, or the Department of Education, or the President himself launched on the faculty a questionnaire asking every teacher to state his conception of the proper aims of the college. It was a great bore, but lightened occasionally by some of the replies. All but a few of them were trite, most of them were dull, and some were asinine. One man, I remember, victimized by the necromancy of alliteration as the writers of advertisements are, summed up the aims of education as Fun, Friendship, Facts, and Faith. There was a great but secret laughter among the juniors of his department, one of whom remarked, with a conception of education that goes back to the Greeks, that a truer statement of them would be Doubt, Disillusionment, and Despair. I do not quarrel with that last definition. Another colleague answered the last questionnaire to this effect: to improve the quality of instruction at Atlantis, which should be one aim of the college, cease bothering us with questionnaires, weed out the fools from among us, get better teachers, and try to see that the students who face us are of a higher type. His was the only realistic moment in the whole incident. If the colleges have reached a situation in which they do not know what education is, if they do not see clearly what their purposes are, if they do not know unequivocally what they should be doing and how they should be doing it, if, in short, they do not understand the present age and their function in it, then indeed they are bankrupt and damned.

Here a digression seems called for. It is a little odd that one must explicitly declare that college professors are, for the most part, able, intelligent, and efficient men. Yet the contrary opinion is so widely held that my solemn declaration must seem iconoclastic to many people. So accepted is the belief in professorial incompetence that the very freshmen who come to be taught that sentences are preferably begun with capital letters or that a times b equals ab are convinced that their instructors are nincompoops and regard them with a contempt it is hardly worth while to disguise. Outside the campuses, the world at large thinks of professors as halfwits. If they are capable of anything, why are they content with five thousand dollar jobs?—so runs the question held to be unanswerable. The fallacy usually takes this form: "Those who can, do: those who can't, teach." Mr. Mencken has printed ten thousand variations of the theme, and that group of extraordinarily dull young thinkers whose only distinction is that they have repudiated Mr. Mencken parrot this particular idea of his with unanimous approval.

The idea, of course, is utterly absurd. If pedagogy had not taught me to avoid generalizations I should be disposed to stand on the exact converse. In con-

temporary America it is generally true that those who can't, do, and those who can, teach. Except for the arts, I can think of no intelligent calling whose most distinguished practitioners are not college professors. It is almost literally true that professors are responsible for all that is admirable in the recent progress of law, medicine, surgery, public hygiene, physics, chemistry, biology, and a dozen other activities of the mind. The half-sciences are wholly professorial, so that you will hardly find all told a half-dozen reputable philologists, anthropologists, psychologists, archeologists, sociologists, or economists outside the campus gates. Are not the new colleges of journalism admittedly the happiest omen in to-day's press? As editors and critics are Professors Canby, Krutch, Van Doren, and the late Stuart Sherman noticeably inferior to their unacademic colleagues? Could you refute a man who thought Professors Pound and Frankfurter better lawyers than this great name or that one? Perhaps you are moved to recite the greatness, in our day, of the scientific and scholarly foundations created by rich men, or the research laboratories maintained by industrial corporations, or the more admirable bureaus of the national government. These, indeed, seem a refutation of my statement—till one reflects that they are manned entirely by ex-professors.

No, the pleasant trade of pedagogy (it is pleasanter, I think, than most others on earth—and that fact answers the unanswerable question) is made up of highly skilled men who are highly competent at their business. Its mean efficiency is higher than that of any other profession. Why, then, if this is so, are the colleges now confessedly ineffective? Well, it was to answer this question that I introduced my digression.

In any other profession the incompetent and the brainless settle to the bottom, where they are impotent: and impostors, conjurors, and charlatans are soon placarded as such so that their colleagues may deal with them. But in pedagogy they do not fare that way. They become Professors of Education. Then, in due time, because members of their brotherhood are in control, they become chairmen of the committees that control the college, and then they become Deans, and then they become Presidents.

Let me at once admit that some Professors of Education are both able and aware that their science is preposterous. Let me assert farther that here and there you will find one who is actually doing valuable work. I have known a few: I have even known one Dean who was a Professor of Education but who, nevertheless, when the time came, stood firmly on the side of the angels. I hear that he has recently won his battle and has delivered Atlantis from the most serious menace to academic freedom it has had to face. Yes, unquestionably some of the species are good men, but though you may sometimes find good men in stews and hop joints, still you must hold to your judgment of people who frequent such places. And toward the generality of Educators one must urge the teaching of the church toward heretics. They may be charming fellows, now and then, but they are accursed of God and damned, and they shall be run to earth and slain for the glory of God, the salvation of their souls, and the security of the faith.

As a veteran of the colleges, and one who has done his share of soul-searching, I am convinced that the greater part of the present plight of the colleges is due to this group of uneducated fanatics, crazed enthusiasts, or wilful charlatans who have, in the last fifteen years, ridden into power. It is they who have debauched the curricula, violated the chastity of pedagogy, ravished the academic quiet of sane men, and created the noise and stink and smoke-screen that envelop the profession. Borrowing everything that is illegitimate in several sciences, incorporating with it half a dozen major sophistries, and begetting upon themselves a thing called "meth-

odology" and other monsters, they have created what is known as the Science of Education. There is, their hallucinations have it, a Science of Teaching, a Science of Managing and Governing Universities, and a Science of Classifying, Guiding, and Prophesying about the Young. The sum of these is the Science of Education.

Inscribing the slogans of this idiotic Science upon their guidons, the Educators have besieged the Trustees of the colleges and the public. Now a Trustee is a man who has been given authority over a college, to shape its destiny and disburse its funds and dictate its policies, for the sufficient reason that he delivered four counties to the Governor intact or that he has money enough to make him a prospective donor of a dormitory or a gymnasium. Or the sufficient reason may be, merely, that he hopes to be Bishop of New York. He is frequently not a college man, seldom an educated man, and never a teacher. He is almost always a business man with a superstitious awe of education—a willing, tolerant person who wants to do justly in his position but has learned to demand things which he calls Facts and Results. Upon him the Educators descend, mouthing their hideous jargon, chanting litanies whose terms are pseudo-scientific neologisms of no meaning whatever. There is a magic in words, especially for the uneducated. These quack scientists with their charts, graphs, tests, questionnaires, reports, surveys, analyses, and all the other trappings of their trade—accessories as gaudy and pinchbeck as those of any other medicine show—have worked their sorcery. There is, of course, nothing of science about them, but they have convinced the amiable, ignorant Trustees that there is. They have taken the element of chance out of education, they say, so that hereafter there will be nothing unpredictable about it, nothing mysterious, nothing immaterial or vague or unstatable in terms of Facts and Results. So they have captured the Trustees, and, because no advertisement that promises "You can't lose" or "Cure guaranteed" ever fails of its intended effect, they have taken in the public as well. The public, on their assurances, believes that the laborious and mysterious process of education is to be made, by the Educators, as simple and effortless as a consultation with a palmist.

Now they are in the saddle. They control the colleges, doing with them what their aberrant instincts lead them to do. Oh, they are not yet quite secure, nor are they unmolested in their madness. But for the time being at least they grow more powerful. They snow the faculties under with questionnaires. They harass them with reports and analyses. They demand increasing portions of their time for the collection of data out of which spells and incantations are to be made. They lecture them about the technic of instruction and come more and more to enforce their demands for it. They select the material for education, they dictate the processes, and they control the support. The worst omen of their power is the way in which they are made Deans and Presidents all over the Republic. Formerly, when you had to appoint a Dean or a President, you chose a man who was a great teacher or was otherwise remarkable for intellectual attainments. A few of those who belong to the great tradition are left us; but as they die or retire their places are everywhere filled by men whose only qualification is one that should forever disqualify them, that they are experts in the Science of Education. What will happen when all of the great tradition are gone from us and Professors of Education have succeeded them? What would happen if we made chiropractors dictators of public-health control, or appointed Justices of the Supreme Court exclusively from among astrologers?

III

The Great Educator was addressing us. "Gentlemen," he said, "the stu-

dents are our customers, and we must give them what they want."

He voiced the "*credo in unum Deum Patrem*" of the Educators' faith. That way, irretrievably, goes the course of American education. I doubt that, save for five or six Eastern institutions (which are exempt, let it be understood, from everything I say), any college in the country would oppose it, if it were stated in terms of vocational guidance. One ponders. The customer of the surgeon might want his lower intestine removed in the hope of realizing Metchnikoff's dream. The customer of the lawyer might want to experiment with his private interpretation of a blue sky law. The customer of the priest might demand his approval of a little private murder for the faith's sake.

The Educators have slain the classics department, but the English department has risen up to preserve those immaterial values known as the humanities. Therefore, the Educators war upon the English department. This second Educator was no departure from the type. "What you gentlemen of the English department must realize," he informed the score or more of us who were gathered to hear him, "is that you are not scientific. You have not rigidly standardized your methods. You do not explicitly state your aims. You have no formula by which to achieve them. How can you expect, then, to achieve them? I venture to assert that there is not here to-night one of you who can tell what the norm of his subject is. And if there were one stated norm here, I know very well that it would differ widely from that which another of you might work out." The Educator denounced us with his eyes and, I swear it on my sword, he then said, "What, for instance, would you say was your norm for the appreciation of Shakespeare?"

And then there was that evening when we gathered to hear still another Great Educator. This one, like so many others, had about him that air of fanatic zeal I have often seen in the prophets who come down from the greasewood slopes of my native state, crying the wrath to come. His eyes were fiery, and he was not in the least of this world but was altogether dedicate to the mad voodoos of his faith. He began to tell us about the psychological tests. Of these tests, pedagogy at large believes that they are harmless, the psychologists that they are an occasional means of grace, and the Educators that they are the Word, the Way, and the Light. This Educator, like all his tribe, was convinced that they were the ultimate key to the problem of making pedagogy an exact science.

He began to tell us of the success that one kind of test, the general intelligence test given to all Freshmen, had achieved at Atlantis. Graph after graph passed under his fingers till the floor about his chair was snowy with reports. I had a sense of the enormous energy expended on this survey and the costly machinery created to perform it. The labor of many men and enough money to maintain a research professorship in the study of diabetes had gone into this single incantation. Gradually the point emerged—if one had skill enough, as we philologists had, to understand the barbarous terminology. The point was this: a magnificent vindication of this test had been accomplished. His department had analyzed the results of that test and had compared them with the grades which the Freshmen had later achieved in college courses. The coefficient of correlation, he said in an awed voice, was 5.4! On the basis of this test, his department could have predicted, to the power of that coefficient, what any given student would do in his classes—that is, whether he would fail or pass the requirements of the college. The Educator's eyes were those of one who had seen God. I reflected. 5.4! I questioned him. What was the unity for this coefficient? I asked. What would perfect correlation have been?

Was 5.4 based on a scale of 6? Why no, he informed me, naturally not. It was on a scale of 10. In other words, the test which was given at such an expense of time, energy, and money, achieved exactly the same result, the same coefficient of correlation, that anyone could achieve with no effort and in one-tenth of a second by tossing a coin. The test occupied three hours. I think that any teacher worth his salt may confidently engage, if he be allowed to talk to a Freshman for one hour, to achieve a coefficient of correlation, bearing on that Freshman's success in his course, of something like 8.5. Or let him teach that student for three one-hour periods, the time expended on the test, and he will achieve a coefficient of correlation not lower than 9.965. But that, of course, is what the Educators call the Personal Equation in Teaching.

And, it developed as the Educator passed on from the science of his test to the metaphysics of his ideal, the Personal Equation must be rooted out of teaching. It was, he said, the supreme obstacle to the progress of Educators. For behold, there was now no way of predicting what a given student, *A*, would do under a given Professor, *B*. Professor *C*'s methods differed violently from those of Professor *D*. Not only were the methods of teaching one subject absolutely non-interchangeable with those of another, which was a villainy dreadful enough, but even, incredible as it might sound, one man's ways of teaching a given subject were absolutely non-interchangeable with those of another man who was teaching the same subject. Here the Educator was aghast. This intolerable situation wrenched him with rack and pinion, but, incredibly, there was worse to be noted. Not only was there no standardized method of teaching a given subject, but there was not even a standardized body of material to be taught. Jones, teaching English B19, stressed facts that Smith, teaching the same course, ignored or perhaps even denied. White, teaching History 107, preached doctrines that Green denied. In economics, sociology, philosophy, fine arts, and even the sciences (except Education) there was dissent, contradiction, and dispute. And until this incredible folly should be remedied there would indeed be no progress in education but only the blind and fumbling wastage of to-day.

We must, he said, codify, fix, and standardize our corpus of knowledge. We must see that everywhere teachers of the same subject taught the same thing. But, what was far more important, we must see that they taught it in the same way. Fixed, standardized, and scientific methods!—that was the hope of the world. We could not, otherwise, be fair to the student. We could not, otherwise, honestly accept his trade. We could not, otherwise, guarantee him the accomplishment of his desires. There was, also, this still more important angle: till methods were everywhere standardized the Educators could not perfect their psychological tests. We must understand that there was no deliverance from death till those tests should be perfected. Here the Educator confided to us some of his expectations. Some day, when material and methods were standardized, he would relieve us of the Examination Problem: that is, of all bother about grades and quizzes and ranking. Some day he would be able to give an entering freshman a psychological test that would consume no more than three hours. At the end of it he would be able to predict with absolute certainty not only what grade that freshman would receive in any course under any instructor in the university (provided standardization had been established), but also what his exact ratio of success would be in any branch of human endeavor he might desire to follow. That, we must understand, was the millennium, and when it came all the devils that annoy education would be chained forever-

more. But to attain it we must first rigidly codify our material, eliminate all that was equivocal in it, wholly standardize our methods, and weed out from ourselves every atom of the Personal Equation that remained to trouble him.

He was an Educator and, therefore, innocent of the world. He did not know that the kind of education he had set up as his ideal was already available. It was, of course, and any practical man could have explained it more eloquently than he. He could have bought it at any store that dealt in phonograph records, and all his millennium needed further was a constitutional amendment creating a bureau of acoustic standards and making it against God to lecture from a platform.

I have dealt with this Educator at length because his madness is characteristic and his fate significant. Let us suppose that, somewhere in the prairies, a new prophet one day appears. He is clad only in a breech-clout, and his food is locusts and his drink water. He begins to preach a new religion. He preaches, say, the elder deity Anubis returned to earth and ready for the coming of his kingdom. Anubis, the god's new prophet says, has ordained a penance. All those who believe in him must cut off the forefingers of their left hands, must sell their goods and give all to the priests, and must take only one meal in forty-eight hours and that raw. He makes converts—for no religion that has yet appeared in America has failed to do so. Thereupon, emboldened, the prophet makes public the meat of Anubis's worship, having heretofore revealed only the milk. Anubis, it appears, is a jealous god and has commanded the spoliation of unbelievers. They who are faithful shall sacrifice only their firstborn, cutting their throats at the altar of Anubis, but they who have not acknowledged him shall at once perish by the sword, they and all their offspring and their menservants and maidservants and all the increase of their kine. Moreover, the prophet announces, the earth is flat and a comet will destroy it at 9:28 P.M. a week from next Thursday, and he who eats white bread is an abomination unto Anubis. . . . What do we do with the prophet? Do we not, acting for the good of society, pronounce him mad and shut him up in the booby-hatch?

I think we do. But the Great Educator whose madness I have described was not shut up in the booby-hatch. Instead, his delusions were noised abroad outside Atlantis, and presently came Trustees bearing incense and sandalwood, and he departed from among us. He was made a college President. And that is what is wrong with the colleges.

IV

Good humor must be preserved. I do not think that the present crisis will yield to any theoretical, idealistic, or practical solution, whether conceived by Professors of Education, by their saner opponents, or by a race of hard-headed, fact-loving pedagogues who may some day arise. The function of the colleges is too completely organic with the interests of the commonwealth to permit much conscious guidance of their development. The complexity of the social organism creates an impersonal determinism that controls the colleges. I think, however, that the current pressure will be eased and the current griefs assuaged by the further course of an evolution that is now discernible. Once the colleges recognize and sanction a condition that already exists and are content to abide by it their problems will be enormously simplified. The condition I refer to is the grouping of the colleges in what may be either a guild system or a caste system. Such a grouping is already much more than embryonic: the recognition of it proceeds apace. All that is required is a frank acceptance of it by those that now ignore or deny it.

Already a number of colleges have

abandoned their efforts to be all things to all students. Increasingly, I think, economic necessity and the sheer power of numbers will force more of them to do so. It is perhaps true that the desire to participate in fraternity affairs for the purpose of preparing oneself for a political career is as legitimate a motive for going to college as the more ascetic desire for intellectual discipline. But certain colleges—call such a one Avalon—have already announced their intention to limit their students to those who are governed by the latter hope. They say, in effect, if you want education come to Avalon, but if you want student activities go to Valhalla. Similarly, other colleges (it may be, reluctantly), have forever abandoned hope of being national athletic champions. These say to prospective registrants, if your ideal of college life is basking vicariously in the sun of great halfbacks, go to —— (insert the name of the university that has never joined the Big Ten, or, in the East the one that has—but there, there!), but if you are content with other values we will consider you. Such choices as these, and there is more evidence of them than I have hinted at, seem to me to indicate that a selective process is at work.

In the day when that selective process has fulfilled itself there will be various groups of colleges. The group of which Valhalla is representative will devote its energies to the support of such democracy and salesmanship as are now mainly identified with the State universities of the Middle West. Another group, with Avalon for type, will exert itself keeping alive scholarship, research, culture, and intellectual integrity. Another group will soberly prepare its students for the professional schools, another will preserve the country club college to teach the children of the newly rich the amenities of their station, a third will produce vibrant Christian manhood, and a fourth will provide asylum for the Professors of Education. As affairs now stand, the average college is wasting its energy and substance trying to be all these colleges in one, but in the great day that I foresee it will choose one type, or have that type forced upon it by natural selection, and give up yearning after the rest. In that day Avalon will send out no alumni scouts when the football team has been beaten and will hear without a pang of self-reproach the tale of Utopia's new stadium, Valhalla's glee clubs, and courses in radio-announcing, and the vast registration in the department of menu-reading at Yvetot. It will inform those who lust after the specialties of other groups that its endowment in them is but feeble, no more than decently pertains to relaxation, and that those whose interest in them is professional would be wise to register elsewhere. And in that day, too, Valhalla and Yvetot shall be one voice repudiating any more than an amateur curiosity about the intellect. And parents of prospective freshmen may govern themselves accordingly.

Here, however, I touch upon romance and prophecy, which are wholly the province of the Educators. I seriously believe that some such evolution will take place, and is even well begun. Pending its fruition, however, if I am reproached for offering destructive criticism only, and if anyone demands that I forthwith clear up the present crisis, I have a reply at hand. It is a purely impersonal solution for I am no longer a pedagogue and will neither suffer nor profit by its adoption. I have already written it down herein, quoting a colleague of mine who in his time has done some noble larruping of pedagogical quacks. I repeat it: to improve the colleges, get rid of the fools who roam among them. Begin with the Professors of Education.

THE "BLOND" ESKIMOS

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

BEYOND all other strange reports that have come out of the Arctic, the public seems most interested in those that concern the "Blond" Eskimos. If they are pure-blood natives it seems they ought to look as Chinese as any other Eskimos. Instead, they are so fair of complexion, and otherwise so different from Eskimos or other North American Indians, that they puzzled or astonished the first explorers who visited their country and reminded them of Jews or Europeans. To some of the explorers they even looked as if they might be related to the blondest of North-Europeans, the Scandinavians.

But no Jews, Scandinavians, or other white men are known to history who could have been the ancestors of these "Blond" Eskimos. Are they, then, a freak, what the biologists call a sport? If so you will have to revise a section of the Mendelian laws of inheritance, for light eyes are considered recessive; if they appeared in a brown-eyed race by "accident" they should disappear in a few generations by being bred out. Or, may these peculiar tribes be descended from explorers who were at some time or other lost to history as well as to the life of the civilized world? If so, can we discover even a hint that there may have been some expedition at some time lost in the right district whose members could have survived to blend with the Mongoloid natives and leave descendants so numerous and so Europeanlike? No record has yet been found of an expedition whose story will fit the case. A still greater difficulty arises through the known fact that few blue eyes have resulted in northern Alaska or in Hudson Bay from many generations of Eskimo intermarriage with a far greater number of Europeans than could possibly have been lost from any known expedition, or series of expeditions. To meet that difficulty, biologists have suggested that if the "blondness" of the peculiar Eskimos comes from European blood, then white women as well as white men must have entered into that hypothetical mingling of races.

If white women are required to explain our mystery, then we know of only one possible source—the three thousand Christians whose women as well as men disappeared from Greenland about four hundred years ago.

Popular interest in the "Blond" Eskimos started with my press announcements about them in September, 1912. Because of the many theories and the romantic nature of some of them, this interest has never subsided. Instead, it has grown, and remains world wide, with tangled disputes between rival theorists. Just now the debate is hotter than ever because two of the most prominent living explorers, the Dane, Knud Rasmussen, and the Norwegian, Roald Amundsen, have published books which contradict each other, both as to fact and theory.

II

Since it is around my own "discovery" of the "Blond" Eskimos that the battle of opinions chiefly rages, there is a temptation to begin with an account of how I first visited these people and what I learned among them. But that is not

the real beginning of what may possibly be their story, and a historical statement will be clearer. So we start with Eric the Red and the Christian republic which he founded in Greenland. It is difficult to touch that romantic field of little-known history and write about it less than a book. We should like to dwell, for instance, on the picturesque tale of outlawry that drove Eric's father from Norway to Iceland about 950 A.D. and himself from Iceland in 982 upon a voyage in which he discovered Greenland. But we must confine ourselves to a few of those essentials which could have had a bearing on the present "Blond" Eskimo problem.

After the discovery of Greenland Eric spent three years exploring, during which time he formed the plan of starting a colony. Then followed a year devoted to an astoundingly modern publicity campaign in Iceland, part of which consisted in naming the proposed settlement *Green Land*, "believing that people would all the more desire to live there if it had a fair name." This device and the rest of the propaganda worked so well that, in 986, between five and seven hundred Icelanders (mostly of Norse or Irish blood) were persuaded to emigrate in fourteen ships and to make on the west coast of Greenland the largest pioneer colony ever established in North America (for Greenland is an American island). Contrast the numbers, for instance, with the hundred or so colonists who made the first settlement in Massachusetts, or the one hundred and five who started the first colony in Virginia. The Greenlanders were better men, too, for they had no loss the first year from hunger or resulting disease, as against a fifty per cent loss by the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, and a still higher loss by the Virginians. Even the Spaniards colonizing Florida showed the first year heavy losses that are charged to hardship and lack of suitable food and shelter.

We now look upon the story of the Greenland colony as tragic, but that is the hind-sight of many centuries. At first and for a long time there was nothing but success. In 1000 A.D. Eric's son, Leif, discovered the mainland of North America; and there followed during the next three hundred years many voyages to Baffin Island, Labrador, Newfoundland, and other parts of North America, perhaps as far south as where New York now stands. Christianity was introduced also in the year 1000, and Greenland finally came to have sixteen churches and a bishopric administered from Rome through the archbishoprics of Hamburg and Nidaros. The country was an independent republic till 1261, or a hundred years longer than the United States has yet been a republic. Then it became a dependency of Norway and gradually decayed through political mismanagement. The Black Death may have been partly responsible, and so may piracy from Europe. There were attacks from the Eskimos, too, doubtless brought upon the Greenlanders by the same sort of mistreatment of "inferior races" that caused the Indian troubles of the later English colonists farther south.

Through the sagas and annals of Iceland, through certain literature written in Greenland and preserved in Iceland, through the church records of the Vatican and the political records of the Norwegian kingdom, we know the history of Greenland clearly down past 1350, and vaguely thence till 1440. Later than that, we have only the flickering light thrown by archæological and other scientific studies. Still, it is now fairly plain that the colony survived until after Columbus, trading, it appears, with English merchants from Bristol, Lynn, or some other port which specialized in hiding its traffic from its sovereign, who had made a treaty with Norway agreeing to prevent English ships from sailing either to Iceland or Greenland.

Some think there were about three thousand Europeans in the Greenland colony about 1350; others make the

figure double. But there is little doubt that the numbers declined thereafter. We do not know to what degree they intermarried with the Eskimos, whether in Greenland, Baffin Island, or Labrador; but if there was little intermarriage, then that is the only case where Eskimos and whites have refrained from mixing freely whenever they had a chance.

With this historical background it is natural that scientific men have always been on the lookout for evidence as to what became of the Christian Europeans. Their deserted homes and churches stand, or lie in ruin, as their monuments along the southwest coast of Greenland. Scholars have always considered it possible that some of the people migrated westward to the American mainland or to the islands north of the continent, in which case ruins of their buildings and traces of their blood might be found among Eskimos or Indians. No such ruins have been discovered; but some think their blood can be seen to-day in the rosy cheeks of the "Blond" Eskimos.

The first modern account of a people in the far north who seem to have resembled the present "Blond" Eskimos is found, of all places, in *A Natural and Moral History of the West Indies*, published in French in 1658 by Cesare de Rochefort.

The North got into De Rochefort's book on the South because he was talking of swordfish, which reminded him of the Arctic narwhal and of his friend, Captain Nicolas Tunes of Flushing, who sailed in the year 1656 up to North Latitude 72° in Baffin Island and there came upon two native peoples. He describes these in great detail, both by skilful word painting and by good drawings. Of their complexion and physical type he says:

> As for the people of this country, of them our travelers found two types, which lived together in good accord and perfect friendliness. One type was tall in stature, with a well-made body, quite fair of complexion and very able at the chase. The other is very much smaller, olive-complexioned, quite well proportioned save that their legs are short and stout. The first type preferred hunting and there they brought their skill and good disposition into play, while the others occupied themselves with fishing. Both types had very white teeth, close together, dark hair, bright eyes and such clear-cut features that one could not see any striking deformity.

The shorter, olive-complexioned people would be typical Eskimos; those taller and more fair would correspond to mixed-blood descendants from Europeans and Eskimos and might, therefore, have been derived from the Norse Greenlanders, who are known to have made many voyages to Baffin Island and some of whom may, therefore, have settled there.

The next we hear of a people in the Arctic "fair of complexion" is more than a hundred years later and several hundred miles away. But the distance from Baffin Island to Coronation Gulf is not much to cover in so long a period of migration, and it could easily have been the progeny of the Tunes people who were living around Coronation Gulf when Sir John Franklin arrived there on his exploring expedition of 1821. At that time he had already been living and traveling for years with full-blood and half-caste North American Indians. Since the Eskimos are merely one kind of Indian, like the Sioux or Cherokee, there should have been a rather close general resemblance, and for that Franklin was evidently prepared, thinking to find only the type of complexion which we recognize as Indian or Chinese, with the accompanying stiff black hair, brown eyes, and high cheek bones. The only Eskimo whom he saw at close range in Coronation Gulf was an old man whom he found hidden in a crevice among rocks, when the other inhabitants of a village had fled at the white men's approach. Of him Franklin says:

> The countenance (of this man) was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from a European face except in the smallness of his eyes and perhaps in the narrowness of his forehead. His

complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I have hitherto seen on any of the aborigines of America.

Contrast this description with your own mental picture of a Chinese and you will see how the man Franklin saw differed from what an ordinary Eskimo should be.

The next visitors to what is now popularly known as the "Blond" Eskimo Country were P. W. Dease and Thomas Simpson. The summer of 1838, near Bloody Fall on the Coppermine River, they met an Eskimo family. In his journal Simpson describes the man as being "about six feet high, stout, and well-looking, with brown hair"—again not the description of a typical Eskimo. The following summer Simpson met a small party of natives. Of one of them he says that he was:

a very stout man, about six feet high, with brown beard, and a countenance that would have been noble, were it not disfigured by a hideous wen on the temple." Of these same Eskimos he says: "I may remark that the men were quite equal to Europeans in stature, broad-chested and full-fleshed." And again: "The slender, agile figure of the latter (Simpson's Indian companions) was strikingly contrasted with the square rugged forms of these natives. It seemed as if, on the northern confines of a new continent, I had together before me descendants of the nomadic Tartar and the sea-roving Scandinavian, two of the most dissimilar and widely separate races of the ancient world.

In 1851 Captain Collinson sailed the *Enterprise* from the Pacific around the north of Alaska and wintered in Walker Bay, Victoria Island, and was thus the first white man to visit the locality from which the more recent observers have reported the highest percentage of "blondness." He does not, however, like Simpson, speak of being reminded of Scandinavians when he met the natives there, but does say he thought some of them looked like Jews. But the typical Jew, while dark when compared with the average Scandinavian, is very light when compared with a Chinaman and, therefore, when compared with ordinary Eskimos. Collinson may thus have meant the same thing when he spoke of a Jewish appearance that Simpson meant when he spoke of a Scandinavian appearance.

Now the scene shifts five or eight hundred miles southeast to Hudson Bay, and we are dependent for information chiefly on Captain George Comer, that scientist and ethnologist among American whaling captains who is known to scholars as collaborator with Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University, in books about the Eskimos published by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Captain Comer writes me that he does not remember the time —and his memory goes back some forty years—when the whalers wintering on Hudson Bay did not know, or at least believe, that there were "White Natives" west of King William Island. There had been extensive intermarriage of whites and natives on Hudson Bay, which made it seem strange to Comer that there should be more "blondness" far to the northwest, where no whalers or traders had ever been. But he explained this to himself, and feels certain that other whalers did similarly, by assuming that a considerable number of men from Sir John Franklin's third expedition, wrecked west of King William Island in 1847, had lived there for years, and that these were their descendants.

But the Captain has studied the history of the Franklin expeditions more carefully since, and has come to the conclusion that, whatever the explanation of the "blondness," it cannot possibly have any connection with Franklin, or with any other known explorer. Moreover, the percentage of "blondness" is far too high for such an explanation, even had those sailors whom we know to have died of hunger immediately after they left their ships really lived among the Eskimos for many years.

Captain Comer had more than hearsay evidence of the "White Natives" west of King William Island, for on one

occasion his winter quarters on Hudson Bay were visited by a party from there, and the Captain observed among them a greater Europeanlike appearance than he had ever noticed among the Hudson Bay natives, in spite of their extensive blood mixture with white men.

III

I first heard about the "Blond" Eskimos the summer of 1906. I was then at Herschel Island, the chief whaling rendez-vous of the western Arctic. The main topic of conversation among whalers, missionaries, natives, and explorers alike was the disappearance the previous year of Captain Charles Klinkenberg, with his ship the *Olga*. Then, in middle August, she came back out of the east, with the story that they had discovered "a new race." It was said by the captain and the crew alike that in western Victoria Island, where they had wintered, they had been visited by several hundred people, some of whom were typical Eskimos, while others looked like Europeans dressed in Eskimo clothing. Their weapons and implements were mainly of copper and all their cooking pots were of stone. They had impressed the *Olga* as the cleanest and in many respects the finest natives they had ever seen, and were all alike thoroughly Eskimo in manners, customs, and language. The absence of white men's wares, as well as what they told, showed that they had had no meeting with Europeans since the almost momentary contacts with the Franklin Search expeditions of 1850 and 1851.

Some of these remarkable things were entered in my diary at the time and many of them were reported in my correspondence with the sponsors of my expedition, but I do not know that any of them got into print. At least if they did, it was only in newspapers which have not come to my knowledge.

What Klinkenberg told about the riches and romance of Victoria Island created a great stir among the whalers, none of whom had ever been there. Captain William Mogg, one of the veterans, secured control of the *Olga* and sailed east in 1907, returning in 1908 with full confirmation of Klinkenberg's report. I was then again in the Arctic, and interviewed Mogg in October, 1908, on the north coast of Alaska.

In the third year of my second expedition I was finally able to reach Coronation Gulf, where the "blondness" had been reported by Franklin and Simpson, and a year later I got to western Victoria Island where it had been found by Klinkenberg and Mogg.

The "Blond" Eskimos, among whom I lived a year, are interesting for many reasons, only one of which is the light complexions of some of them. But the popular interest is based on the complexions alone, and dates from September, 1912, when I returned to Seattle after a four-year stay in the Arctic and told some reporters that out of one thousand people in the Victoria and Coronation districts I had seen ten or more who had light eyes, and many others who did not look like full-blood Eskimos, even though their eyes were brown. The next several days the newspapers of the world were filled with statements and theories based usually on the supposition that I had said I had discovered a thousand people all of whom were blond, for I had been misquoted by some of the reporters to that effect. This was exaggerating my real statement by about ten thousand per cent, and on that exaggeration most of the "Blond" Eskimo controversy has been based ever since, despite my protests in correct interviews, magazine articles, and books.

The press exaggerations annoyed me from the first. But real trouble started when my partisans began to claim for me that I had "discovered" "a new race of blond people in the Arctic." To protect myself from these friends as best I could, I published in *Harper's Weekly* for October 20, 1912, a statement calling attention to Franklin and others who had reported similar things from the Corona-

tion-Victoria region nearly a hundred years before me. This statement attracted little attention, for the "Blond" Eskimo story in its journalistic form was too good to be allowed to die. My unwelcome champions continued to maintain that it was a great achievement for me to have discovered, at this late date, a whole race that had escaped the attention of previous explorers. Those of the opposite camp denounced me as a fabricator. Neither faction seemed to read the detailed story printed in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the early months of 1913, or the book, *My Life with the Eskimo*, published late that year, which described how little "blondness" there was, but insisted it was marvelous that there should be any among a normally Chinese-like people. I suggested that the only adequate historical explanation was in the lost colony of Greenland, adding, however, that "apart from the historical explanation, there are, of course, purely biological ones."

Aside from the mere row, the first important development, so far as I remember, was that the newspapers reported the Church of England in Canada to be launching a campaign for sending missionaries to convert "Stefansson's Blond Eskimos." Next some travelers claimed that they had resided with the "Blond" Eskimos a year and had been with them when I got there. Consequently they were the real discoverers. Then a patrol of Royal Northwest Mounted Police made journeys several hundred miles away from the district visited by me, saw no "Blond" Eskimos where they went, and reported that the entire story was fiction. Similar affirmations, explanations, claims, and denials have sprinkled the newspapers from that day to this.

In a way, Captain Roald Amundsen's contribution to the "Blond" Eskimo discussion should be placed near the beginning of a chronological summary, for his 1903–06 Arctic expedition was earlier than Klinkenberg's voyage to Victoria Island. He published nothing on this subject, however, until after my reports had been made public, and nothing very definite till a few months ago. But now that it has come at last, his book has attracted much attention because of the set terms in which he expresses himself, and because of his eminence as an explorer. We translate from the Norwegian edition of *My Life as a Polar Explorer* (p. 209), although the corresponding passages in the American edition are much the same.

> I refer to his (Stefansson's) widely circulated book, *The Blond Eskimos*. . . . The reasonable explanation of the "Blond Eskimos" is perfectly obvious. The Arctic regions have been a favorite field of polar explorers for four hundred years. Expedition after expedition of white men has gone into that region and most of them have wintered there. In addition to these explorers, unnumbered fur traders have pressed northward generation after generation. In all these enterprises the British and the Scandinavians have by far outnumbered all other races. The squawman is an invariable phenomenon of all frontiers, to say nothing of those inevitable promiscuous relations that have dotted the American West with half-breeds, the South with mulattoes, and Latin America with mestizos.
>
> Blond Eskimos are almost certainly half-breed grandchildren of half-breed Eskimo mothers and fair-haired, blue-eyed white fathers from the northern countries. . . . Stefansson's yarn about a special race of Blond Eskimos deserves no more serious consideration than a sensational piece of news in a yellow journal.

From the point of view of scholarship, the only required comment on the above personal attack on myself (which the Captain further amplifies in paragraphs I do not quote) is to say that I never wrote or published the book he refers to, nor any book with the title of *The Blond Eskimos*, that no book or anything else I have ever written claims that there is any "special race" of "Blond" Eskimos, and that, so far from claiming that I discovered the "Blond" Eskimos, I have in all my writings cited all the authorities I knew about who had seen

them before my time from Franklin in 1821 to Mogg in 1907. As to the soundness of his opinion on how the "Blond" Eskimos originated and why they are "blond," the reader of this article is entitled to be told that Captain Amundsen never visited Coronation Gulf or western Victoria Island, except to sail through, far off shore, in August, 1905. Remembering this, we are prepared to find, as we do, that the opinions of all scientists who have visited or resided in these territories are diametrically opposed to those of Captain Amundsen.

The first scientific traveler to visit the "Blond" Eskimos after my second expedition, was Diamond Jenness in 1914–16, then anthropologist of my third expedition and now head of the anthropological work of the Canadian Government at Ottawa. In some careful and in general excellent studies he made several points: (1) The "blondness" was in his opinion less than stated by previous travelers. (2) Some of it was of what might be called biological origin. (3) The blue, or gray, eyes were probably caused by snow-blindness or by eye disease. (4) He dismissed the possibility that there could have been any blood connection with trappers, traders, whalers, explorers, or other visitors since the time of Columbus; but he opposed equally the likelihood of any connection with the lost European colony of Greenland. Whatever blondness there was had nothing to do with any European blood, in his opinion.

That Jenness observed less "blondness" than Klinkenberg, Mogg, or myself is partly explained, at least, by the territorial limitations of his studies. We had reported the largest percentage of "blondness," as well as the most pronouncedly "blond" individuals, from Prince Albert Sound and Minto Inlet, a district he had been unable to visit. In preferring a biological to a historical explanation of what "blondness" he did observe, Jenness was not proposing a new theory, but was falling in with what might be called my second choice of solutions, the biological one quoted above from p. 202 of *My Life with the Eskimo*. So far from agreeing with Amundsen that numerous white men had intermarried with the "Blond" Eskimos, Jenness says, "There is no evidence of European blood."

Only one scientific traveler has been in the Coronation Gulf district since Jenness. This is the famous Danish explorer, Knud Rasmussen, a specialist in Eskimo studies. In the only book (2 vols.) on his last great expedition so far published (1926), he touches the question of the "Blond" Eskimos rather lightly, evidently reserving it for his full anthropological report. On p. 260 of Vol. II of *From Greenland to the Pacific* (Danish edition), for instance, he writes under a photograph: "Kingiuna . . . had reddish hair and was an out and out type of the 'Blond' Eskimos." Under another on p. 261: "A young woman of the blond type from Coronation Gulf." And so on for many incidental references.

Rasmussen gives Klinkenberg the credit for being the first of modern travelers to report the "Blond" Eskimos and me for being the one whose writings have brought them to public attention. He then goes on to favor my second-choice or biological theory, as Jenness had done before him. But he ignores and, therefore, probably does not favor, the special Jenness view that some of the "blondness" has been caused by a disease, or by snow-blindness. Jenness had maintained, too, that the Coronation Gulf Eskimos did not look very different from other Eskimos. With this Rasmussen disagrees, for he says that:

> among the Copper Eskimos (the Coronation Gulf Eskimos) are found astonishingly many types which, although they cannot be said to be strikingly similar to Europeans, nevertheless appear otherwise than Eskimos usually do.

Dismissing the possibility of any other European source by not even mentioning it, Rasmussen has the following to say about the theory that the "Blond"

Eskimos are descended from the expedition of Sir John Franklin (the view formerly held by Captain Comer and the Hudson Bay whalers, as outlined above):

> The possibility that there could have occurred blood mixture with the members of the Franklin expedition (lost in 1848) is wholly excluded, for not only is the fate of the Franklin expedition long ago cleared up, but it would also be unthinkable that such a blood mixture could have taken place a few generations ago without there being many fresh stories about this among the group.

Rasmussen next goes on to argue against the probability that the lost Norsemen could have come so far from Greenland, and ends the discussion by saying:

> It is, then, my conclusion that these peculiar types (the "Blond" Eskimo) are due to purely biological reasons which are strictly accidental and for which no rule can be formulated.

This settles the question so far as Rasmussen is concerned, but not to the satisfaction of Jenness, who saw little blondness and charged much of what he saw to snow-blindness in the case of eyes and bleaching in the case of hair. Nor do Jenness and Rasmussen please Amundsen, for they say there is no white blood, while he says there has been much blending with Europeans during the last three generations. And no one of them pleases me wholly. I agree with Jenness and Rasmussen that there has been no mixing with whites of the kind asserted by Amundsen. I agree with Rasmussen about the amount of the blondness, but we both disagree there with Jenness, who saw little. I disagree with Jenness who credits the blue or gray eyes to snow-blindness or disease—and here Rasmussen is against Jenness, too. I disagree with Rasmussen in thinking a biological explanation better than the historical.

The biological view may be correct, I still say, as I said in 1913 when I advanced it as my second choice among theories. My first choice of guesses still remains that the "blondness" is due to white blood and that this blood came from Greenland during the Middle Ages. But it is far from being a proved theory. More scientific study of the problem is needed; and urgently needed, for now that the Victoria Islanders are in touch with civilization, the first white men's epidemic, such as measles, may sweep them any time, killing from fifty per cent to ninety per cent as did the epidemics of a quarter of a century ago when they swept Alaska. Where hundreds die, the dozen or two who have light eyes may die with them, setting the problem of their blood forever beyond the reach of the scientist.

AN OLD MASTER—UNKNOWN

A STORY

BY A. R. LEACH

WHEN Professor Lewis died from a disease contracted in a Confederate Prison, he left to his anxious widow and her three boys the old house in the Ohio college town, and little else. Mrs. Lewis kept her boys at school and college by making a home for other boys who came to Concordia to be educated. It was the liveliest house in town, for Mrs. Lewis belonged to the old college society and was bound to it by her unflagging interest in its affairs, its gossip, and its welfare. George and Dave began at an early age to work at whatever they could find to do, with the result that college degrees were merely incidents in their busy business lives.

Philip, the youngest, the tall, handsome one, who looked so like his father that whenever he smiled at her his hard-working mother felt the shock of old memories, did not finish college. His father had drawn beautifully. His pale pencil drawings from casts, done on cardboard, were carefully tissue-papered and portfolioed. Philip was allowed to copy them while Dave ran his paper route; and when you couldn't tell his work from his father's they let him go to Cincinnati to the art school. Later, George and Dave sent him to Paris to finish his art education. He came home after four years.

It was summertime, just after the stir of commencement. The last of the stranger boys had gone. The old elm- and maple-shaded streets were left to the townspeople. Elders drew sighs of relief, while young girls sauntered about the streets in twos and threes, inviting town youths who had endured nine months of ignoring, to veranda and boating parties. Philip was a gift of the gods to them. It was all beautiful to him. The easy friendship, after years in restricted lodgings, with the casual and often sordid contacts possible to a young foreigner in Paris whose resources were never expected to more than barely cover his necessities, was warm and sweet. The old home with its cool rooms, where garden scents and billowing curtains were blown into the dusk when the river breeze came up at nightfall, seemed the core of his existence.

The girls said Phil Lewis was not at all stuck up, after being in Europe and all. It was they who liked him best. His idleness gave something like malicious delight to the local young men to whom Philip Lewis had been held up all these years by idealistic mothers who spoke of genius. Ohio fathers had always been inclined to speak of the youngest Lewis boy as a light weight and compare him with George and Dave. When they met Phil they asked him if he had learned to make art pay.

Presently it was revealed by his talk that he had not spent the money George and Dave had sent him on art schools, but on travel. He had even been to Spain and Greece. George, the family humorist, supplied himself with a repertoire of questions which Philip eagerly answered, until he found they were

always met by long sighs and a hope that he, too, might some day be able to go to Europe and travel about enjoying himself. Philip, who with a rucksack and a paint box on his back, had walked long dusty roads admiring the outside of the world, innocently hoped he might.

George and Dave were generous, lavish in their provision for their mother's comfort; but when servants failed it was Phil who performed her tasks for her. Probably the bitterest moment of Mrs. Lewis' life was the day the wife of the college president brought her stylish niece from Cincinnati to call, escorted by the elderly Horace Cotton, the town's one man of conspicuous wealth and leisure.

The doors were open and, in the pleasant fashion of the old town, the visitors walked into the shady hall and saw Phil on the back porch in a kitchen apron, washing the dishes. He had stopped painting his mother's portrait when the "girl" left suddenly and had thoroughly cleaned the dining room. He was not disturbed. He took off the gingham apron, put on a coat, and went in to make himself agreeable to the company.

Mrs. Allison was a large lady who felt her dignity. Concordia still remembers her.

Horace Cotton was a round gentleman, who had inherited a beautiful old house, where he lived with an earnest sister, and some farms which had been the first in Ohio to produce oil. They said in Concordia that Horry Cotton didn't know how much he was worth, chiefly because he was incompetent to count more than ten. He was a contemporary of Mrs. Lewis', and consequently despised by her as one who was out of place running round with young girls. To-day he kept the niece from Cincinnati giggling vaguely while he made facetious remarks about art in general. He kept insisting to Philip that Miss Lent had come expecting to have her portrait painted. It was too bad; Philip seemed to be too busy to start it.

His pleasantries had no effect on Philip. Old Horry Cotton, he remembered, had always been funny, and Phil was surprised at the bitterness of his mother as the visitors made their way down the brick walk to the gate between the box trees. "I suppose that girl thinks she is going to marry him, but he'll slip out of it as he always does. The last two times he was supposed to marry he had horseback accidents and threatened to be an invalid for life until they gave up hope and it blew over."

"Marry him!" Phil shouted. "What on earth would anybody want to marry old Horry Cotton for?"

"Because he has a million dollars," his mother said grimly. "Do you suppose Mrs. Allison would take him out making calls with her if he hadn't struck oil?"

"Well, I'm damned! Marry him!"

"You might get him to let you paint his portrait. He'll buy most anything," his mother said pleasantly and turned into the house.

Philip looked at her long and seriously and then he went back to the dishes.

His mother's portrait was never finished. George and Dave had watched its beginnings anxiously. This was to be a test of the value of what they had bought with the expenses of the four years abroad. They did not try to conceal their disappointment. They had protested against Philip's painting her in a voluminous old lavender print dress that had been washed many times. He had added a little green shawl that she had worn around her shoulders on cool mornings ever since they could remember. Dave thought that such a representation of their mother was a reflection on them. They wanted their mother to keep dressed up, with her hair crimped. Portraits were for future generations. They didn't want their possible children ashamed to hang their grandmother's portrait on their walls because she was dowdy.

The picture had stood on its easel near the callers, but they had politely ignored it, as they ignored Phil's dishes. It may have been that even the ready Mr. Cotton felt that Mrs. Lewis was to be respected.

Mrs. Allison had come to tell them that the new French Professor, Monsieur Bruant, was to arrive almost at once, and had asked Professor Allison to find him a house. Mrs. Allison's conversation was a complaint of the troubles of a college president who was expected to do everything.

It was that evening that Maria Lord, who lived next door, called Philip up to her veranda, ostensibly to talk about the French teacher. Maria Lord was Concordia's famous college widow. She had been the acknowledged beauty of the town for ten years and the love of at least seven classes, but for two or three years past, new types had arisen—girls were growing taller; there was some allure that went farther than coquettish blue eyes and a dimpled mouth which looked as though it might be softer than most mouths.

To Philip, who had departed in her heyday, she still bore the prestige of the unattainable goddess. Maria had been spoiled by the adulation of boys. Fatally she had adapted herself to their callow imaginings, never meaning for a moment to marry anything less than a senator or someone equally distinguished. But when the opportunity came for her to charm what she wanted, she found the senators funny and the great preoccupied. After some bewilderments, her native shrewdness, inherited from her country banker father with his substantial fortune, made her understand her limitations.

Philip Lewis, good-looking, one of the old town people, careless, and—she was certain—innocent for his twenty-four years regardless of all his travels, touched something primitive in her, as well as something practical. He looked exactly like the young lover she had dreamed at eighteen: drooping mustache, hair parted in the middle, tender eyes, and all. She had heard Horry Cotton's giggling comments after he had seen the ridiculous portrait of Mrs. Lewis and the advertised artist going back to his dish-washing. All the thrifty blood of New England pioneers in Maria Lord knew that only a decent, kind young man washed the dishes for his mother. The very young and stylish niece from Cincinnati was a chit.

So she called Philip up to her dusky veranda with the moon flowers on its iron trellis above the terraces and made herself more than agreeable. Most Middle Westerners are pragmatists. Away behind the light talk of France and the new professor, the islands of the sea, and the blue grotto at Capri which we all know about, a coherent current was forming for Maria. Phil was really five years younger than she was but looked older. He knew Europe, or Maria believed that he did. She had one hundred and sixty thousand dollars and some oil land. It was not necessary for her husband to be a business man. It was enough for him to have an ostensible occupation. Art was fascinating. They could have a studio and entertain people of whom Concordia had never heard. Phil spoke French and Italian, or she believed that he did. She went back to the French professor.

"Do you know him? He is French, but he has been teaching in London. He comes here with high honors. But what I can't understand is how anybody can leave the fascinating Old World to come out here to a little fresh-water college town."

"I can," Philip laughed. One always laughed with Maria. He was balancing a glass of mint julep, thick with frost. It was only to a favored few that Maria dared serve julep. Phil knew that he must hide it if anyone came up the steps. It gave him a feeling of mature comradeship to be drinking with Maria Lord.

"I love it. I haven't had anything as nice as this since I left."

Maria actually blushed and was pleased with herself as she felt the young blood in her cheeks. Phil could not see it, but he felt a new timbre in her voice coming from the dusk. Maria was lovely, established beauty, desirability—it was achievement to be there with her. In his wanderings he had known few women, and certainly none of Maria's class. An art student with no introductions in the Old World is as negligible as a chestnut. He had come back to find her as always, beautiful and gay and desirable. Philip had thought himself in love with somebody or something a dozen times, but the smash of the tidal wave of emotion had never dizzied him. That much-advertised sensation does not strike every man any more than lightning strikes every tree. Thousands go to their graves confident that the stuff the poets set to numbers is nonsense. Talk! Now and then one of these cries out in his middle-aged slumbers that there is something he has never had and goes disastrously out into the market place to buy the nightingale. No accident had given Philip to the swirl of the big current which bears life through the veins of the universe.

He had nothing to divert him from his liking for Maria. He was ready to listen to her.

"Phil," she said, "I am going to be terribly impudent."

"Couldn't be."

"Yes, I am. You aren't doing yourself justice in that portrait of your mother. Now listen to me. You know a million times more about art than any of us. Anybody can see that you can do anything, anything with paint that you want to do, but there is something you forget."

"There are a lot of things I never knew."

Maria's voice was lovely. She was lovely—a graceful shape of white in the swaying rocking chair.

"If your mother were going to a big reception, would you like to see her go there in that old calico dress and that green shawl? No, you wouldn't. You would be mortified to death."

"It looks like her. I like the colors. They belong to her. Ah—that green—" He loved that green.

"You could put her in a lavender-silk dress with a green-silk parasol stuck somewhere, and some lace round her shoulders, just as easily as you can put her in those old things. Now couldn't you?"

"I suppose so, if she ever had 'em."

"Well, you do it. Did Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds and all those big painters paint people in their old clothes? They did not. We have been studying art this winter at the College Club. Did Rubens or Vandyke or *any* of them paint ladies so they didn't look their best?"

"But that *is* like mother. It is her best."

"It is your mother when she is tired, and sitting down to think. But it isn't the way she wants to look to strangers, or the way George and Dave want to think of her as looking. It is just as easy to paint a pretty picture as an ugly one. Nobody wants an ugly portrait."

"I suppose that's true," Philip said. What did he know about what women wanted.

When he went home as late as eleven o'clock he found his mother still reading in the old sitting room, now called the library.

"Hello. You up?"

"I thought I would sit up and see how long Maria would keep you." She smiled with an attempt at playfulness, but Philip felt an edge to her voice. "She is pretty hard up for company these days with all the boys gone. I don't see why she and Horace Cotton don't marry. They both have money and they are both so old now they could afford to settle down."

Having in her own mind disposed of

Maria Lord from whose machinations Mrs. Lewis believed that in her time she had saved both George and Dave, she dismissed the subject.

"Mrs. Allison came back after she dropped her niece and Horace Cotton and asked me if I couldn't let Professor Bruant, that new French professor, and his wife have two rooms while the Danton cottage was being put in order."

"I am certain George and Dave wouldn't like you to do that."

"They are in West Virginia," Mrs. Lewis said shortly, "trying to see oil through a rock." She had been independent of George and Dave for many years when she kept her boarding house for boys; her money had been her own. They were generous now, but George liked to go over her accounts and was ready to advise.

"The Allisons are very good friends, and I am glad to accommodate them. Mrs. Allison will send her old Rebecca to keep their rooms in order. She hasn't room for them in her house now her niece is there."

The first time Philip saw Madame Bruant, as she was called the first week, before they had seen much of her, she was walking toward him on the red bricks of the elm-shaded street, her hat in her hand. It was late afternoon and the sun behind her gave her almost a halo. Her hair was a pale red, shining and smooth, close to her head like a metal casque, a low tight knot above her neck. It was cut in a pointed bang that covered her forehead, the point touching the root of her nose. It was an exotic fashion that had not been seen in Concordia. Her nose was a little too long. Her eyelids were heavy and white, and did not lift until she almost came abreast of him, and then he thought them full of sadness, but he was really only conscious of her mouth, too large as her nose was too long. It was a pale coral mouth, beautifully modeled, exactly the color of the precious beads he had seen in jewelers' windows in Naples. She was slender and graceful, and her thin tight cream dress was molded over a round bosom. The hand that held her black hat with its soft plume was large and looked strong.

There are some human beings whose vibrations disturb the atmosphere. They create turbulence on the earth. To Philip the movement of this woman was beauty, was life. She had the allure of the Winged Victory, coming out of the western sun.

They met at the white gate. Philip, realizing who she was, but dumb, opened it for her and let her precede him up the box-bordered walk. She said, "Thank you," pleasantly, walked up on the veranda, up the uncarpeted stairs, and he heard the click of her heels along the upper hall. He listened as though every sound were important. Something tremendous had happened.

They came down later, Professor Bruant and his wife, on their way to supper at the president's. Mrs. Lewis introduced Philip to them. Professor Bruant was a small, thin, dry man, much older than his wife. His eyes were quick and intelligent, and he spoke English without accent but without distinction.

"I am told," he said to Philip, "that you have been studying in Paris for some years."

He felt stupid. Mrs. Bruant spoke to his mother of the garden, and then they went away down the dusty street under the elms, the little man walking importantly.

There was a hammock, one of those old string affairs, slung between two posts of the veranda, under the vines. Philip lay there in the darkness until the Bruants came back and went upstairs.

Maria Lord played her piano all evening, "practicing," she told her lame aunt who lived with her, sending out sounding invitations that she was at home and alone; but to Philip they signified nothing. If he heard them,

it was only as an accompaniment to his own thoughts—if anything so confused could be called thought.

Early in the morning he was awakened by the strong aromatic smell of percolating coffee coming into his window with the wet odors of carnations, of the tuberoses which his mother loved, drenched with the mist from the river that melted among the flowers of the garden in the morning sun.

The Bruants made their morning coffee in their room, then.

In spite of himself he pictured her, white armed, goddess breasted, sitting up in the bed he knew so well, drinking coffee, the sun on her hair. He thought of the cold mornings in his stone-floored studio in the *Cité*, when all alone week after week he made his own coffee, and a wave of loneliness for something he had never before missed rushed into his throat. The morning must be beautiful on her hair and coral mouth.

He hunted out a clean canvas and took his paints into the shade at the side of the house. There was no comfort save in dragging colors together. Where could he find two pale reds—copper and coral? He tried to remember if her lashes were red. He thought pale-red lashes would be beautiful on smooth white cheeks.

Maria came into her garden to pick her flowers. She was fresh and sweet in a white dress with a blue ribbon round her eighteen-inch waist. She called to him and asked him to come to the hedge. Her hair curled naturally, her eyes were very blue, and her soft mouth was red.

"I'm afraid I shouldn't have spoken to you about your mother's portrait as I did," she began.

It was with an effort that he remembered what she had said. Infinite time seemed to have elapsed. He wanted to talk about the Bruants and he did not know how to begin, but Maria was not twenty-eight for nothing.

"Have you met the new arrivals? I hear old lady Allison is terribly fussed. She had Horace Cotton up to supper last night, and Horace told her in his jesting little way that Mrs. Bruant looked to him exactly like a British blonde. He said he saw a lady clothed in a spear and a plume in a New York theater who was just like her."

Anger chilled Philip.

"No lady is responsible for what an ass like old Horace Cotton says about her."

"Oh, Mrs. Allison didn't care what Horace said about her. She says she appears to have no culture. Although English, she had never heard of Matthew Arnold."

"Neither have I."

"Oh, well, you don't have to. You belong here. What disturbed Mrs. Allison was Horry's low taste in daring to mention such things to her. The vulgar intimations."

"He ought to have been kicked out."

Maria laughed her prettiest, and Philip grinned at the evocation of Mrs. Allison's heavy foot applied to the pulpy Horace.

"You can't kick out a million dollars. Horry is likely to leave his money to the college just as a show off. It's a trial to all the college crowd to have a million lying around in the form of Horry Cotton. But he knows he will be put up with."

"I only caught a glimpse of Mrs. Bruant," he said shyly. "That hair—"

"It is certainly an odd color," Maria said serenely. "Why don't you get her to sit for you? You could paint her as Boadicea—with a spear."

She laughed and flung a rose at him which he caught and put in the buttonhole of his jacket. He liked Maria. What she said made no difference. He couldn't remember that they had not always been intimate friends. She belonged to him, as the elms, his mother's tuberoses, the river mists, the willows, the summer here at home belonged to him. Philip had the artist's faculty of elimination and accent.

The Bruants had their dinners and

suppers at a boarding house down the street when they were not invited to some of the hospitable homes in the town. Sometimes Philip met them on these occasions.

Mrs. Bruant was already called a little peculiar. She was so obviously not French that the "Madame" was dropped. The material of her clothes seemed too good for a professor's wife, but they said he wrote books and must make some money in that way. He was having a book printed in New York now. But her clothes never had any real fashion, the town agreed. One would suppose that, just over from Europe, she would have something to show for it. Then they reminded themselves that she was English, and the English never did know how to dress.

The people who entertained them found Professor Bruant very entertaining. He talked a great deal and told them a great many interesting things about the old countries. He told them that it was possible to go to France and see everything—galleries, museums, old cities for less than it cost them to live in Concordia. Mrs. Bruant answered questions in a rather deep, husky contralto voice, which was in a way suspicious in itself. Ladies so seldom had voices like that. She knew nothing about domestic arts. Being married to a Frenchman, one would expect her to have a few receipts.

"So far as I can see, she knows nothing about anything," Henrietta Cotton said. Henrietta, at forty, knew all that books could teach about a great variety of things. They could not let Mrs. Bruant alone. She disturbed them; but the gossip did not begin until after college opened in September. Then it swept the town as intangible as a scent.

Philip visited the Bruants, at the Professor's invitation, after they left his mother's house. The dry little Frenchman with his English ways enjoyed talking to one who knew his country, at least in its outer aspects. Bruant had been away a long time except for the academic summers when he went back to refresh himself for his work, and Philip had never penetrated beneath the exterior of French life, so that they met on a common plane. They sat on the garden terrace of the Danton cottage, the heady scent of ripening grapes around them, smoking cigarettes in the foreign way, while Mrs. Bruant played in a desultory fashion on the little piano by the window. No women came to the house in the evenings, and not many in the day. One night her husband asked her to sing. Her hands came down on the keys with a crash. Presently she went into her bedroom and closed the door. Bruant fell silent and Philip went home. It kept Philip wondering.

Dave and George were at home now, and every day there were light hints that when a man had a profession he worked at it. Once George said that there was an opening for a photographer in Concordia. Photography was art, after all, and it was said to pay.

Philip was conscious of the disappointment of his mother, but he could do nothing. He got out canvases and tried to paint, but he was restless with the restlessness of a thirsty man. He thought it was the long summer heat.

He spent a good many mornings on Maria's porch. Maria gave him iced tea with lemon in it. Nobody else in Concordia had ever heard of such a thing. He ate Maria's thin cookies by the plateful. He painted two or three sketches of her, but nobody thought much of them. But ever and always, at any time he could talk to Maria of Mrs. Bruant. He had no idea how constantly he talked of Mrs. Bruant to Maria. She asked him again why he didn't make a picture of her.

"You ought to show New York or Philadelphia what you can do. They have exhibitions of paintings there, places to show them. If you can get in one of those exhibitions your fortune would be made. You could sell all you could do. I am certain you could make prettier pictures than some I've seen.

They say some paintings sell for large sums. Mrs. Bruant is so peculiar-looking. She looks like some picture in old *Graham's Magazine*. I don't believe her husband would care if you dressed her up in a fancy dress and painted her. Some of those duds she wears are fancy enough, heaven knows. I'll ask the Professor, if you want me to." Those were the days when a woman's husband was consulted.

Philip stared at her dumbly, as a fairy who miraculously read his mind and made his wishes come true. Maria put on her bonnet—it was brown straw with grapes on top and a "bridle" under her chin—and led him across the campus to the Bruants.

It was Saturday, and the Professor was working in his garden. He looked at his wife with an embarrassed air as Maria airily and laughingly, with a complete air of proprietorship, told her story and made her request. Philip wanted to paint Mrs. Bruant. She was the only woman in the community who would make exactly the picture he wanted. He was too shy to ask her himself. Would Mrs. Bruant sit for him? She herself would come and play chaperon if they thought they must have one. Maria knew her town. She had steered among its prejudices a long time, and she was good naturedly ready to pilot a stranger.

A little smile opened Mrs. Bruant's mouth and changed the contour of her flat cheeks.

"It is amusing enough to sit for a portrait. Why not?" Her husband began to speak volubly of David and Ingres.

But the portrait was nothing like David or Ingres, and Maria did not see it painted. Her grandmother in Bellaire fell downstairs and broke her hip bone and went into a plaster cast in a way that old ladies of that generation seemed to do. The portrait was started by then, but after Maria left it was changed.

It was considered seemly to have the portrait finished in the Lewis house, as Professor Bruant was so often away, and his wife alone. At the second sitting there, the days turned colder. Philip had put the easel in a little room with a bay window turned to the north, an upstairs room at the back. Mrs. Lewis came and went. The old house had no furnace and the grate for a coal fire had not been put in. This morning the light was perfect, but the air from the open window had the thrilling chill of October. There is a saying that it is worth while to live through the devilish climate of the Ohio Valley for eleven months in order to enjoy one of its Octobers.

Philip had chosen to paint Mrs. Bruant in the thin dress of cream mull she had worn the first day he saw her coming along under the trees, her hat in her hand. It had tiny flowers embroidered in it, as fine as a corner of a batiste handkerchief. One expected it to be delicately scented.

During a rest period she slipped into the hall and came back wrapped closely in a silk shawl of a rich dim violet, the fringes falling over her arms and hands, her throat, her pointed face, her pale red hair above the tight folds.

Something stung in the back of Philip's throat. He remembered the taste of that flavor. He had had it before Rembrandt's "Night Watch" with its great chords of color crashing to the center; Titians with their disturbing subtleties that he could not name. He wanted to speak, to crush something, but what he said was:

"If you don't mind, I'll paint you like that. The color is good, and you will be more comfortable."

It was along about this time that the town took up talking in earnest, after Philip had been hard at work for two weeks. Mrs. Allison, after due thought, went up to Mrs. Lewis to give her the facts as the town knew them and advise her as became one friend to another. It was one of those late autumn days burn-

ing with summer heat. Philip was giving the last touches to the portrait. The figure in the shawl vibrated forever with the fire below the dust, the something which gives the sheen to the serpent as well as to a woman's eyes. The background was a brown scumble, but the portrait was independent of backgrounds.

Mrs. Bruant had gone home and Philip had walked with her. It was that pilgrimage along the watching street which gave Mrs. Allison her final impulse. Professor Bruant had been called to New York to confer with the publisher of his book; a text book on French literature. The college expected prestige from its publication, and had given him leave of absence.

Philip was happy. He did not realize all the ingredients of his happiness, but he was happy.

"Let us go out in my canoe and look at the colors of the trees and get an idea or two. You might wear the shawl."

He was still diffident with her at times. She was to him like the ark before which men fell down unconscious. Her significance was too great, it troubled him too much.

He went home to get a heavier coat, and his mother, fresh from the counsels of Mrs. Allison, came in and sat on his bed.

"I wish you wouldn't see so much of that woman. People will talk."

"Talk about what?"

"Oh, about her, and your going there. Using her to paint is all right, I suppose, but I don't think with all the talk you ought to go there. Nobody knows anything about her. She doesn't look like a lady to some of us. Maria took a good deal on herself to arrange for you to paint her. What are you going to do with the picture? They can't afford to buy it."

"I hadn't thought of selling it."

"Well, you know, Philip, it is time you painted something to sell or went into business. You have had all summer now, since you finished and came home. You ought to think about settling yourself seriously in life, doing some lucrative work. I don't want to hurry you."

"No," Philip said, put on his serge coat and went down into the hazy autumn day.

He was silent as they paddled down the wide stream. The maples on the distant hills were red and gold and purple and brown in a thousand shimmering shades under the blue haze of the Indian summer.

Tassels of late corn, dust of goldenrod, ripe grapes, bee-sucked peaches rotting on long grass, apples waiting for the pickers freighted the winy air with heavy scent, telling of the richness of the fruitful earth, hot under the sun. Philip knew how to keep his boat flying. As a boy—and he was not far from being a boy now—he had liked to imagine himself an Indian of the forest-bordered river, paddling swiftly and silently on some secret errand before the white man came. If there was a shadowy rescued maiden in his boat, she was only a part of his exaltation as he flew along. He had no idea what he was going to do with her when she was safe.

The sunset glow fell broadly on the water and Philip's canoe with its two figures made a moving silhouette. For once Mrs. Bruant talked. She seemed excited by the color and the movement, the glory all about her. She seemed to have known many places, and she hoped to see them again. It would be wonderful to be free to roam the beautiful gay world. As she talked Philip seemed to see doors opening into enchanted gardens.

They drew up under a willow and ate the sandwiches she had brought. She had put in the basket an impossible bottle of champagne. Philip hoped nobody would ever know of that. That would be scandal—the keynote for an orgy.

"Now," he said after he had carefully sunk the empty bottle, "we will go down to the head of the island and then come back."

The skies, left gray after the fading

glory, were turned to silver-blue by the rising moon, its light beginning to sparkle over the water, leaving a long trail of radiance. The head of the island formed ahead, dark and mysterious, a pebbly beach reaching out.

Talking, happy, safe, Philip had not noticed a ripple near the beach, and he was brought up with a sudden jerk, his canoe caught between the branches of a sunken tree, tightly wedged. He strained his paddle and then put it down. His heart was pounding. The river was dangerous in those days.

"I think I had better put you ashore until I can release the canoe. It is frail. You won't get wet. I can carry you."

He felt the depth. It was shallow. The tree was embedded in sand. He slipped over the side, lifted her into his long arms, and carried her to dry sand. The moon shone down on her pale coral mouth open over her white teeth. The heavy-lidded eyes looked up into his, their grayness alight.

He didn't put her out of his arms although her feet were on the ground. For a moment, a long moment, an eternal moment, the world stood still. Then she slipped away—his arms seemed to melt to let her through. A log, white from long drifting in the currents, dry from the sun, lay on the sand. She sat down, the dark shawl tight around her.

"Let us sit here a little while," she said in a half whisper and drew him beside her. "I must get home early," she said after awhile. "You must float the canoe. I am going to New York on the late train."

Philip came out of his trance with a start. When his pulses had ceased to pound, when his short breaths had grown longer, her long firm hand held his as a goddess might lead a warrior through the battle. He felt the exaltation of one who is permitted to have an object of worship. It is a privilege given to few of us. Most of us take our saints vicariously. We even set our cathedrals alight for the saints who have worked miracles for others, so eager are we to find something to worship.

The canoe lifted out uninjured and was landed where Mrs. Bruant could step into it and they slipped silently up the stream over the moonlit water. Even the thought of her going to join her dry husband did not disturb him.

What fools lived in Concordia! What dogs of provincials! Men like Horace Cotton, evil-minded old women. Here was loveliness incarnate, perfection, a blossom of the world, and they could only see through their own envious eyes.

It was hardly nine o'clock when he left her at her own dark doorway.

"I want to ask you something," she said.

"Anything." She realized his devotion, what she was to him. He knew that. How wonderful she was! He could never tell how wonderful she was.

"Do not ever exhibit my portrait—to anyone—ever. Keep it for yourself. Will you do that?"

"Nobody shall ever see it as long as I live." He felt that he never wanted anyone to see it. It, at least, was his. He took the hand laid on his and kissed it. Her face changed in the moonlight, a smile that contorted her features, startled him.

"I wish I had known you, when—a long time ago—" she said.

He had unlocked the door for her and turned up the kerosene lamp on the entry table. There was a faint smell of burning tobacco in the house. Philip sniffed at it—he feared someone had entered the house, some vagrant negro from across the river.

"No," she said, "You mustn't come in. It is my cigarette. I left one burning in the ash tray. You didn't know I smoked, did you?"

It was the last word she said to him.

He had not known she smoked. He loved knowing that she did. She was a saint, a goddess, but she was cosmopolitan, elegant, modish. She was everything. She would come back, and

forever they would see each other in Concordia.

Mrs. Lewis was on the old sun-warped veranda, her rocking chair gently bumping the boards as she swayed.

"You are home early," she said briefly, and after a word or two Philip went up to his little painting room and stood looking at his portrait. He could think of nothing meaningful enough to put behind her, she who stood away from her world. He wondered what Leonardo thought when he placed the mystic land behind his Mona Lisa. He dreamed uncounted hours before her and then he went to bed and to sleep.

It was early when his mother came into his room.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," she said. "They say the Bruant woman has gone away and Horace Cotton has gone with her. They were seen taking the one o'clock train. The neighbors say he has been going there—whenever the professor—or you—wasn't there."

Philip sat up in bed, his face as grim as such a youthfully handsome face could be. With his open collar, round white throat, and his longish hair, he made his mother think what a pretty girl he might have been.

"Mother," he said, "Mrs. Bruant is so superior to the cheap mean maliciousness of this ignorant little town, that they can't hurt her. I have been seeing her every day. I am a man. Do you suppose I don't *know?*" He turned his pillow and his face to the wall. His mother looked at his back and hesitated, and then went out of the room without a word.

It was cooler, and after breakfast he went back to his picture; and then out of his burning indignation an idea was born. She had said that the picture was for him alone. Then he could make that background what he chose. Something that he could leave to the town when all this carping cruel generation was dust. Something that would be appreciated in that glorious future when art and morality were understood and minds were free.

He took out a fresh sheet of glass to use for a palette, and set it with yellows and browns and dim reds, the colors of a faded inferno. He locked his door and worked until the light was gone. In the night, sleepless, he took his kerosene lamp and went into the room to brood over it again. There was being created something old, something medieval, something the men of the Renaissance, born in the darkness of a religion harnessed to cruelty, fighting their way back into the sun, would have understood as he drew his meaningful lines and placed his sinister shadows behind what he saw as loveliness. It was so lightly done, so quickly, that on the third morning it was finished and dry. He wanted to be daring enough to take it out and show it to the devilish lying town, but instead he locked it in an iron-bound wooden chest he had brought from France, carefully turning it so that the new paint could not be marred. He meant to come and look at it every day. It was a shrine. He thrillingly realized how the ancients felt when they built their shrines in old churches.

He gave his picture a last look; he could not imagine that he was never to see it again. As he locked the box he heard the thump of the weekly paper on the veranda which the hasty carrier twisted and threw at the open door. The weekly paper was almost entirely local news, and as such proportionately valued by his mother. Ten minutes later he met her as he descended the stairs.

"Well, what did I tell you! The Bruant woman has run away with Horace Cotton. The old fool! He has a statement and Professor Bruant has a card in the paper. Here they are—Horace Cotton never wrote that. The woman wrote that. She knew him! Horace has an elegant piece. He says Professor Bruant knew his wife was unhappy but refused to allow her to leave him legally, but now, as an honorable man, he has no alternative when she has placed herself under the protec-

tion of another who can make her happy. And she was able to make Horace Cotton sign his name to that! And not a horse to fall off of!" Mrs. Lewis gave a chuckle of laughter. What mattered when Philip was safe?

"Bruant says in his card that he believed he had provided an unfortunate and unhappy woman with a haven of peace when he married her, and gave up his old life and friends to offer her new surroundings, but he will do anything for her happiness. It wouldn't surprise me at all, not at all, if those two foreigners made this up to get Horace's money. Anyway, Bruant can't stay here after this; and poor Horace won't see his home for some time."

The large indignant figure of Mrs. Allison was already at the gate.

Philip married Maria Lord in December and became in time the successful painter of portraits that successful men enjoyed paying for and hanging on their walls. Their value has risen every year since his death.

It was not long ago that Mrs. Westmorland, that indefatigable and eleemosynary patron of the arts, so full of concern as to what the public ought to know that she devotes her time and fortune to telling it, arranged a show at her private gallery.

Mr. Lawrence Neale, who has succeeded in making himself known in the restricted field of catalogue writing, said in his foreword that Jane Westmorland realized that every artist in his exuberant youth when he first encounters the genius of the past, is inevitably seized with the impulse to translate, as it were, the spirit and forms of the old genius into his own medium of expression. Reference was here made to the large prices Mr. John Sargent's copies of Old Masters brought at his posthumous sale. Mrs. Westmorland had had the happy idea of asking our famous men to exhibit the copies they had made. This show was the result. The picture which attracted attention was a canvas loaned by the daughter of Philip Lewis. It was the only copy the famous Academician had ever been known to make. It had been discovered by his daughter in a chest in the attic of the ancestral Colonial home of the Lewises in Ohio, we were told. It was an interesting find. All the artists agreed that the brush work was Philip Lewis'. He must have done it in his boyhood travels in Europe. It was undoubtedly a copy of some great picture of the great days of Italian painting. The catalogue maker grew eloquent over it. The personal charm which made Philip Lewis almost as famous as his work doubtless gave him the entrée into many private collections, even in his early youth, collections so powerfully guarded that even the storm of war had not swept them into the common vision. The original of this picture must hang on such a fortified wall. One might imagine Titian painting this red-haired Magdalen; for thus delicately did Mr. Neale call attention to the unmistakable character of the painted woman, suggested repentance palliating the mention of her offense even while he dwelt upon it.

"Every line, every tint, every curve vibrates seduction. The eyes are deeps of knowledge, and the coral mouth is closed on secrets. Under the sad violet draperies one senses the white body. The sinister shadowy street behind is crowded with leering cruel faces. One thing makes it almost certain that the original is Italian. As the cataloguer has previously mentioned, the faces of Romans and early Italians suggest American faces. Rome was, as America is, a melting pot of nations. These faces might almost be Americans. Some day we hope to discover the original of this great picture which we must label here: Philip Lewis—After an Old Master—Unknown."

Young Philip had been a reed which old Pan had looked at and fingered and through which he had once blown.

NAVAL PARITY?

THE OUTLOOK AFTER GENEVA

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

THE Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva last summer furnished apparently an instance of how truth may come out during golf; for it is credibly reported that on the links a delightful English country gentleman asked another delegate, "Are you Americans *really* going to stand out for this parity business?" And upon receiving an unequivocal affirmation, he exclaimed, "Oh! I say! What a bore!"

Such seeming lack of appreciation of a basic American stipulation is difficult to understand, not only after the Washington Conference but after American and British civil and naval representatives had sat side by side vis-à-vis Continental contentions at Geneva during more than a hundred sessions of the League of Nations' Preparatory Commission for Disarmament between May 1926 and April 1927. For those discussions, and others naturally collateral to them, constituted in effect a year of excellent preparation and explicit mutual understandings preliminary to the Three-Power Conference.

But if we are to form a worth-while conception of why this conference failed —and of the consequent outlook—we should examine first some differences and similarities of conditions, views, and aims in England and America.

When addressing the House of Commons on July 28 about the Geneva Conference then in session, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, quoted the following words with the comment that "this is a statement of Britain's case with which no Briton would quarrel, made by an American . . ."

The people of Great Britain depend, and must depend, upon the outside world. Their dependency is for food; it is for clothing; it is for structural materials; it is for fuel and especially fuel oil. Great Britain must maintain open to her ships the lanes of the sea. To do this Great Britain must have naval bases, and Great Britain, more than the United States, is in need of types of ships such as cruisers that are swift and of widest radius of action. Great Britain must pay attention to the reserve supply of fuel oil, to materials of all kinds, in a manner that the United States does not need to consider.

Stop the lanes of the sea to the ships of Great Britain and suffering would be brought to the people of the British Isles within a period of weeks, and collapse of the British Navy as a fighting force would be a matter of days.

Turn to the United States. Our country could be cut off from the rest of the world and there would be food for our people, there would be fuel oil for our use, there would be materials of all kinds for our fabrication. The lanes of the sea might be closed to us for weeks or for years should the necessity arise. The United States within her own territory could sustain her own people without suffering, and could produce the materials to meet whatever emergency naval necessities might require in resumption of active naval warfare for the protection of the interest and dignity and honor of our country.

Also when Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty and chief of the British delegation to Geneva, made his final speech at the conference on

August 4 in defense of their position, he quoted the last two paragraphs of the above remarks, saying that "no one could have put the case more clearly than did Mr. French." For if we turn to the Congressional Record of January 4, 1927, we find that this quotation is from a speech that day by Congressman Burton L. French, of Moscow, Idaho, the Chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Naval Appropriations, whereby he had introduced and supposedly supported the bill for this year's appropriations for the United States Navy.

While Mr. French's outline of England's case has received such high indorsement, there is room to question his portrayal of his own country's situation. For instance, ex-Secretary of Commerce Redfield's book, *Dependent America*, lists over two dozen different kinds of materials absolutely essential for the conduct even of so-called "defensive" warfare in the United States that must be imported from overseas. "This means," as an army officer put it to the present writer, "that the Army could not long defend the country if the Navy were to fail to keep open our lines of transoceanic communications."

It is well known that about two-thirds of the food consumed in the British Isles must be imported at a yearly cost of nearly $2,500,000,000. But it should be similarly recognized that, according to figures obtained from the Department of Commerce, the total imports of foodstuffs into the United States proper in 1926 exceeded $1,160,000,000, while exports of them were little more than $894,000,000, showing a food deficit of $266,000,000. And this is an increasing trend.

Granted that England's industries are absolutely dependent on imports of such crude materials as cotton, wool, and iron ores, it is common knowledge that the great American automobile and canning industries are similarly dependent on rubber and tin from Malaya. But the situation in the American steel industry—which produces over half the world's supply—is basically much more important. For virtually every steel rail and beam and machine contains essential manganese, imported of necessity from South America or Russia or India—and that is but one of some forty commodities needed in American steel making which come from fifty-seven other countries. Without many of them the steel industry would be practically paralyzed. And yet that is exactly what would happen if these supplies from across the oceans were cut off in time of war when, of all times, steel is of the most importance.

II

Such considerations are merely illustrative of many others that long since brought about the conception that North America, rather than being a self-sufficient continent, has taken on the characteristics and concerns of a great, midoceanic island, increasingly dependent on overseas economic and political conditions and upon the conduct and control of transoceanic traffic and communications of all kinds—a point of view specifically cited by American delegates at the Three-Power Naval Conference.

The moment we look on America and England as two industrialized islands, differing mainly in extent and position, similarities in their foreign or—more properly—external trades take on new significances. For the total external commerce of the United States in 1926 was more than $9,660,000,000, while that of the United Kingdom was not $150,000,000 greater, although American exports amounted virtually to $5,000,000,000, while those of the British Isles were less than $3,800,000,000. But curiously enough, American manufactured exports of $2,600,000,000 are within $400,000,000 of those of the British; and whereas British industry depends on imported crude materials costing about $2,000,000,000 a year,

American industry is likewise dependent on essential imports that already amount to nearly $1,800,000,000.

The rub in this situation arises, however, from the fact that the United States and the United Kingdom are buying many of their necessary supplies in competition with each other and are selling most of their manufactured exports to the less industrialized areas of the world, again in competition with each other. And as the prosperity of each at home depends in large measure on success in this colossal and world-wide rivalry for supplies and markets, the English saying that "the history of civilization is the history of transport" suggests shipping and its control as the critical and determining factor.

There are some curious differences between British and American seaborne traffic. As the British Isles are not large and enjoy extraordinarily good railroad facilities, their coastwise trade is quite negligible; and as about a third of their external commerce is merely across the Channel and North Sea, their total outside the "narrow seas" does not amount to $7,000,000,000. On the other hand, apart from inland commerce with Canada and Mexico, the external trade of the United States carried on the high seas and across the oceans is very much in excess of $8,000,000,000—of which about $3,000,000,000 is under the American flag. And in addition to this, the open-seas coastwise commerce of the United States, plying in American ships along the 6500 miles from Maine, through the Panama Canal, to the State of Washington, and exposed in the event of war, is worth about $11,000,000,000. So the total deep-sea trade of the United States is very much over $19,000,000,000 and about $14,000,000,000 of it is under the American flag. Needless to say, American transoceanic trade flows to all parts of the world to which that of England goes. But its safeguarding is much more difficult because the United States lacks such numerous and strategically placed bases as Britain has.

III

The problems of trade, shipping, and naval control that underlay the Geneva Conference will appear in a much clearer light if we have in mind the proven principles of sea power.

Sea power arises not from navies but from the desires of peoples to interchange the products of diverse lands. Conducting such exchanges calls commensurate shipping power into being and leads to overseas interests. Safeguarding and fostering these, policing the seas in peace, and controlling the use of the seas in war call for naval power. The purpose of sea power is not merely to exercise "command of the sea." It is first to enable and then to control transportation overseas of ideas, persons, and materials—and this for the effects these may have in transmaritime lands, such as in developing them, in fostering foreign trade for home profit, or in compelling peace. And, naturally, whatever people exercises these functions on the seas preponderantly can divert traffic proportionately as it will and impress its influences actively on those peoples who lack effective means of expressing themselves across the seas and must, therefore, be relatively passive—not to say submissive.

Since the first Tudor sought overseas outlets for homespuns, every step in the evolution of England has illustrated this interrelation: trade; colonies to develop countries and, therefore, trade; conquests, sometimes reluctant, but undertaken that trade might flow, and all this calling for shipping transport and for naval power to safeguard on the seas, to reduce rivals and, on occasion, to open markets. Thus, when mighty Spain claimed the oceans and all the lands beyond, the question was settled by the defeat of the Armada and the way was opened for founding the American Colonies. When the industrious Dutch virtually monopolized the resultant colonial traffic, and thus skimmed the cream of profit from their trade, three Anglo-Dutch wars

reduced Holland to a vassal sea power. Then the brilliant France of Louis XIV made her bid for overseas dominion, starting in 1688 the series of seven Anglo-French wars that ended in the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 and the elimination of France as a rival on the seas. And finally when, in our day, Germany sought to become a real rival in world trade, France, Russia, Italy, and others were arrayed to check the Teutonic allies on land while England's principal concern was the destruction of the German power at sea—a task in which America exercised the conclusive balance of power with academic naïveté.

With this record it is almost startling to have word go out from England in many directions that the United States may be looked on not as a big brother in the English-speaking world, but as the Prussia of the future. This supports those who jump to the conclusion that, as the United States is now England's equal in world trade, preparation for coming contest accounts for the positive position recently taken by British navalists at Geneva. But such simple deduction overlooks many present factors, prominent among which is the prospect, clearly seen in England, that an Anglo-American duel would disrupt the British Empire and, therefore, permanently reduce England's influence not only in the world at large but in Europe where it is of primary home importance.

Another oversight comes from crude consideration of all nations as either "friendly" or "enemy." No middle ground is allowed between a hypothetical sisterly amity in peace and deadly enmity in war. This is the kind of thought that sees no reason for maintaining armaments against powers nominally "friendly" and with whom there is no impending prospect of war. For such psychology overlooks rivalries that must continue among the powers so long as peoples, as well as persons, persist in struggling for particularistic prosperity —rivalries that give rise to the manifold pressure of diverse sorts which the powers are constantly exerting in their peace-time competitions. It is a game in which there are many suits such as appeals to precedent and prior position, permutations in political alignment, economic pressures, and so forth. But back of all of them are the potentialities of power, of force; for in the final play armaments are the trumps of international politics that the experienced have ever in mind. Nor need they necessarily be considered as threatening war; for real statecraft is much more likely to design them so that their potentialities would assure security, and other desired ends, *without having to fight*—a traditional British use of naval power, departure from which has preceded war.

Recent reorientations in Eastern Asia, and elsewhere, illustrate aspects of all this. As England had been mentor to Japan for decades, appropriate consideration has had to be given of late years to the complacence with which a numerically small but very powerful group of English bankers, merchants, and ship owners, and their politicians, have looked on the possibility of war between Japan and the United States. To their way of thinking, such a war would allow England, while remaining neutral, to regain unquestionable primacy in the world, whereupon she could capitalize peace clamor to call a conference at which she could exercise the balance of power to settle the outcome as she might desire, and without having to fire a shot; for back of her every move as a neutral would be the power of the British Navy to aid either belligerent in bringing the other to terms.

But times changed. On top of disastrous earthquakes and economic depression at home, Japan now finds herself confronted with the most menacing situation in Eastern Asia since her war of 1904 with Russia. Scanning the world map of might seems to have raised question as to whether Britain or America would exercise the actual balance of

power in the Pacific. A not unfriendly America was certainly to be desired. And at the psychological moment the American Congress revolted against former fatuous fancies and started rehabilitating the United States Navy. It would have been unlike the realistic Japanese not to recognize the recrudescence of Yankee common sense. Need more be said as to peacetime functioning of force in statecraft or as to the consequent position of England?

But such important effects of naval power in peace do not follow from the popular misconception that a navy's task is merely "to sink the enemy's fleet." For the main object of belligerent naval operations is to aid in causing collapse *in an enemy's country* by depriving him of the use of the sea while parrying similar offensive efforts on his part. Naturally the aim will be to deprive him of the use of whatever sea area is most vital.

The resulting operations between capital fleets, as in a great battle, may captivate public attention and be acclaimed as a conclusive victory. But to the initiated such combats are merely preliminaries to establishing "command" over critical areas *so as thereupon* to exercise effective "control" over their use as well as over the use of other sea areas; and such "control" is the ultimate naval operation proper toward the success of which all others look.

As may have been inferred, these operations of "command" and "control" call for two major and quite distinct divisions in a country's naval forces: the concentrated battle fleet, comprising virtually all types of vessels and aircraft, and, in addition, the "control force," composed of cruisers and minor vessels and aircraft capable of more or less long-distance, isolated, and widely dispersed operations incident to establishing comprehensive "control" over the use of the seas—ultimately in an enemy's critical area, denying him sea communications of any kind and thus compelling his collapse ashore.

IV

In the broadest terms, the situation underlying naval differences at Geneva is somewhat as follows: The one hundred and twenty million people in the United States and the forty and odd millions in the United Kingdom are similarly dependent for home defense on essential military supplies from overseas; both peoples import more food than they export, although America is not yet nearly as dependent in this respect; both depend about equally on imported crude materials necessary for current industry, bought largely in competition with each other; both sell exported manufactures to about the same value in the competitive markets of the world; and in this world-wide rivalry for materials and markets transport is the factor essential to success, the total tonnage of British salt-water shipping being about one and a half times that of the United States, while the value of American deep-sea trade is much more than twice that of the British Isles.

The world being as it is instead of as some would idealize it, it is generally admitted that such dependence on seaborne commerce justifies Britain in having adequate naval power—that is, enough capital ships and their auxiliaries, organized as a battle fleet, to defend the critical areas of her maritime traffic and, in addition, enough cruisers and other auxiliaries to protect her far-flung trade on all the seas. And needless to say, these give her power to secure command over critical sea areas vital to many other nations and also cruising forces capable of effectively controlling the use of the seas by others. But the United States being so similarly circumstanced, it seems difficult to see why there should not be equally ready recognition that we likewise need naval power proportional to our maritime interests and dependence on overseas traffic.

It is no mere surmise that recognition of this was prominent among the con-

siderations that led the United States to undertake a great capital-ship building program, to be followed by auxiliaries, which was about two-thirds completed when the Honorable Charles E. Hughes first entered international affairs as Secretary of State and soon became the central figure at the Washington Conference.

There he agreed to the destruction of eleven out of the fifteen great American capital ships being built in exchange for merely nominal parity with the British in such vessels, as well as in aircraft carriers, and a five to three ratio in them with the Japanese. But at the same time he failed to get any definite agreement limiting any nation from building as many cruisers and other auxiliaries as it might choose. And yet, when Mr. Hughes finally brought his Naval Treaty before the last plenary session of the Washington Conference, he characteristically said, "This Treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competitive naval armaments."

Of course it did nothing of the kind; for it soon became perfectly patent that the British and Japanese intended, in effect, to put into cruiser and other auxiliary construction the moneys Mr. Hughes' Naval Treaty had saved them from having to spend in building capital ships. So when five years later President Coolidge called the Three-Power Naval Conference, the Japanese had a greater tonnage of modern cruisers built and building than had the United States, and the British had about three times as great a volume.

Under these circumstances the Japanese at Geneva naturally proposed that the *status quo* as to auxiliaries be crystallized in a treaty; and they acted earnestly and very helpfully throughout the Conference to bring about any agreement that would minimize naval construction. For their economic situation is such that whatever more moneys they may have to spend on their navy will have to be deducted from army appropriations in the face of the serious state of affairs in Northeastern Asia.

Equally naturally the American proposal aimed to carry out President Coolidge's purpose in calling the conference to extend to cruisers, destroyers, and submarines the 5–5–3 ratio already established for capital ships. For instance, 300,000 tons of modern cruisers was proposed as sufficient for the United States and for the British Empire, each being at liberty to distribute that tonnage as might seem best in cruisers of from 3,000 to 10,000 tons.

At this point it should be clearly realized that months before the Conference convened, and collaterally to Anglo-American co-operation in the League of Nations Preparatory Commission for Disarmament, the British had expressed understanding of why the United States could not be expected to agree to reduction of the maximum size of battleships below 35,000 tons, to the reduction of maximum size of most of her future cruisers below 10,000 tons, or to the reduction of the maximum allowable caliber of their guns below 8 inches. And the Americans came away from these conversations with an equally explicit understanding that the British then saw no need whatsoever of building their own cruiser fleet up to more than 400,000 tons. Nor had there been objection expressed to the United States having a like tonnage. And yet, at the opening of the Three-Power Conference, the British proposed, among other things, that the size of all future capital ships be reduced below 30,000 tons and that cruisers be limited to 7,500 tons in size and mount guns of not over 6-inch caliber—except, as was later developed, that the United States might be allowed to catch up with the fourteen larger 8-inch gun cruisers the British are building.

V

In support of their proposals the British laid primary emphasis on the economies to be expected from building and operating smaller ships such as 7,500-ton cruisers instead of 10,000-

tonners—economies *per vessel* that could not amount to a quarter of the total expense. But at the same time they insisted they should have about 70 cruisers aggregating over 500,000 tons; and they seemed curiously blind to the fact that by thus exceeding the American proposal of 300,000 tons by 200,000 more, they would add two-thirds to the fleet costs, whether in small or large cruisers.

Another point on which they dwelt at length was that cruisers of 7,500 tons or less and armed with but 6-inch guns are manifestly only for so-called "defensive" purposes and virtually incapable of "offense" while they alleged 10,000-ton cruisers with 8-inch guns were being advocated by the Americans with obviously aggressive intent. But when arguing that they more than any other nation needed great numbers of cruisers, the British recalled that they used over a hundred vessels in one way or another before they could end the dramatically aggressive career of the German cruiser *Emden* which had captured over a score of British merchantmen in three months and almost paralyzed shipping in the Indian Ocean. It was a very telling illustration until an American pointed out the well-known fact that the tonnage of the *Emden* was only 3,592 and that the caliber of her heaviest guns was only 4.1 inches—whereupon the British contention that 7,500-ton, 6-inch gun cruisers are purely "defensive" vessels blew up.

It would be superfluous to extend here the narrative of such technical differences; for in view of what has been said about the principles of naval warfare, we can come directly to the main points.

Real parity calls for equality of naval power to support national policies and to safeguard interests wherever they may be. Equality in aggregate tonnages or in numbers of vessels in various classes are merely more or less accurate indices neither of which, of itself, takes into consideration the no less important factor of geography—regarding which Napoleon said that "war is an affair of position."

As the British have strategically placed bases in many parts of the world, they can use effectively smaller vessels of comparatively short steaming radius. But as the United States has few such bases, American ships must have longer radii because they have to cross the oceans in order to reach areas in which they may then have to operate far from any repair facilities. This means that in addition to tonnage for maximum fuel capacity, they must have every permissible ton to help float as sturdy defensive construction as possible. As has been intimated, the British had all this from the Americans during the League of Nations Preparatory Commission sessions many months before the Three-Power Conference convened. Consequently, the British attempt to reduce tonnages of capital ships and cruisers may be looked on as a plan virtually to restrict American naval power to short distances from home while the British, because of their many bases, would continue to have actually paramount naval power throughout the world.

Their attempt to reduce the caliber of guns allowable on cruisers to that permitted merchant ships was equally ingenious. This would minimize to the vanishing point the capacity of cruisers to dominate and control great armed merchantmen. Thus, while naval cruiser fleets might be on a parity with each other, whichever nation has the greatest number of fast merchant ships could arm them and dominate. The British have nearly 950,000 tons of such ships with a speed of 17.5 knots or more, to less than 180,000 tons under the American flag—a ratio of 5 to 26 instead of parity. And the corollary to this is that, if naval limitation were to be carried to its logical conclusion and all navies abolished, the result would not be "the freedom of the seas" but, on the contrary, easier control of their use by

the power possessing the largest fleet of fast, armable merchantmen.

It was something of a surprise that the British made such moves at Geneva in the hope of getting a treaty which would definitely fix the United States in a position of actual naval inferiority although perhaps allowing us a semblance of statistical parity. But as American friendship is incomparably more important to the scattered British world than is English friendship to our mighty concentration, it was astonishing that the British were willing to strain Anglo-American amity so severely in an effort to get such a treaty.

There are, however, two considerations that may account in large measure for the British course. The first is that they realize far better than many Americans the international rivalry in buying crude materials and in selling manufactures—and that the control of seaborne traffic is the determining factor in this competition. The other is more specific, for the Washington Naval Treaty provides that the United States must call a Conference of the powers party to it in 1931 to reconsider its provisions, and also that if any one subscriber to it denounces it in or after 1934, then the Naval Treaty shall expire two years after such denunciation.

At the moment there seems to be no doubt whatsoever but that France and Italy will denounce the Naval Treaty at the end of 1934; and if there be any question as to this, it would be abandoned if they ever learn how their relative allotments were really reached in formulating that treaty. And, furthermore, knowledge of what actually took place leads to the conclusion that if the American Senate and people ever learn how that treaty was put over on them they will insist on its being ended as soon as possible.

During the next Presidential term we shall have to go through another Washington Conference with the prospect of having the Naval Treaty lapse in 1936—a period during which it will be of the utmost importance to the United States to have only sound and understanding people in power. With this prospect we may well conclude this outline by considering some vital steps to be taken between now and 1936.

VI

Aside from treaty ratios, our Navy should be not merely likely to win in war, but so manifestly able to uphold our policies and to safeguard our world-wide interests that war against them will not occur, and that thus our well-being and security will be assured both at home and abroad. We may fairly estimate whether it is up to such a standard by the actual and relative status of its cruisers, the most important type of vessel not limited by treaty.

Of cruisers less than twenty years old, the United States has ten completed that mount 6-inch guns and total 66,000 standard tons, has laid the keels of two 10,000-tonners to mount 8-inch guns, and is preparing to begin to build six more of the latter type.

In contrast, the British have fifty cruisers that mount guns of less than 8-inch caliber and are building thirteen of 10,000 tons and one 8,000-tonner, all to mount 8-inch guns. Considering only these latter and the trend of the announced British building program, the prospect is that when the Naval Treaty expires in 1936 they will have between thirty-four and thirty-seven 8-inch gun cruisers completed.

As we have only eight 8-inch gun cruisers nominally started, it seems as though the United States must lay down five more each year during the next five years if we are to attain virtual parity with the British in such vessels before the Treaty expires. It should be realized, however, that such a program will not make up the lead the British have in cruisers mounting guns of less than 6-inch caliber. For in 1936 the British will still have thirty-four such ships not over twenty years old and

aggregating over 175,000 tons to our ten totalling but 66,000 tons.

In the years immediately ahead, there will be calls for aircraft carriers, submarines, and the first five "replacement" capital ships specified in the Naval Treaty, as well as for cruisers. All of this is likely to increase the annual cost of naval construction during the next five years by about $135,000,000 over what it has been held down to during the last five years. On the other hand, Treasury surpluses have averaged over $415,000,000 during the last five years, and the annual interest charge on account of the national debt has been reduced by over $300,000,000 since President Coolidge has been in the White House. With such tangible results from his financial policy, expense does not seem to be an insuperable obstacle to bringing the Navy virtually up to parity before the Naval Treaty expires.

Some seem to believe that the expansion of the British Navy will be greatly curtailed if and when a Liberal or Labor Government replaces the present Tory one. But unfortunately for this hope, the last Labor Government was the very one that recommended and authorized, in February, 1924, the first 10,000-ton, 8-inch gun cruiser in the world and laid her keel the following September.

The present writer is one of the many Americans who believe most sincerely that Britain and America should face side by side certain world problems far more important to England than those that led English particularism to bring about the recent envisagement of each other at Geneva. The futility of this latter, and the value of American support, would be apparent if the English in general, and their Tories in particular, were to form some more approximate appreciation of the fact that on the American side of the Atlantic has developed a social-economic organism in most important respects quite comparable to that of all non-Russian Europe together—and that this body politic in midoceanic, insular America has overseas interests and outlooks many of which are very similar to those of England.

But perhaps a still brighter prospect of mutual understanding is suggested by history; for the westward trend has reset the stage as three hundred years ago. It is for England to avoid such mercantile mistakes as Holland made in the first half of the seventeenth century and for America to avoid maritime mistakes such as James I and Charles I made for Cromwell and Charles II to correct. Public support of shipping and naval policies resulting from appreciation in America of these analogies probably promises more than anything else to lead England to accept parity cordially rather than force America to become a sea power commensurate to our capacity—somewhat as Holland did England.

In this connection the following excerpt from President Coolidge's last Memorial Day Address is a pertinent statement of public policy, especially as it was made only three weeks before the Three-Power Naval Conference convened:

"If we are sincere in our expressed determination to maintain tranquillity at home and peace abroad, we must not neglect to lay our course in accordance with the ascertained facts of life. . . . Unless we maintain sufficient forces to be placed at points of peril when they arise, thereby avoiding for the most part serious attack, there would be grave danger that we should suffer from violent outbreaks, so destroying our rights and compromising our honor that war would become inevitable. It is to protect ourselves from such danger that we maintain our national defense. Under this policy it is perfectly apparent that our forces are dedicated solely to the preservation of peace."

ON AMERICAN LEISURE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THE best test of the quality of a civilization is the quality of its leisure. Not what the citizens of a commonwealth do when they are obliged to do something by necessity, but what they do when they can do anything by choice, is the criterion of a people's life. One can tell much about a man by noting the objects and pastimes to which he spontaneously turns for joy. The same may be said of a nation. It was a suggestive comment of Maxim Gorky's on visiting Coney Island, "What an unhappy people it must be that turns for happiness here." The most serious criticism levelled against American civilization is not that its work is standardized and its business engulfing, but that its pleasures are mechanical and its leisure slavish. It is not that we have not time. Foreign observers are repeatedly astonished at the number of hours an ever-increasing number of Americans have to themselves. It is not time that we lack, but leisure.

Leisure is indeed an affair of mood and atmosphere rather than simply of the clock. It is not a chronological occurrence but a spiritual state. It is unhurried pleasurable living among one's native enthusiasms. Leisure consists of those pauses in our lives when experience is a fusion of stimulation and repose. Genuine leisure yields at once a feeling of vividness and a sense of peace. It consists of moments so clear and pleasant in themselves that one might wish they were eternal.

For traveled Americans at least the best illustrations and memories of such experience will come from abroad. For one it will be the recollection of keen but casual conversation at tea on a lawn in Sussex or Surrey. For another it will be the image of two friends chatting over coffee and liquors at an *al fresco* table on a boulevard in Paris. Another will remember a stroll in an Italian piazza or the long, dignified peace of an evening in a London club.

It is not that one cannot find domestic images, too, of a quality of leisure that seems to be passing almost completely out of the American scene. Many a middle-aged American, in the midst of a life crowded with social as well as business or professional obligations, will recall some rare hour that in its golden and gratuitous irrelevance seems to belong not in the realm of time but in the careless length of eternity, an afternoon spent browsing without purpose in a library or walking without the thought of time or destination on the quiet windings of an unfrequented country road. One recalls conversations lightly begun after dinner and meandering through wreaths of smoke into unexpected depths and intensities until long after an unnoticed midnight. One remembers some incredibly remote year when one wrote by hand a letter that flowed on as if ink and paper and ideas would never end.

But for Americans the word "leisure" has distinctively Old World associations. That is partly because some Americans have there known it best. Cut off from the pressure and compulsions of their normal occupations at home, they have moved with freedom amid the grace

of a leisurely tradition. But there is a deeper reason which lies in the contrast between that European tradition and our own. The quality of leisure in Europe is partly the heritage of a long leisure-class tradition, partly the patience of peoples that have the sense of age and are not obsessed with hastening toward the new and building the possible in a hurry. In our own civilization, originally and in spirit partly pioneer, there is a working- rather than a leisure-class tradition, and the impress and atmosphere of work have come to control our lives even when we are not working. To be busy has been with us a primary virtue, and even our play has had to find a place for itself as a kind of business.

A number of years ago Professor Veblen in his *Theory of the Leisure Class* tried to point out how the traditions and interests of a leisure class had shaped our tastes and our morals. A quite plausible volume might be written on the thesis that the pursuit of leisure in our civilization is determined by our traditions of work; we carry the morals and ideals of an essentially industrial, essentially business civilization over into our play. Leisure—a quiet and emancipated absorption in things and doings for their own sake—has always seemed to us effeminate and exotic. We wish leisure for relief, for release, for escape; for instruction, enlightenment, or advancement. There is something immoral about moments that are good in themselves. There is probably no other country in the world where idleness is one of the deadly sins.

With us, therefore, leisure has been a melodramatic escape into excitement, or a moralistic flight into self-improvement. We oscillate between night clubs and outlines of culture. Everyone has at some time or other been present at a determinedly gay party. He has seen ordinarily quiet, intelligent people become wilfully noisy and stupid. He has seen men and women, separately delightful and entertaining, prance about loudly, screaming vulgarities, acting the "grown-up babies of the age." And his pain has been increased by a sense that none of these people cared to do the silly things they were doing. They drank more than they really wished to, and uttered hiccoughing nonsense that they despised themselves.

Everyone, likewise, has listened to a group of people at dinner or afterwards, talk with obligatory boredom about the modish books and plays and ideas. Spontaneity, which is of the essence of any truly spiritual life, flies out of the conversation and out of the window, when "culture" becomes deliberate. We settle down as grimly to being serious as we settle down to being silly. Between the foolish and the funereal we have managed to find no middle course.

II

Of escapes from the pressure of an increasingly mechanized life to occasional outbursts of excitement or triviality there is much to be said. At least it may be said for them that they are natural, perhaps needful, refuges from a world whose tightly woven days would otherwise be unbearable. It is perhaps a sad commentary on the angular and constricted lives we lead that we should have to seek such lurid or futile ways to peace. But it is not to be wondered at that, living in such a world of routine, we should plunge ever so often into the loud nonsense of inane parties, wallow in the absurd pathos and comedy of the screen, or fall enraptured victims to successive crazes of footless puzzles and dull games. We may be forgiven our excursions to musical comedies without wit or music, and conversational evenings without humanity or ideas. The contemporary citizen is vexed beyond his own realization by the humdrum unthrilling pressure of his days; he craves naturally now and then an opportunity to be trivial, irresponsible, and absurd.

But the irony of our situation lies in the fact that even when we try to escape into triviality or foolishness we make a

serious and standardized business of it. One can pardon occasional madness in a sober civilization, but there is something pathetic, almost ghastly, in soberly making madness a routine. The half-drunken gaiety that has become the accompaniment of much respectable social life is a sad determined business. Orgy has become a social obligation; dissipation a prescription to the weary, the repressed, and the disenchanted. It becomes as much a social obligation to play a new game or have a new thrill as to read a new book or wear a current collar or hat. Any number of "nice" people go systematically about becoming on occasion trivial, foolish, or mad. It is as if the American could not stop being efficient when he wanted to, and had to be gay or trivial or ecstatic with the same thoroughness and strained energy with which he might build a business or a skyscraper.

There are other reasons besides our own solemn efficiency that have been transforming our attempts to amuse ourselves into pale and standard routines. The same forces that have gone into the big business of providing our necessities have gone into the big business of providing our amusements. One may glamorously state the possibilities of the radio, the universalization of beautiful music and distinguished thought. One may talk as one will about the possible high art of the moving picture, marvel as one will at the new mechanical perfections of the phonograph. There is no question but that these are at their best mechanical. They turn our leisure into a passive receptivity of standard mediocre amusement. They provide almost nothing of that spontaneous sense of individual living which is part of the repose and stimulation of leisure. It is not pleasant to realize that our leisure is taking on the color—or colorlessness—of the rest of our lives; that we are becoming stereotypes in our play as in our work. The most serious spiritual danger of the Industrial Revolution is that it has come to mechanize and industrialize not merely things but the spirit as well.

When a man is at leisure we like to say he is free to be himself, but if his freedom consists in efficiently amusing himself according to the standard formulas or subjecting himself to the passive reception of standard amusements, he is not free at all.

But while leisure has in one direction gone toward conventional amusement and stereotyped triviality, in another direction it has become a kind of elegant overtime work. The latest use we have found for leisure is to make it useful. Its usefulness, which might have been supposed to be that it was a good in itself, has been transformed into its possibility as a means of systematic self-improvement. Correspondence courses, outlines of knowledge, scrapbooks of learning—agencies not always disinterested—have been trying to teach us what we might do with our unharnessed moments if only we would harness them. A little less carousal and a little less bridge, and we might become heirs to all of Western culture, or experts in philosophy or French. There is a revealing irrelevance in the reasons assigned for turning the casual moments of our lives to the pursuit of knowledge. It is not that knowledge will render us self-possessed and whole, that it will give wings to our imagination and give a larger, clearer, and sweeter horizon to our lives. It is that knowledge, or a smattering of it, will make us successful or respected, that a veneer of garbled French will reveal our breeding, or a parade of the names of philosophers testify to our intellectual curiosity. There is possibly no clearer index to the remoteness of a native American culture than the eager indiscriminate voracity with which Americans gobble up tabloid versions of fields of expert knowledge. Far from meaning that we have turned to the love of wisdom, it means that we have turned our idle hours into the hurried business of getting short cuts to knowledge. Outlines simply are a way of applying effi-

ciency to culture as well as to business. Their very essence is to say that here is all philosophy or history or literature for those who have not the patience or sympathy to explore any corner of any of them with disinterested delight. Worst of all, they have taken from leisure its saving essence—the sense of doing some lovely thing for its own lovable sake.

III

There are aristocratic pessimists in our midst who hold that leisure in the sense of a fine spontaneous use of free time is increasingly impossible in America. They point to the facts cited in the foregoing and to other equally distressing social habits. The omnipresence of the automobile is not simply a temptation to literal speed, but has come to be a symbol for speed in spiritual matters as well. The only excitement in any activity, even in the pursuit of truth, is the excitement of going fast. It is for that reason, they insist, that there is no country where ideas become popular so fast as in America, no country where, half-learned, they are so quickly outmoded and forgotten. A book is the book of a month or at most a season, and the rapid-transit reader comes to forswear books for the reviews of them, and forswear reviews for excerpts from them in a synthetic magazine.

It is pointed out again, and with justice, that the multiplication of physical luxuries and physical distractions is a constant intruder upon that collectedness of spirit in which alone leisure can come to being. Serenity and integrity are menaced as much by the telephone as by any single invention of the last century. Long quiet waves of time have become almost impossible in evenings shattered by radios, by movies, and by the constant seduction and noise of the automobile. Speculation begins in a dreaming fantasy; meditation in reverie. In our contemporary urban world one almost never has a chance to achieve that half-drowsy detachment in which fantasy and reverie begin. We are kept too wide-awake ever to be really at peace or in thought. Finally, in a country where there is still a glamorous sense of unlimited opportunity the desire for first place makes almost impossible that freedom and detachment which leave one free to follow an impulse for its own self-rewarding delight.

The desire for speed, the desire for luxury, the desire for first place—these are indeed three deadly enemies of leisure. In the current movement of American life there is not much prospect of radically overcoming them. But there are portents of a change in our point of view that may portend a radical change in our practice.

There are growing evidences of a hunger for quiet and unhurried living among an increasing number of Americans. One cannot—nor would one—abolish the telephone or the automobile. There is no use in sighing for an anachronistic Paradise. It is impossible to transform life in New York in the twentieth century into the retirement of a rectory in Kent in the eighteenth. One cannot in the noise and hurry of a Western metropolitan winter pretend one is living in the timeless unconcern of an Eastern tropical island.

But part of our difficulty lies not in the impossibility of our circumstances, but in the blindness of our philosophy. If we once learned to rediscover the values of quiet spaces in our lives we should find a way to find them. There is time to be had even in New York or Chicago, and solitude even among crowds. One need not follow Thoreau into the wilderness to practise his isolation, nor Buddha into the desert to achieve his meditation. There is peace in a city apartment if one will but stay at home an evening to find it, and Nirvana to be found at home in one's own mind.

Ultimately the lack of leisure is lack of spiritual integration. We flee to society, dull though it be, through the fear of the greater dullness of being alone. We hurtle along at a breakneck

speed, physically and spiritually, for fear of the drabness and futility we might feel if we slowed down. Any number of people are suddenly becoming aware of that situation and honest with themselves; are beginning to realize how much leisure one might have if one had enough faith in one's own resources. One need not let life be shattered into a splintered busyness by a routine absorption into social evenings which give one a standard good time. The rediscovery of solitude is being made by Americans, and with that rediscovery come many other delightful things: the chance to do nothing at all, not even talk, and the chance out of that interlude to follow a fancy or meditate a dream. Many a good citizen, given a chance to be alone with himself for an evening, might discover for the first time the quality of his own character, the contours of taste and interest that make him a personality as well as a jobholder and taxpayer. In such an interval a man may discover a hobby that will be for him a substitute for creative genius. He may not paint, write, or compose, but he may learn to do something indelibly himself and make something incredibly his own.

But in the golden days of leisure, in the spacious and graceful society of the Renaissance or the English country house, obviously men and women did not retire into their own souls away from the stimulation of other people. Good conversation is certainly one of the most enlivening ways of leisure, and good conversation is something between solemnity and absurdity. In America, of late, we have had to choose between talking on "subjects" solemnly and schematically, or babbling nonsense, doing anything rather than talk. We are, I think, beginning to learn again the joy of conversation, a light and easy play of minds and tempers over common human themes. We have grown a little weary of talk that is all smart and burnished; we have grown tired, too, of talk that sounds like the overflow program of a literary club. We are learning again that the meeting of minds and moods is one of the sweetest and most amiable fruits of human society. It has its own novelties and excitements no less than the automobile, radio, and bridge.

Not but that these last have their own special value as the pure gold of leisure. Even the mania for speed has about it something of the quality of poetry. No one who on some moonlight night has sped along a country road will deny the sheer poetical appeal there is in the ease and freedom of speed. But the automobile has made the more peaceful kind of leisure possible as it never was before. It has brought the city dweller within easy reach of green and solitude. It has made neighbors of involuntary hermits. The radio, too, for all its blare of tawdry music, has put millions within the reach of formerly impossible musical beauty. It has brought Beethoven to the farmer and to apartment dwellers who could never be lured to Carnegie Hall. And bridge, sniffed at by the cultured moralist, has its own justification. It is a diverting and harmless adventure of the mind and has for its devotees its own glories of wonder and conflict and surprise. If all these things are less interesting ultimately than conversation it is because we are social minds rather than aleatory machines.

IV

There is, paradoxically enough, an incredible romanticism in our efficient impatience with leisure. We chase as madly as any early nineteenth-century German poet the Blue Flower of Happiness always beyond the hill. It is for that reason that we cannot take our idleness for the happiness it is; we try to turn it into an instrument toward the happiness it may bring. It may bring all knowledge into our province, or all salaries into our reach. It is for that reason that we have turned to outlines of knowledge and courses in success. But here, too, a change in spirit is notable.

There are men one knows who have made the surprised and delighted discovery that it is possible, if not to become hastily omniscient, at least to become patiently at home in some small field of knowledge or some tiny technic or art. It is not easy or particularly joyous to go into the whole vague history of mankind; but it is possible with pleasure to know one period or one decade of American history, or the story of one man or one movement. Only an octogenarian genius can master the whole of comparative literature; but anyone can carve out a little pathway of poetry or prose, make one author, one genre, one theme his own, be it Trollope or sonnets, whaling or ballades. It is not possible for every man to be an artist; but almost anyone can learn to draw or model, to play an instrument or plant a garden. In England one meets omniscient people no more than in America; nor are artists in every lane. But there are thousands of unpretentious lawyers or business men who made some intimate little field of knowledge or thought their own, or have learned to do one modest little hobby well.

We may talk much about the future of America, and think to measure its destiny by statistics of its educational, economic, or political changes. But the outlook for our country lies in the quality of its idleness almost as much as anything else.

Shall we then always alternate between trivial escapes into foolishness and solemn plunges into exploitation of our moments of repose? For us, as for Aristotle, there must be a golden mean. We may learn still to be at peace long enough to think and dream after our own fashion. We may learn to be together and be gay without being rowdy. We may learn to be expert in some little territory of art or thought or science without losing the amateur touch. We may still find time to live rather than time to kill.

If we do, we shall have learned what the spiritual life really means. For it means nothing more than those moments in experience when we have some free glint of life for its own sake, some lovely unforced glimmer of laughter or reason or love.

TO A CAT, PURRING

BY FLORENCE S. SMALL

PANSY-FACE and raspberry-paws,
Hidden thorns are these your claws;
Moist and cool is your tiny nose
As tight-knit bud of a hedge wild rose.
Sleek as the crow's wing, back and side;
Green as a leek, your eyes, and wide
With diamond and mysterious stare;
The treacherous tiger slumbers there.
So still, you dream, and your whiskers stir;
You purr and purr and purr and purr.
With breath as soft as a shadow's wing,
You think of killings when you sing.

MEAT

A NOVEL

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Part III

Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—I Corinthians viii:13.

INDIA armed himself, on his way home in a station taxi, to meet Anne. He had long been used to the feeling of having her look at him as from a distance, calculatingly. In the easy and perhaps a little unimaginative tenor of his loyalty, never yet having fathomed the depths of her zealotry, he had wondered how she could manage it, with her husband of seventeen years. Now, hit on the head, he could see. Cornered, angered, he found he could put *her* away and look *her* over in the three dimensions of the desperate fact. He discovered at last that he could say, "Why, damn it! whose house, whose family, whose life is this, anyhow?"

Armed, then, there was almost more of regret than of relief in finding on their arrival that Anne was not at home. They had the news from Rex, who met them at the door. Mother had gone into New York for the day, and Hames was to meet her with the car at the six-forty train.

The boy's face was imperturbable. Secretive by nature (or of some deep necessity), he would have been the last to show he was moved by the fact that, for the first time in his life, and for seven whole hours, his mother had hazarded leaving him to his own devices. Why shouldn't she? He was getting to be a big fellow now.

But the breath between his lips was not so easy a thing to control. Whether in eagerness or in something else, to get to that door to meet them he had had to scurry.

India questioned him, firmly kind. "What've you been doing, old man?"

"Oh, playing."

India started for the stairs with his hat on, but then bethought himself. "Easy! No matter what else, take it easy." So he took time to hang up his hat. He took more, and sat down on a step. "You fellows," he said, "I wonder if you've ever realized that this house you live in is your house, just as much as it's mother's and mine. Eh? I mean—every bit of it. Every last room of it. I hate locked doors, don't you?"

Seeing them mystified and embarrassed, he slapped his leg. He chuckled and made an antic of running upstairs. He had been pawing things over in an upper drawer of his bureau for some seconds, with a growing sensation of hollowness, before he became aware that his younger son had followed him.

"Looking for something, father?"

"I'm looking for something that should be in here, a small brass key."

"Mother says I'm better at finding things than you are. Let me look."

It took Rex but a nervous moment. "Is this the one?"

India studied him as he stood there, the wine-room key he had been so clever in "finding" held aloft, his eyes steady,

unwinking, and opaque. It gave the father a turn, as it always did. With an equal abruptness it had changed the whole color of his plans. Until now, his mind centered on Flagg, he had hardly thought of what he was to do with Rex.

He spoke so calmly that it sounded light.

"Why, Rex, old fellow, why did you suppose I minded your having that key? Didn't I say the whole house was yours? Put it back in your pocket, where you had it when you came upstairs, and come along with me."

In the gloom of the cellar stairway he had to repeat it to them both:

"Come on along, fellows; no bears down here. Furnaces don't bite."

"One reason I hate locked doors," he ran on, as he turned the key in the wine-room oak, "is that you have the bother of unlocking them. And another," he said, grinning around at the awe-stricken pair, "is that it makes you think how nice it would be if you didn't have to have servants about the place, strange people you can't altogether trust with your valuables. Otherwise, if there were just the four of us, we could throw all our locks away. . . . Enter, gentlemen. . . . What's the matter, lost your legs?"

He could have wept, he could have groaned to see them. What he had to do, no matter if it killed him, was to keep a smile on his lips and a twinkle in his eyes.

"This room," he said, when he had got them in and seated on upturned cases, Rex as quiet as a white rabbit, and Flagg, open-mouthed, stealing gingerly glances around and around, "this room," he said, "was built by your great-grandfather. Part of the wine he put into it for safe-keeping he made from vines he set out himself, along the hill here to the south. His name was the same as your father's, but he was a better man. When he died, the Legislature at Hartford was adjourned for a day. It would have given him a great deal of pleasure to have been able to see you two boys, the sons of his own son's son.

"He got a lot of fun out of his life, your great-grandfather. He loved his friends, his land, good books, good wine. Like hundreds and hundreds of millions of people since the world began, he drank what wine he felt he wanted every day of his life. So did his son, your grandfather. Neither of them ever had the kind of stomachs your physiology books show you. It never entered their heads to become drunkards. It never entered their heads even to be afraid they might. They respected themselves, and they respected their wine, too much for that. They weren't going to be tempted to make pigs of themselves with liquor, because they knew that if they did they would be shabby and silly, just as they knew that if they swilled too much food at meals they would be pasty and fat. Your great-grandfather had one funny thing about him; he couldn't eat honey. It gave him blotches and stomach-aches. He didn't like either blotches or stomach-aches, so he didn't eat honey, though he was fond of it, and always kept bees. Rex, my son, come here."

Choosing a bottle from one of the racks, India got the cork out. It was a common claret, dry with age. With a clean handkerchief he dusted a trying-glass and filled it a quarter full. He had to reach down for Rex's hand, for, though the boy's face was a mask of nonchalance, his arm had turned to wood. Wrapping the fingers around the tumbler, India said, "You know, Rex, that I would rather be killed than hurt you. You know you can believe what I say. I want you to take at least a sip of this. I'll tell you why afterwards. Taste it. No, Rex, I mean it. Now!"

Sullenly, covering his fright by a show of disdain, Rex sipped. The shock he had, though, was too much for his trumped-up stoicism. He gagged and made an awful face.

"Yes, son. That's what I was going to tell you. You've been told that this stuff was poison and that it was sour. You believed the first, but you've never quite believed the second. Now you do.

"No, don't be sick yet. There's something else we've all got to get through our heads. Listen tight. You and Flagg came in here, two boys alike. But the truth is you're not two boys alike, and the sooner we realize you're not, and can't be treated—can't treat yourselves—alike, the better for all concerned.

"You're built one way, Rex; Flagg's built another. It seems to me better to look at it straight, so, than to try and get around it by saying that the things that are bad for you—like honey for your great-grandfather—are bad for you both, and for everybody. Are you listening, Rex?

"You don't like wine. You'll never like it. It will always make you sick. Now that you've found that out, it's up to you. The key to this room will always be in that bureau drawer up there. But from now on there won't be any fun in your coming down here, because now you know there's nothing mysterious or exciting or devilish locked up here. Only some kind-of-vinegary stuff that doesn't happen to agree with you. You're a fine boy and you've got some sense.

"But even if you hadn't, even if you were to get that key to-morrow and come down here and swig a lot of this sour stuff you loathe, just, for instance, to be perverse and naughty, it wouldn't be *naughty*. There's the joke of it. It would simply be baby foolishness. I shouldn't think of punishing you. All I should do would be to hand you over to the doctor to cart off to some place where it's their business to take care of fellows with trick stomachs who aren't proud enough to take care of themselves.

"But that's not you, Rex. You're doing too well with yourself, getting big, and muscly, and rather handsome. Not you! . . . So skedaddle now and be sick in the bathroom and forget it. . . . Out you go!"

As he stood hearkening to the fleeing feet on the stairs outside, India felt weakness like water pouring through the hollows of his bones, an exhaustion, as if he had run a Marathon. Being defenseless, everything attacked him. He remembered that Fern was gone. No, not as if he had run a Marathon, but as if he had been beaten with a hundred clubs.

But then as he turned around to face the second half of the job he had undertaken, all in a lung-full he got his second wind.

"Flagg," he cried, "we're all right."

He stood with his feet spread, his hands in his pockets.

"I hope you heard what I was giving Rex. It's as important for you and for me to know we're not Rex, as it is for Rex to realize he's not us. More important. Sometimes it won't hurt a sick man to imagine he's well, but for a well man to get the notion he's ailing is pretty darned bad business. That's why I distrust this dodge—like your physiology pictures and the old horrible-example lectures—this dodge for scaring weak people strong. It's too apt to scare strong people weak in the process. It's just as if, because the Prices' boy has to walk on those crutches of his, all the kids in school had to be made to believe they must walk on crutches. When they learned the hang of it, perhaps fewer of them would stumble and bark their shins at play. But I'd hate to think of their baseball team. I'd hate worse to think of the team they'd have down there thirty or sixty years from now, wouldn't you?

"What I'm trying to say, son, is this. You're a husky fellow; you're sound; I know you, because I know your line. Whatever you choose to do, that's your own business. But what I won't have, I won't have a lot of goblin-scared people scaring you with their goblins. Immediately anyone sets you up a goblin, Flagg, you grab hold of it. Take it between your own hands, look it over with your own eyes, find out whether it's something you can't handle, whether it's something a lot of other humans haven't been able to handle fairly successfully, without necessarily having to screech bloody-murder and strangle it to death.

. . . Do I sound like a spouter, Flagg? Hot air? Well, there's one thing about spouting, it makes a man dry."

Pouring two glasses of the wine this time, he set one on the deal flap of the bottling-sink near Flagg's elbow. The other he lifted to the ray from the small high window to try its color with a useful eye. "Here's to your good luck, Flagg, old man." He tasted, savored, and drank down a third of it.

Flagg had been a long while getting his voice. He showed the whites of his eyes as he cornered them at the glass at his elbow.

"Father, you don't mean that for *me?*"

"Why not?"

"You—you don't mean I've got to have it!"

"Lord, no! Take it or leave it, son, that's as you choose. You're old enough to do your own choosing. There are plenty of countries in which you'd have your own wife and children by now. All I want you to know, as between gentlemen, is that it won't make any fatal difference either way."

"Father!" There was a half-passionate, half-wondering challenge in it now. "You mean to say you don't mind—seeing me *drink?*"

"*Drink?*" And now there was passion for India. "The only thing I mind is hearing you say that word that way. Because that's the way boys say it who afterwards die drunkards. Devil-worship! Fetishism, if ever there was! If you've really been made to feel as shivery as that, Flagg, I'd prefer you would give your glass at least a try."

"Would it—would it hurt me?"

"You've lived with me the best part of sixteen years, Flagg."

"Would I—would I like it, do you think?"

"I don't know. It's not by any means the best in the cellar. It's not the worst, though. It's probably as good a wine as nine-tenths of the saints and heroes of history ever tasted in their lives. Yes, it has a certain pride, of its kind."

India looked around to find Flagg with a gulp in his mouth, his cheeks swollen, his eyes as big as hotel butter-plates. It was enough to make a mourner laugh. India doubled over and slapped his thigh.

"Swallow it, you idjit! Swallow it down, you funny kid. It's not dynamite."

Flagg swallowed. He sat there flushed, suspicious, waiting. He sat there ready in another moment to begin to grin.

But then his eyes grew bigger still. A sudden pallor swept the pinkness from his face. Fascination, panic, guilt.

India wheeled to look where the boy was looking. There in the open doorway of the wine-cellar stood Anne.

India walked toward his wife. Confused, thinking only of Flagg and of this disaster to Flagg, he paid less attention than he should have paid to her posture and her look. He hardly saw her, indeed, as more than an incongruous presence, a monkey wrench thrown into the works, a wretched blunder.

"Oh, damn the luck!" he swore to himself. Then, "Easy, though! No scenes. Don't upset him any more. Carry it off."

So, waving his hands at her, he warned her laughingly, "Gentlemen only. Flagg and I are having a good old carouse. Upstairs with you, Mrs. India, where ladies belong."

It was simpler than he had dared hope. Anne seemed to take it. Without a word she unblocked the doorway and withdrew. India followed her out into the greater cellar, embroidering his whimsey. "Flagg and I are most extremely busy, madam, taking the Devil to pieces to see how he—"

But there was Anne, facing him.

"A carouse!" She had followed his words no further than that.

India's chin sagged. "Good Lord, dear, you didn't suppose I meant it!"

"You don't know what you mean. Please go along quietly upstairs."

"Are you talking to—do you mean—me?"

"Please go along quietly upstairs."

He had lived with her too long to know her. Familiarity breeds also blindness. He looked beyond her at the furnace, an antique hot-air affair. In the underground dimness, which might have been the dimness under the sea, with its swollen body and all its tentacles searching out through the shadows overhead, it might have been the mother of all the devilfish. And when India brought his eyes back to his wife they seemed to see her faintly fluorescent, like the denizen of another element, her faculties attuned to other waves, her spirit naked to other passions, beliefs, desires, angers, than his. For an instant he felt his utter helplessness. Then he remembered Flagg.

"It is you," he said, whitening about the hinges of his jaws, "who will go along, quietly. And I mean it, quietly. Rex is behind you, half way up the stairs, listening. So let's not have—anything."

"Rex?" Here it was at last. "What do you care, Sam? What's Rex to you?"

"A son."

"Words! Words! You know they're words. Are you willing to fight for Flagg?"

"I'm fighting for Flagg now."

"For Flagg, who doesn't need it. I've been fighting for Rex, who does need it, since the day he came. Doggedly, bitterly, giving him everything I had. *Your* son! What have *you* given him?"

India fought that off. He'd be damned if he'd be touched there this time. And then she had saved him, for her next words were, "If it had been Fern, now—"

"We'll not bring Fern into this."

There was a flame in her pupils. She had cast off the cool garment of the nun at last and stood out, giving no quarter.

"I shall bring into this what it serves me to bring. It's simpler to fight you in the open than in the ambush you've kept for all these years. I'll say what I must say; I'll go where I must go, Sam, even if I have to go alone. For I am right. . . . Flagg! Come out of that room."

"Flagg, stay in that—"

But the boy must have been poised on his toes behind the very door, for he was out and past them and like a tall scared shadow up the stairs.

Hotness swept India. He spoke through his teeth. "Now, Anne, you've gone and done it."

"To *stay done*."

With a shift, amazing in its speed, her large, white, electric body had outflanked him. The door to the wine-room slammed. The key was turned in the lock, withdrawn, imprisoned in a fist.

He stared at the fist.

"Give me that."

"I will not give you that."

"By God, Anne, you will."

"If God is the God I think, I will not."

In the rock-walled place their voices rang hard and loud, like equal swords, pitiless for the right.

Halfway up the stairs, in the gloom of the landing, four eyes and four ears were big. The sense of the weight of them bore India's shoulders down. He stayed himself. He counted twenty. He spoke in a lowered tone.

"Anne, listen. I'm going to have that door open, and I'm going to have it left open the rest of my life. No, I say, listen. Do you remember when we used to say in fun, in irony, 'Hang your clothes on the hickory limb, but don't go near the water'? I've lost one child, a daughter; I know now I'm in danger of losing a son by the same kind of drowning, too, some day, simply because I've been weak enough to let that damned thing be drummed into their ears and souls. Water' of one kind or another, there's 'water, water everywhere.' What I'm trying to say to Flagg now before it's too late is, 'Learn to swim. Then go about your business, wherever in the world your business takes you, like a man, and quit your worrying.'"

"Very fine. But what you close your eyes to is that you've another son who is so made that he *can't* learn to swim. Not ever."

India took it standing up. This time,

no matter how it hurt, he would neither wince nor turn. He had something to stick to, and he stuck grimly.

"The water to drown him will always be there."

"It will not be there!" Anne's voice broke bounds. Bodily, of a sudden, the woman was magnified. "Not if I—not if the thousands and millions of mothers who have borne sons—"

"It has been there, Anne, for thousands and millions of years."

"That's what they said of slavery until Lincoln signed—"

"Now you twist and pervert your reasoning. There's no analogy between the two things. Lincoln said, 'No man shall be master of another man.' You say, 'No man shall be master of himself.'"

"Bosh, Sam! Words mean so little. I've been too deep. *I know.*"

"I'm going deep, myself, Anne. Is 'Bosh!' all you have to say?"

"No. I have to say, what through selfishness, carelessness, blindness, Sam, you have not been willing to say, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'"

India was nearly betrayed; he nearly winced this time. "That's not the truth, Anne. I have been willing to say it, until I began to see the hell it was raising in certain—" But there he stopped.

He stopped because a suspicion had struck him. "Smoke screen" were the words that flew across his mind. He had a sense that it was covering the advance of something hitherto hidden and out-of-all-proportion bigger than the thing he had been fighting till now. His glance went up to the landing. The shadowy witnesses were still there. It came back to the woman, the warring angel, white with the curiously voluptuous glory of the washed-of-earth. It fell to her fist.

"May I have that key now, Anne?"

"No."

"What you're saying then is not '*I* will eat no flesh,' of *yourself*, but it is '*Thou* shalt eat no flesh!'—to *me*."

"If need be. If it comes to the same thing."

"It comes to two things as different as black and white."

"Have your words. I have Rex. And I have the key."

"But now," India said quietly, "I'm going to take it away from you."

"You will have to kill me first."

"Don't!"

It was like cold water, it shocked his nerves more than his mind. The boys up there, spying, listening. In spite of him his attention flew there. When it came back he found Anne moving away. Flexible as a feline in strategy, she knew that retreat served her better now than attack.

The shades that were the boys faded away in flight before her. Behind her, India was pocketed between the walls of the narrow stair. She made no attempt to hurry. Neither did he. His mood was fixed now. There would come the time when she would have to turn and stand.

He failed to realize what she was up to, until, as she stepped out of the front door ahead of him, he saw her describe a swift arc with her arm. When he got out beside her, her fist was open, her hand empty, her face once more the nun's.

He looked around him at all the miniature wildernesses into which that thrown key might have fallen, the shrubberies, flower-beds, patches of longer grass. For a moment he felt heavy all over, his body, his limbs, his mind. Heavy as battered lead.

India felt the weight pressing him down, bidding him rest.

There was a duplicate key to the wine-cellar, somewhere, put away for keeping with all the odds and ends of other unused things. It might have taken him an hour to find it. What alternative, then? He might take a crowbar to that door down there. He might do a

dozen things that would be spectacular and violent. If it weren't for this weariness in him that kept saying, "You've been fairly beaten. So what's the use?"

Anne knew he was beaten. She had no need to triumph. There was even to shame him the beginning of a misting and softening in the white mail of her rectitude. A kind of "forgiven and forgotten, Sam."

The boys knew he was beaten. The intensity of their interest in the valley, into which they stood staring from above the hedge beyond the lawn, betrayed their self-consciousness and their dismay. Their backs were too painfully expressive. The shoulders of one were rounded, and held so, quiet, as quiet as a rabbit waiting for a man's feet to go by. That was Rex. The other shoulders were held so square that there seemed to be peaks at the sleeve-tops, as if it were a coat suspended by two clothespins on a line. That was Flagg.

It cleared India's head. He shook himself. One foot, and then the other, he pulled himself out of the slough. He tried his will. He bent his mouth into a grin and showed it to Anne.

"You haven't answered any question. You haven't finished anything."

He went down the steps and walked toward the boys. As he walked, the wisdom of his grandfather recurred to him. "The one thing about drinking that is of importance is that it should be of no importance." There was a dismal humor in this now.

"Well, sons, what do you think of the game?"

They spun around, plainly as startled as if he had given them whacks on their backs, their faces hot and glum. He broadened his smile and crinkled his eyes at the corners.

"You see, we're only kids after all, we old ones; we have to have our football games. We make a lot of noise about it, growl, glare, swell out our chests. But you know how that is. It simply means it's a game. Now there's mother. Mother's side has to make horrible faces at the wine-bottle we use for a ball, and growl at it, 'You can't get me, because I'm going to lock you up in a black place and throw the key away.' My side's game is, 'Get *me*? Whoever put such big notions into your head? I guess not! Come out here into the light where I can look at you, and tell you once for all who's who around this house.' . . . Just for the moment mother's cheering section has gone wild, for mother's just scored. But time's not up, by a long shot. My team has sworn a horrible swear that by the time the whistle blows there'll be a bottle of some sort on the dinner-table, sitting mild and singing small. . . . Am I down-hearted, sons? Do I get any bets from either of you?"

Poor boys, they were so embarrassed. They looked down at their own feet.

"I don't want you to take sides, you fellows. I just want to know what the odds are. Do you think my side is licked? Should I give up?"

Rex seemed to be studying his shoes, but the eyes in his lowered face slid away to his mother, still standing white on the steps in the light of the falling sun. He was dumb.

"And you, Flagg?"

Flagg jerked up. His face was crimson, tormented, savage.

"Give up? Father!"

"Three cheers and a tiger!" Quite suddenly India's grin was real. "You bet I don't give up. No matter how deep mother thinks it's buried, you watch— By Jingo!" India's hand went to his head, inside of which he was recollecting words ". . . behind the old kennel . . . a big rock on top . . ."

It's funny, once a man really *wants* to win.

He chuckled. "Mother may have the heavier line, but when it comes to thinking like lightning, watch my quarterback. You fellows wait right here."

As he marched off toward the rear of the house, the ironic aptness of the accident grew on him. "If you're going to dig up a devil, dig up a proper one—one

that's been buried with awful dance and incantation."

He had no trouble in finding the stone that Flagg had told him of, on the far side of the abandoned dog-house up the beginning of the hill. They must have been in reverent earnest; it took all the man's strength to get the slab heaved away.

"Mumbo-Jumbo!" he intoned as he probed the earth with a shingle. "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum!" If he was to do it at all, he was to do it jauntily.

So he found the bottle presently, a squat, amber-colored one. When he had dusted off the grave-soil he pursed his lips, like whistling. "Scotch! The old 'Cardley's Very Special'! No half-way about those dragon-slayers!"

India sat down on a dog-crate that was there against the wall, feeling suddenly rather gone in the legs. He had had no lunch, and now, though nobody seemed to realize it, dinner was a long time overdue. He continued to study the bottle in his hand, prey to an unexpected fascination.

"'Thou shalt not!', eh?"

It was his father who had put down the Cardley's. He thought of his father. He re-envisaged his grandfather, the straight-standing, soft-voiced, keen-eyed old man. He wondered what would have been the expression of either of them had someone proposed to lock up any room whatever in *his* house and throw the key away.

Beside the two figures there was a third, his own. It looked not only dwindled but dingy with the poverty of the fag-end son, who, through sloth and trust and amiability, finds his patrimony bit by bit picked away.

Something had happened to India. He had come out here on account of Flagg. Now he was here on his own account. He had almost forgotten Flagg. His brows gathering in a knot, he studied the bottle.

"I've a mind to make an ass of myself. I've a mind, friend bottle, to lie on my back and tip you up and simply swine-guzzle. It seems to me about the only way I can ever get back my self-respect is to get as drunk as an admiral, here and now."

The idea expanded. "It would be the sacrifice of something I've held valuable, but after all . . . Damnation! When it comes to the point where a man is told he can't be trusted to know the right from the wrong, may it not be that the only answer that'll make a dent is for him to *prove* he can't, with a lurid vengeance? There's humor there. 'If you wish to take over my job of personal discrimination, of personal responsibility for the valuable body and the invaluable soul I've been given to carry on with, so be it, you're welcome. And now that I'm clear of it—here goes!'"

India's gaze left the bottle and went up toward the ridge, fevered with his rebel speculations. A moment it was all flame-red up there under the eaves of the woods, the sun setting. "I've a mind to, damn 'em!"

Another moment, and the fire in the woods died. Slowly, then with a rush, the cooler color of dusk came out of the earth and overran the trees.

India put a hand to his head. He let out his breath in a "Whew!"

A smile of self-raillery moved his mouth. "A little bit more, and they'd have had me playing their own game for them."

The smile deepened, taking on an aspect of clearer humor. Holding the bottle at arm's length he wagged his head at it.

"Be damned if they didn't have me awful near to doing you reverence, my friend. A minute more, and they'd have had us at each other's throats in the dark."

He got up, a little numb at the knees, and stood reflecting.

"That's the dangerous part of too suddenly discovering that you come of fighting stock. It makes it hard to go gently, go gaily."

As he started back toward the house he took the bottle by the neck, like a

war-club, or like a jester's thumping bladder, to flourish.

"Grin, fellow, grin!"

Down on the lawn the time seemed endless. Of the three that were there, if Flagg was not the most nervous, then he hid it the least well. Being undivided in his suspense, the fact that his little brother could think of anything else drove him nearly wild. What he wanted most in the world was to be let alone, but as often as he moved, Rex tagged after him. It did no good to growl, "Beat it!" It did no good to lash out, "For Pete's sake, shut up!" All this seemed to do was to draw still tighter the leading-rope of some mysterious fascination.

Flagg was so simple, and at the same time so mixed up, that it took him a long while to comprehend. When he did, he stood and gaped.

"Huh?"

"How does it?" The inquisitor was trying his best not to writhe, but his eyes for once were nearly shining. "How does it make you feel, now?"

"How does what?"

"What father gave you. All that—you know—all that wine."

"Me?"

"Does it make your head go around? Any?"

"*Me?* Say, what do you think? You make me want to laugh."

"You want to laugh, do you? Is that the way it makes you, Flagg?"

Flagg felt his face purpling. This made him madder than ever, this, and his inarticulate, elephantine helplessness.

"Say! Where do you get that— *I* didn't have any wine. Not enough to—"

"You did too."

"I never. Now you listen: if you think you're kidding me, cut it out. Beat it! Hear me? You beat it, before I—"

Mother was between them. "Flagg!"

"Well, I don't care. He needn't think, just because he's smaller'n I am, he can be so funny. Wine! If that wouldn't make you laugh!"

"It doesn't make me laugh, Flagg. I'm sorry, but I've been watching you."

"Me?" Flagg couldn't help it; now his jaw did hang. "Well, you!" he cried, wheeling on Rex. "You can talk, you had as much as I had."

"I didn't swallow it. I spit it out, mother. If you spit it out, it can't do you any—"

"Spit it out like fun, you did!"

"Boys!"

"I don't care, I only had one swallow"

"I'm afraid, Flagg, you don't know how many swallows you had. That's one of the things I've tried to tell you. If you'd stop to think, you'd see that something's queer somewhere. What do you suppose it is that makes you seem not quite like Flagg to your brother, and to me? Don't you realize you're acting—and talking— Flagg, son, go in the house, will you?"

Flagg stood and stared.

"Did you hear me? Go in."

"I won't."

"You—*what?*"

"I—I—"

It was hideous. That first stunning defiance was bad enough; but it wasn't that, it was his sudden doubt that was the worst. This sudden feeling of not being absolutely sure. Was it true, or even a tenth true, what mother said? Was that what made him— But he *had* had only one swallow— Or— How much did one need to make one— Was mother, *could* mother be right? Was he, Flagg India, was he actually—

Mother spoke in her North Pole way, brittle and deadly. "Where is your father?"

Flagg's lips were glued together. He had no idea where his father was, but now some weird perversity made him want to make her think he had, and wouldn't tell. And this very perversity, so new in him, deepened the blackness of his mistrust. Had he, then—had he, Flagg India, *been drinking?*

"There's father," Rex announced.

Brick steps to the south of the house led down from the back yard into the flower garden where, as the shadows thinned, now the dusk deepened. Father had come as far as the top of these steps, and there he stood. When he saw the trio on the lawn turn to look up at him he hoisted a thing he had in his hand and waved it at arm's length in the air. And across the distance they heard him chuckling. Merrily, merrily.

Mother studied him for one instant.

"Boys, go into the house. Both of you, I mean."

It was the sort of tone to start them. But when she had started, herself, walking stiff-legged toward the garden and those steps, and when they had reached the first cover of a forsythia bush, somehow they had to halt there, petrified, to wait and watch and listen. So it was that they heard their mother's words, delivered from the garden entrance.

"Sam India, where did you get that bottle?"

So it *was* a bottle. Yes, and he had it by the neck, like a club, and the more wildly he waved it the more merrily he chuckled.

"Sam India," said mother, "you're drunk."

It struck everything as still as death.

"You, of all people, Sam. Beastly, befuddled drunk!"

Out of the silence after that, one sound came, and one only. Behind the forsythia bush Rex tittered. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing out loud in his life. Probably he had no idea what he was doing. It must have been more nerves than anything.

Probably Flagg had no idea what *he* was doing, either. He wasn't even aware of the burning of his knuckles until he had been staring down for instants at the form of his brother stretched on the grass under the overhang of the forsythia shoots.

Flagg opened his mouth. "Rex, get up." Rex would not move. The worst of it was that while the figure lay as still as still, the eyes were as wide as wide.

Before Flagg's eyes ran a file of letters, big black newspaper headline capitals.

"BOY DRUNK SLAYS BROTHER."

Flagg stood there and stood there and stood there.

By and by, somewhere on the turf beyond the bush, feet were moving. They were loudening. It was mother, coming to look.

Flagg walked away from the forsythia. When he had gone ten steps he started to run. The front gate was too far off and too public; wriggling through the barberry hedge, he let himself down the boundary wall to the road outside. There he mustn't run, the road was so hard and so loud. So he had to try to walk again.

The fearful thing was the silence. Even when he had got around a turn in the descending road, where from below he could see nothing of the house in which he had lived all his life but a night-grayed gable surmounting the parapet of the hedge, the silence continued unbroken.

Flagg tried to tell himself, "It's because she hasn't found him yet."

Then he began for the second time to run.

"BOY DRUNK SLAYS BROTHER."

Between ten and eleven, on the Boston Post Road between Southport and Fairfield, the hindmost one of a caravan of army trucks pulled out beside the way with a flat tire forward. When the driver had got a spare on, thrown the damaged rubber into the rear of the truck, and taken a chew of tobacco, he saw a boy standing, doing nothing, just inside the red half-circle cast by the tail-light. His head full of spies and pacifists, the soldier threw the spot of his torch upon the dumb one. Moved then, without quite knowing why, by the boy's look of wildness and weariness,

he said: "How about a lift, Bub? If your going my way, climb in."

"Why—why, I don't—why, thank you very much."

The cab was roomy and black. The soldier drove hard to catch up with the others; the truck clanked and rumbled like a rolling mountain; one had to bellow to be heard. Two or three times, after a passing headlight had swept across, the soldier leaned along the seat and shouted: "Gone to sleep, Bub? All right, only hang on, though."

Ill-luck followed the truck. This time it was a broken fan-belt, out beyond New Haven. When he had succeeded in patching it up and gotten back into the height of the cab, the man took time to study his guest's gray face more intently.

"Looks to me I know what you need, Bub. If you can keep your trap shut, that is. And I guess you can."

Rummaging under the cushion he brought out a pint flask.

"You take just about one-fifth of a nip of that, son. That'll set the old wheels a-goin' again."

"No-uh-thanks."

"It's good. Needn't be scared of this; I'll guarantee it for the purest rye in New England. Give me by a friend of my wife's I've known like I know my brother. Look-a-here, I'll show you how good *I* think it is."

While the soldier had the flask tipped up above his face, the boy got out of the cab's corner and down the truck's side. He moved as soundlessly as if his hands and feet touched nothing, and as swiftly as if the Devil were after him.

Still like a wraith he entered the underbrush beside the road. He ran through it, keeping his feet somehow, holding his elbows before his face against the whipping branches.

To Be Continued

THE SANCTIMONIOUS

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

WHAT can these do with immortality
Who sour the sweet of life with dour minds,
Who never learn that living beautifully
Is Man's excuse for being? They gnaw the rinds
Of life, and hope by going like a mouse,
In fear and trembling, with oft bended knees,
Some day to find where God himself keeps house,
And creep in there, and nibble Heavenly cheese.

THE POLITICS OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE man of letters does not crowd our market place as thickly as the output of the publishers might make one believe. Time and experience have fixed his essential character so well that it is mere thoughtlessness to confuse with him either the entertainer or the æsthete. The former, like the Arab story-tellers whose soft murmur one hears through desert nights, performs a delightful function little related to the literature of civilized man; the latter, mistaking literature for a mere art, usually performs no function at all. Adolescence plays with sensuous beauty; in his maturity the man of letters speaks always to a purpose. He may be ambitious for his work when it is finished; he may chaffer with publishers over terms. The creative impulse to which the work owes its existence has nothing to do with mere beauty or with ambition or with money. The man of letters, though his highest personal joy may come to him from the creation of a character or the right structure of a treatise, is above all a man whom conscience pursues, who cannot bear to let things quite take their evil and chaotic way, who must either "justify the ways of God to man" or concretely express his indignation, his pity, and his love. He may merely castigate faults within a social and moral order he accepts, like Fielding or Molière; he may even be convinced of the excellence of a given society and eager to have its greatness preserved, like Virgil or Tennyson; he is more likely to be with Milton or Shelley or Shaw a revolutionary, a reformer, a *Weltverbesserer*, one whose scruples will not let him rest, one who is not free while any are enslaved nor tranquil while any are at strife. He is, contrary to the common opinion, a very political animal. The average politician bears the same relation to him that the manipulator of a calculating machine bears to a master of mathematics. He is, though I say this with bated breath, likely to be a better politician than the political scientist who is too often enmeshed in the traditions and discipline and technic of his science and tends to forget that the objects of that science are creatures whom fire burns and iron wounds and oppression degrades. The man of letters has imagination and sympathy and a sharp eye for sham and cant. Always the politicians have sought to lend a spurious dignity to old iniquities and selfish ends. Always the quality and trend of polities and societies have been recorded by those, from Lucian to Ring Lardner, whom wrong and ugliness and folly stung into speech.

II

To-day, precisely as a century ago, the man of letters is profoundly impelled to political thinking and political action. There are periods of apparent equilibrium when the affairs of his kind do not beat so strongly upon his heart. To-day he remembers the years of reaction that followed the Napoleonic wars; he remembers his predecessors—Shelley, Hazlitt, Heine; he remembers the poets who fled from Germany in 1848 because their republican hope had failed; he knows that the long conflict for the

liberation of humanity has again entered upon one of its crucial stages, perhaps the most crucial in modern history, and he has that within which cannot leave him inactive and unmoved. He knows, in addition, that the issues to-day are infinitely more complicated than ever before, that sincere specialists in a hundred sciences influence without enlightening the public mind, and that his counsel, the counsel of the independent humanist, is more needed than ever.

Instances of this need multiply daily. Prosperous friends come back from their Italian travels and are loud in praise of the Fascist regime. It is rather a nuisance, they admit, to see so many soldiers, even though the blackshirts seem fine, upstanding fellows. But they remember former visits to Italy; they remember dilatoriness and sloth, loitering and disorder, and beggars on the steps of every church and in every shady corner. To-day everybody is at work; everybody is prompt; things get done; there are no beggars; there is order. Therefore, Mussolini is a great man. Mr. Otto H. Kahn thinks so too. He has said so. He ought to know. He has got things done to the tune of heaven only knows how much and is a great patron of the arts to boot.

These arguments which seem so unanswerable convince the man of letters, of scruples, the responsible friend of his kind, that he must in truth speak out. What these good people call order is the thing that, alas, we are forced to create in a ward of dangerous lunatics. Italy belongs to that Mediterranean world in which people have always loitered and sat in the sun, in which the beggar has never been the object of shame that he is in the Protestant and industrialized North, but rather the cripple and the wanderer and God's fool and no wholly unwelcome reminder of the duties of compassion and charity. In that true life of man which he lives in harmony with his character, which he lives for its own sake and not for the sake of "getting things done"—piling up stone and metal beyond all need, increasing speed without improving direction, creating the irritant of futile desire because production overshoots necessity — in that true life, which we have almost forgotten, the Italian beggar was a far nobler human being than either the blackshirt or the blackshirt's intimidated slave. For it is a fallacy to believe that a folk will change its nature at the bidding of a tyrant. Fascism will pass; the Italian people will remain. In the meantime men are cowed and develop for a period the vices of the oppressed, and Mussolini is feared and hated on every Italian frontier from Tripoli to the Tyrol. The Fascist regime is an image of *dis*order, if order means harmony and peace, if it means that a people's political institutions must be a development and projection of its character and needs.

The image I carry away from my last Italian visit is that of the face and gesture of an innkeeper somewhere on the northern shore of the Lago di Garda. Since my Italian is very limited and since German was the man's mother-tongue we naturally used that language. Suddenly one day I asked him a question of political import. He blanched; the skin of his forehead seemed visibly to draw back; he crumpled; he looked behind him. "*Mein Herr,*" he stammered, "*ich bin Italiener!*" And ran.

III

"Very well," say the friends of the man of letters. "Suppose we grant you that liberty is dead in Italy, that that country in fact squares literally with the most overdrawn war-pictures of Prussia, that the peace of the world is violently threatened by Mussolini—suppose we grant you all that, isn't it odd that you aren't equally zealous in your condemnation of Russia where liberty is dead, too, and whence propaganda and ambition of another sort equally menace the unstable peace of earth?"

The man of letters, though far from astute, is not put out of countenance by

that question, for the simple reason that he has had, earnestly and repeatedly, to propose it to himself and to discover the source of his inner temptation to be more tolerant of the tyrannies of the left than of those of the right. Analyzing himself thus, he admits the truth of the conservative's jeer that he has often played the parlor-Bolshevist and tried to find excuses for conditions which he himself, a libertarian and a bourgeois by habits of both mind and body, would find very nearly unendurable. In this search he has come upon an instinct within himself which is partly historical and partly ethical in its nature, upon something that partakes both of actual knowledge and of fundamental conviction. He does not believe for a moment that the Soviet regime in its present form will last. The society which it has established will, like every society, develop and change. It will re-admit liberty and flexibility or itself perish.

Meanwhile it possesses certain marks or, as Newman was fond of saying, notes that ally it to certain revolutions and regimes of the past and differentiate it forever from such practices as the Tyrolese policy or the vulgar imperialism of Fascist Italy. What are those marks or notes of the Russian revolution? It has not sought wealth or pomp or power; it has overthrown wealth and pomp and power and sought to raise the lowly and the disinherited; it has returned lands and concessions to other nations; it has permitted the many peoples in the many republics that constitute the Soviet Union to keep and cultivate their ancestral speech and manners and traditions. In the defense of its central politico-economic theory it is ruthless and cruel and vile. But so, alas, have men always been in the defense of some idea. Christianity come into power waded through blood for a thousand years; the Protestant revolution did not delay long in burning heretics in Geneva and scourging Quakers out of Massachusetts Bay. The horrors of the French revolution are still in every memory and even the American revolutionaries, soberest and humanest of their kind, were not tender toward the Tories in their midst.

All things degenerate and change. Molds harden and ancient evils reappear. But history is clear on one point: All revolutions against wealth and pomp and power, all revolutions for the oppressed and outcast and disinherited succeed and leave their everlasting mark upon mankind. Serfs and slaves are set free; re-enslaved by certain types of industrialism they are bound to rebel again, and that rebellion is bound to be accompanied by all the horrors of all rebellions. But revolutions—religious, political, economic—succeed. Empire and the lust for empire fail. The industrial revolution will be embodied in the affairs of mankind, in another and developing form, precisely as the results of every other revolution have been. But the conquerors big and little, the war-lords and oppressors fail and slaughter their thousands for a memory picturesque in ballad and in tale.

Russia of to-day is far enough from representing the ideal of the man of letters. But if he had to live there he would try to co-operate in patience and in hope, and he looks with no friendly eye upon the Russian émigré waiting in Berlin or Paris or Nice for a return of those Black Fridays and pogroms and scourges and exiles which watered with blood the soil of the revolution. He would try to co-operate in patience and hope. But what would there be to co-operate with in Italy or Roumania, or to be patient with? Land-grabbing, empire-building, soldiering, flaying and stifling conquered populations—the whole futile, barbarous, pagan business tried and found a wretched failure a hundred times.

IV

Yes, the man of letters admits his parlor-Bolshevist tendencies. He has them because history teaches him that revolutions of the oppressed have always

in the long run succeeded. And he is amazed at the amazement of his conservative friends. Because if the Judæo-Christian ethic by which the Western world is supposed to live possesses a jot of fundamental truth, it is only right and just and a foregone conclusion that all such revolutions must succeed and that all striving after mere power and pomp and empire must, equally, in the long run, be doomed to failure. The man of letters is quietly amused, in fact, at his friends who, frequenting church and temple, expect anything else. And he is especially amused at the former who, having just contributed to a fund to send missionaries to India or China or Mexico, are virtuously indignant at the propaganda of that communist idealism which, for better or worse, is the religion of millions of contemporary men. He is, in fact, always amused at people who will spend millions in advertising and propaganda to sell some favorite notion of their own and call for district attorneys or even the armed forces of the nation when some brother man wants to sell them an idea for what he too conceives to be their good.

The man of letters, in other words, is a Christian. He is all the more a Christian if, as in the present instance, he is a Jew and so historically possessed the ethics of Jesus long before the appearance of that prophet and for several millennia has been the member of a communion happiest in calling itself *Rachmonim bnei rachmonim*, merciful children of the merciful. He has never ceased to be appalled at the unbelievably gross contradiction at the very core of Western civilization: everywhere the church, the chapel, the temple, everywhere the wayside cross or shrine of peace, and everywhere utterly pagan action, a complete submission to the material world at its most vulgar, a submission to stone and blood and metal and speed; the nations chaffering over the instruments of murder at Geneva in very sight of the statue of Rousseau dreaming on its island in the lovely lake; whole populations wildly enthusiastic over a plucky bit of physical skill and endurance who would turn coldly from some Pasteur or Ehrlich or other true benefactor of themselves and their posterity. Seeing all this, the man of letters is almost tempted to praise the superior candor and honesty of those groups of Nordics in various parts of the continent of Europe who openly agitate a return to the pagan rites and customs of their remote ancestors and an open repudiation of the ethic once cast over them in a moment of weakness by the alien Jew.

V

If the man of letters be not only, as he must necessarily be, a Christian or a Jew but also an American, his politics, which the practical man will call idealistic drivel, have a thoroughly native tradition behind them. He finds his central justification stated once and for all in one of those few fundamental classics of ours which no one seems to read except with the mere physical eye. "There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil," Thoreau wrote, "to one who is striking at the root." He finds his thoughts on revolutions anticipated by the same writer's "the last significant scrap of news from England was the revolution of 1649"; he rejoices at Thoreau's anticipation of all such things as the Lindbergh flight: "Our inventions are but improved means to an unimproved end." And in the whole body of early American tradition he finds a taking for granted of his central political truth that the State exists for man, not man for the State, and that the highest vigilance to preserve an anxious individualism is necessary lest the citizen, losing himself in a mechanism, a slogan, or a flag, identify his personal good with power and prestige and conquest even to the lust for murder and the endurance of death.

There is the root of evil, as seen by the man of letters, in all politics that are called practical and are in the end merely

destructive. Balance of power, protection of concessions or of exported capital, internal squabbles over restrictive laws —all these are literally futile. They have no connection with the aim of every social order, which is to permit the individual to lead the good life. Economic security is necessary to this end, not wealth; freedom, not power; brotherhood, not dominance. And the good life is not an enforced way of life; it has nothing to do with any man's theory concerning his fellows; it consists in the freedom of a disciplined will.

To this definition with all its consequences there will be violent objection, especially in America where we are under the shadow of the universal meddler. But it is easy enough to begin by turning the tables. Why is it literally true, as Emerson observed, that "it is the whipper who will be whipped and the tyrant who is undone"? Because the tyrant, the Horthy, the Mussolini, the agitator for conscriptions and prohibitions of all kinds, is the man of an undisciplined will. His will quite literally runs riot and in the end creates riot; it is a will gone mad, for it desires to universalize its own image and to suck the world into itself. The wretched gunman or housebreaker, the poor economic or passional criminal at whom the warm householder shudders whenever libertarians speak, is by his very feebleness, his individual and sporadic exploits, of little significance or danger. His will, to be sure, has not undergone the discipline of civilization. But it has neither the monstrous arrogance nor the wide power for evil of such unleashed wills as those of a Mussolini or a Volstead. Both, to fall back on the old Kantian definition, conceive of men as means, not as ends, as objects, not as subjects. Whoever does that represents the undisciplined will in that state of arrogance which is both madness and crime.

Hence arises the man of letters' prejudice against all rulers, since those who come to rule are commonly those who desire power over others and are, by the very existence in them of that desire, unworthy of exercising such power. The minimum of delegated power which common action will always require he would see placed in the hands of the disciplined and scrupulous, those who know that the good life is never filled with either pleasure or business to the brim and always keep a space for contemplation at its core. Action is necessary. But action which always impinges, always violates, must always contain the possibility of force and so of evil. "Man in the heat of action is always conscienceless," said Goethe; "only the contemplative conscience is awake." Does that seem fantastic? It is as fantastic as the sayings of Jesus, of the great Talmudists, of Shelley, or Thoreau. We have disregarded these fantastic and terrible truths and we live amid competitive armaments on a volcano. Is it not time at last to throw aside our vaunted practical men and try to follow wisdom?

VI

Security to live the good life within society—that is, then, the aim of all the political thinking and acting of the man of letters. It illustrates the fact that politics is a branch of practical ethics, that governments are justified when they create freedom, not when they curb it; that they fail precisely when they let majorities annoy or oppress minorities, or any man annoy or oppress any other whose notion of the good life differs from his own. The trouble with the application of this theory is that in our present society property is more highly esteemed than life. People will endure to be uniformed in both peace and war, but they will not consent to an ordering of that economic chaos from which both war and modern revolution arise. They believe that the good life, so far as they rise to such a conception, requires economic but not moral flexibility.

The precise contrary is, of course, true. The freedom of the good life does not

require the outwitting of others and the inordinate piling up of earthly gear. The burning problem of politics seems to the man of letters to be the contraction of the governmental sphere of power to such an ordering of economic affairs as will diminish competition and eliminate conflict. Beyond that its function is negative: to guard the freedom of the individual citizen, to keep men from such disorder as disgraces Italy, Roumania, Hungary and, though for more hopeful reasons, the Russia of to-day.

Freedom is order; variety of experience and character and culture and opinion is order. Uniformity is a relapse into the primitive and the savage when a man was stoned for not keeping the Sabbath or killed by his tribal fellows for either marrying or not marrying a girl from a tribe across the river. The course of all development, it was pointed out long ago, is from homogeneity to heterogeneity. All nature and all history are at one on that point; all the great sages and saviors have proclaimed the freedom of the disciplined will—disciplined not by rods and uniforms or public opinion but by the still small voice within. And that is why the man of letters, the man of some knowledge and some scruples, is always the parlor-Bolshevist of his age, is always on the side of liberty, always the enemy of reaction and uniformity. For he knows these alternatives to be not two possible modes of more or less equivalent action. One is, in such a universe as this for such a being as man, the way of life and peace; the other, of present war and ultimate doom.

TO A CONTEMPORARY

BY W. H. DAVIES

BY MY fast horse that knows no rest,
And, like his rider, never tires;
By my strong concentration, which
Still takes me where my heart desires;
By my great power to stand transfixed
At beauty, when my mind commands it;
By my strong faith that I'll not fail
At morning, noon, or night to find it;
By my desire for longer life,
My ecstasy in mortal breath;
By all my healthy fear and hate,
In thinking of the hour of death;
By all this joy, by this content,
By all my faith in what I plan;
By all these all-sufficing friends—
How can I envy any man!
True to a heart that joy makes kind,
And praising things of little worth;
Still giving praise where none is due,
No greater liar walks the earth!

SCIENCE AND THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Chairman of the National Research Council

WHEN men like Herbert Hoover, Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, and Owen D. Young volunteer their services and join with members of the National Academy of Sciences in presenting the needs of pure science to the American people we may reasonably believe that a question of national importance is at stake. And when industrial leaders, recognizing the value of research to their stockholders, vote to assist in meeting these needs, we are equally sure of their conviction that American industry must profit enormously by the adequate cultivation of pure science.

Germany saw the importance of pure science more than a century ago and cultivated it with characteristic thoroughness. The intense development of research in her universities, and the great body of men there trained in fundamental science have given her a leading position in the scientific world. From this solid foundation she derives her strength in the industrial arts and her enormous power in war and peace. The statistics that demonstrate her progress in science also show that the United States, though already well advanced in scientific research, must go much farther if she is to compete on equal terms with Germany.

The pure scientists are the advance guard of civilization. By their discoveries, they furnish to the engineer and industrial chemist and other applied scientists the raw material to be elaborated into manifold agencies for the amelioration of the conditions of mankind. Unless the work of the pure scientist is continued and pushed forward with ever increasing energy, the achievements of the industrial scientists will diminish and degenerate. Many practical problems now confronting mankind cannot be solved by the industrial scientist alone, but must await further fundamental discoveries and new scientific generalizations.

This statement is made by John J. Carty, Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a corporation which has utilized science for the public benefit on an enormous scale. Through his initiative and that of his associates, Theodore Vail, H. B. Thayer, Walter S. Gifford, and Frank B. Jewett, the effort of the National Academy of Sciences to secure adequate support for pure science in the United States received its first great indorsement from the industries.

The "practical man," with his haste for immediate returns, often fails to see the vital need for pure science. Not so with the great leaders who have developed such corporations as the General Electric Company, the DuPont Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, the Westinghouse Company, the American Telephone Company, and others which contribute so much to national prosperity and progress.

Elihu Thompson, in whose research laboratory the General Electric Company had its origin, ranks as one of the most enlightened pioneers in the utilization of science by industry. One result of his efforts was the establishment of the great Research Laboratory at Schenectady, where Willis R. Whitney,

Irving Langmuir, and W. D. Coolidge carry on their very productive investigations. All of these men know the industrial value of pure science and lose no opportunity to promote it. Fortunately they have the support of men like Owen Young, Gerard Swope, and E. W. Rice, each of whom shares their appreciation of pure science. Doctor Whitney expresses the attitude of this group when he says:

> Necessity is not the mother of invention; knowledge and experiment are its parents. This is clearly seen in the case of many industrial discoveries; high-speed cutting tools were not a necessity which preceded, but an application which followed the discovery of the properties of tungsten-chromium-iron alloys.

The wider the vision and the more powerful the constructive imagination of the statesmen and business leaders who rise by these qualities above mediocrity, the greater is their appreciation of the vital relationship between pure science and industrial and national progress. They clearly perceive that a nation anxious to reduce the cost of living and unwilling to be displaced in industrial competition by better informed rivals must promote research in the industries. And they also recognize, as a still more fundamental necessity, the prime importance of developing research in all branches of pure science for the sake of advancing knowledge and of opening the sources from which industrial applications spring. Our place in the intellectual world, the advance of our industries and our commerce, the health of our people, the production of our farms, the conditions under which the great majority of our population must labor, and the prosperity and security of the nation depend upon our cultivation of pure science.

II

The difference between industrial research and fundamental research in pure science is frequently misunderstood. Industrial research, from its very nature, is research directed toward the solution of some particular problem encountered in the industries. When this problem has been solved the research has been completed. Throughout the work the attention of the investigator is directed to this special purpose, and other possibilities are necessarily ignored.

Fundamental research in pure science, on the contrary, is conducted for the purpose of increasing knowledge through the discovery of new laws of nature. Such discoveries may be infinitely more important to industry than the narrower conclusions of industrial research. Thus, while a valuable improvement in a dynamo or an electric light may result from a successful piece of industrial research, the very existence of dynamos and electric lights and the whole art of electrical engineering may spring from applications of a single new law of nature.

Take, for example, Faraday's celebrated discovery of electro-magnetic induction. It may seem a simple thing to prove that an electric current is produced by moving a magnet within a coil of wire, but out of this discovery the whole electrical industry has sprung, giving employment in the United States alone to six million people and contributing enormously to national wealth. No one could invent or even conceive of a dynamo before this discovery was made. But as soon as the nature of electro-magnetic induction was known it became a comparatively simple matter to design a dynamo and to generate electric current with it. An English statesman once asked Faraday the value of his discovery. "Some day," said Faraday, "it may be developed so that you can tax it." The immense revenues poured by the electrical industries into the Treasury to-day sufficiently bear him out.

Or take the equally well-known case of the origin of wireless telegraphy. No inventor, however ingenious, could decide to use electric waves in the ether for purposes of communication before the very existence of such waves was known.

It was the British physicist Maxwell, engaged in a purely mathematical study of the nature of light, who first clearly conceived of the existence of these waves, though they had been foreshadowed by the investigations of Faraday and Henry. Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light demanded them, and his equations gave strong reason to believe in their reality. Guided by this theory, the German physicist Hertz succeeded in producing the waves and detecting them across his laboratory. This work once accomplished, the possibility of wireless communications became obvious. Crookes foresaw the utilization of ether waves for wireless telegraphy, which was accomplished over short distances by Lodge in 1894, and applied on a commercial scale by Marconi two years later.

The discoveries which have revolutionized industry often arise in the most unexpected quarters. The modern development of the art of metallurgy, for example, has come from several remote sources. These include the study of meteorites by the British microscopist Sorby, the study of the electric discharge in rarefied gases by the German physicist Roentgen, the study of the structure of crystals by the German physicist Laue and the British physicist Bragg, and the introduction of the thermocouple by the French chemist Le Chatelier.

Sorby, interested in the minute constituents of rocks, examined sections of meteorites under his microscope. Some of these were metallic, and the remarkable structure thus revealed led to his application of the microscope to the study of metals and alloys.

Roentgen, working with his vacuum tubes, discovered that they emit invisible rays, which freely pass through wood and other solids, and strongly affect the photographic plate. It is unnecessary to recall how X-rays have since become of incalculable value, not only in detecting flaws in steel rails and in other metallurgical applications, but in the most varied requirements of dentistry, surgery, and medicine.

Laue, picturing in his imagination the uniform spacing of molecules in crystals, utilized X-rays to create an extraordinary new method of analysis, which in a few years has not only revolutionized the science of crystallography, but has placed in the hands of the metallurgist another powerful means of advancing his art.

Le Chatelier, finding the exact measurement of high temperatures essential in his chemical researches, utilized the thermocouple for this purpose in his electric furnaces and thus developed the study of the thermal changes which accompany physical or chemical variations of constitution within iron, steel, and other metals.

III

In my own field of astrophysics some of the most important researches on which modern industry depends have had their origin. It is well known that electrical engineering and also such important metallurgical problems as the nature and development of alloys depend upon our knowledge of the electron and the proton, their organization in the atom, and the constitution of the various forms of matter. The most powerful means we possess of acquiring such knowledge is through spectrum analysis, which was first established on a reliable footing by a study of the sun. This is natural, as the sun is a great furnace, containing vast quantities of sodium, iron, calcium, magnesium, nickel, and other familiar elements in the form of brilliantly luminous vapor. Kirchhoff and Bunsen, two well-known German physicists, passed sunlight through a prism, which resolved the complex beam into its constituents and revealed the spectra of most of the terrestrial elements. These spectra are so characteristic that it at once became a quick and easy matter to analyze the light of the stars and to determine their chemical composition. It goes without saying that by the same simple means any luminous vapor in the laboratory can be

analyzed and its composition determined.

This was only a first step. A few years later Sir William Huggins, working at his little observatory in London, found in the spectra of white stars like Sirius a series of lines definitely spaced, growing closer and closer together until they fused into a sharp head in the ultra-violet region. Here was the first clue to that beautiful process, involved in Bohr's theory of atomic structure, by which it has recently become possible to reduce the most complicated spectra to orderly sequence—a process which is indispensable in determining the nature of matter.

Another great step was taken when Lockyer found peculiar differences in the spectrum of calcium in different parts of the sun, and in the light of certain stars. These gave the first indication of the existence of atoms which have lost one or more of their electrons, strikingly illustrated in the recent work of Millikan and Bowen on "stripped atoms," which involves the use of the very methods of spectrum analysis, extended by them to the remote ultra-violet, which Kirchhoff and Bunsen initiated in their study of the sun.

I might go on to describe how a new element, helium, of great importance not only in non-explosive dirigibles but in the process of unraveling the constitution of matter, was first discovered by Lockyer in the sun, or to explain how the validity of Einstein's revolutionary theory could not have been established without the aid of experiments made possible by the great masses of the sun and stars. The nature of magnetism is another critical question in this vital industrial problem of the constitution of matter, and if space permitted I might explain how the sun enables us to try a fundamental experiment bearing on the origin of magnetism which cannot be performed in terrestrial laboratories.

Many other illustrations could be given of the indebtedness of industry, agriculture, and medicine to pure science.

The whole art of broadcasting and receiving, nearly all long distance wave telephony, and all carrier-wave transmission of whatever sort rest upon and grew out of researches on the nature of electric discharges in gases at low pressures.

The investigations in thermodynamics of Carnot and Joule are the scientific foundations of our knowledge of the steam engine.

Osborn Reynolds' mathematical studies on the motion of a viscous fluid, applied to the problems of lubrication, have revolutionized the design of bearings.

The marvellous development of the chemical industries, which are now producing synthetically from coal-tar distillate most of the dyestuffs, antiseptics, high explosives, perfumes, flavors, and medicinals of commerce, became possible only after many years of painstaking scientific research had established the molecular theory of the structure of carbon compounds.

Priestley's observation that electric sparks in the air produce compounds of nitrogen and oxygen and Cavendish's production of nitrate of potash from the resulting gases are the sources of the artificial nitrate industry, which has increased the yield of crops.

Recent improvements in the fixation of nitrogen, the conversion of cheap oils into valuable fats, and the direct production of wood alcohol from coal and water have been made possible by scientific researches on the principles determining the equilibrium of chemical reactions and the possibilities of accelerating them by catalysis and by high pressures and temperatures.

The discovery of calcium carbide and acetylene gas by Wöhler and the subsequent investigations of Moissan, Willson, and Le Chatelier made possible the use of acetylene gas for illuminating purposes and its application in blow pipes to the cutting and welding of metals.

The great industry of paper manufacture from wood pulp had its germ in Reaumur's studies of wasps, which con-

struct their papery nests of materials produced by the mastication of bits of wood and other vegetable substances.

The modern arts of plant and animal breeding and development sprang from Mendel's experiments in pure science.

IV

Willard Gibbs, called by Ostwald "the greatest scientific genius the United States has produced," was an obscure professor of mathematical physics at Yale. Perhaps because of the difficulty of his subject, which attracted few students, he found time to prepare and publish in 1867 his treatise "On the Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances," referred to by the English chemist Donnan as "one of the mightiest works of genius the human mind has ever produced." Difficult and condensed, this epoch-making paper was long practically unknown in the United States. Some fifteen years later it was discovered in its obscure source by several European physicists, who immediately saw its value. At the recent jubilee celebration in Holland of the publication of this paper Donnan said: "Never has an abstract investigation so influenced the fundamental basis of industry as the treatise of Gibbs on heterogeneous equilibrium."

Thus may an "abstract philosopher" bring glory to his university and untold profit to the industries wise enough to utilize his discoveries. But if we wish to multiply such cases we must make the conditions for research far more favorable than they are now. As Mr. Hoover has said:

> There is no price that the world could not afford to pay to these men who have the originality of mind to carry scientific thought great strides—and they wish no price. They need opportunity to live and work. No one can estimate the value to the world of an investigator like Faraday. . . . It is true that money cannot buy genius, but many a genius in science has defaulted because he has had to eat.

Here is an unfortunate fact that seriously hampers pure science in America and drives our promising young men into other pursuits. The average member of a university faculty is so poorly paid that he cannot afford to live in reasonable comfort, to employ the best physicians or surgeons for his family, or to send his children to the best schools and universities. In addition to domestic worries, he is burdened with such heavy duties of teaching or administration that he has little opportunity for intensive research, which calls for many uninterrupted hours daily and requires an untroubled mind, free to dwell upon intricate problems and to turn them over and over until the sudden illumination of a new idea contributes toward their solution. Progress comes by many small accretions, and these are the result of long and continuous thought. The man who is not free to think, and to work out in quiet the various applications of his ideas, is precluded from effective research.

The pressure of university life has been seriously aggravated since the war by an avalanche of new students, who crowd the classrooms and clamor for attention. These swelling throngs greatly complicate the problem. Under ideal conditions, which are very rarely attained, the life of an investigator in an educational institution may be extraordinarily fruitful, as I could show by contemporary illustrations. If such conditions were general, the efforts now being made by the National Academy of Sciences would be unnecessary. But as they certainly do not exist in the great majority of the universities, colleges, and technological schools of this country, and as research institutions like the Rockefeller Institute and the Carnegie Institution of Washington are very few, it is necessary to point out the facts and to seek at least a partial remedy.

Even in the highest-paid university positions the salaries of the distinguished occupants of exceptional chairs are from one-fifth to one-tenth of the amounts

such men could obtain as the heads of industrial laboratories. Moreover, opportunities to carry out researches demanding large and unusual instruments and equipment or calling for expense exceeding sums which the industries would regard as trivial almost never occur. Thus, the underpaid professor usually lacks adequate time, an unhampered mind, clerical and technical assistance, essential instruments and equipment, and funds for necessary expense, not to speak of the hearty interest and encouragement of authorities who really appreciate the nature and the value of research in pure science.

The National Academy of Sciences recognizes the true condition of affairs. For many years it has sought to increase facilities for research, and to secure for competent investigators some of the opportunities they so urgently need. It began by organizing the National Research Council, which with the active co-operation of the leading national scientific and technical societies and the financial aid of the Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and other bodies, has initiated many large projects in aid of research. One of the most important of these is a system of National Research Fellowships in physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, and other branches of science. These have enabled scores of young men and women, selected from the recipients of Ph.D. degrees who have shown themselves most competent in research, to pursue their investigations unhampered for several years under the most favorable conditions, thus developing their powers of original inquiry and qualifying them for posts in which their researches can be continued.

More recently, the Academy of Sciences has undertaken to secure a National Research Fund, chiefly for the purpose of aiding the ablest American investigators, most of whom hold positions in universities and colleges, to conduct their researches to the best possible advantage.

V

In launching this enterprise the Academy recognized the advantage of placing its organization and administration in the hands of a Board of Trustees exceptionally qualified to command public approval and support. The Academy is composed of the leading scientists of the country, elected because of their original contributions to knowledge. It is thus peculiarly fitted to supply the requisite scientific discernment of opportunities and needs in research. About half of the Trustees were, therefore, chosen from the membership of the Academy.

For the other half, an eminent group of public men was constituted. As remarked above, if a clear perception of national and industrial opportunities is sought, one may look with confidence to such statesmen and business leaders as the Academy has chosen as trustees. They clearly recognize our vital need of research in pure science, and willingly join in a vigorous effort to obtain adequate funds for this purpose.

To what source shall they turn for contributions? The answer is obvious: to the corporations and individuals who best perceive or will profit most from the adequate development of pure science in the United States.

Any intelligent director of a corporation which depends upon applied science can understand the value to his stockholders of such discoveries in pure science as those mentioned in this article. If he thinks his duty lies in favoring only the application of existing knowledge to the technical needs of the moment, he should listen to the opinions of such far-sighted men as Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, Herbert Hoover, and Owen D. Young. Mr. Root, in a masterly argument, has maintained the right of stockholders to expect their directors to look ahead and to take a broad view of their responsibilities. It is only in this way that the great possibilities of the future can be utilized. He ended his argument

by stating emphatically that it was not only the right but the duty of the directors of such corporations to contribute toward the support of pure science. Mr. Hughes, when called upon for his opinion as to the legal rights of directors to use funds in this way, presented a brilliant analysis of the problem and an equally emphatic conclusion, in complete harmony with that of Mr. Root.

Trained as an engineer, with an extraordinary experience in practical affairs on the largest scale, Herbert Hoover is competent to pronounce an unprejudiced opinion regarding the value of pure science to corporations dependent upon technical knowledge. Direct and unhesitating in meeting the practical need of the moment, he possesses also the vision which enables him to look into the future, and to see the abstract discovery of to-day transforming the industry of to-morrow. In his address, "The Vital Need for Greater Financial Support to Pure Science Research," delivered before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, he has said:

> We have an increase in some ten years from 100 to over 500 laboratories engaged upon search for applications of known scientific fact and law. These results have been magnificent. But all these applied science laboratories are dependent upon the raw material which flows from the laboratories and men engaged in pure science. And the industrial investigators are the first to demand more support to pure science.
>
> Compared with other expenditures of far less importance to human welfare, the amount of money annually devoted in the United States to the aid of investigators and investigation in pure science is absurdly small. It is less than one-tenth what we spend on cosmetics.

The Trustees of the National Research Fund comprise Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Chairman; John J. Carty, Vice Chairman; Elihu Root, Andrew W. Mellon, Charles E. Hughes, Edward M. House, John W. Davis, Julius Rosenwald, Owen D. Young, Henry M. Robinson, Felix Warburg, Henry S. Pritchett, Cameron Forbes, Thomas H. Morgan, President of the National Academy of Sciences; Gano Dunn, Chairman of the National Research Council; Vernon Kellogg, Permanent Secretary of the Research Council; Albert A. Michelson, John C. Merriam, Robert A. Millikan, William H. Welch, Simon Flexner, Oswald Veblen, James H. Breasted, Lewis R. Jones, Arthur B. Lamb, and the writer. Recognizing that human progress depends in large degree upon research in pure science, these trustees have recently declared their intention to secure adequate funds for its encouragement. Their general purpose is to increase American contributions to the mathematical, physical, and biological sciences by the creation of a national fund to aid skilled investigators. The principle of accomplishing this involves the selection, by the best qualified authorities in the National Academy of Sciences, of the ablest and most productive investigators engaged in effective research in pure science. Those investigators who desire assistance will be requested to present their plans for research, stating their exact needs, such as more time for research; the aid of scientific assistants, computers or technicians; and special instruments or accessories. Appropriations will be made for fixed periods of years, subject to renewal if circumstances warrant it.

The universities and other institutions with which these investigators are connected will be expected in all cases to co-operate to the fullest extent, by assuring complete sympathy with research; relief from excessive demands of teaching or administration; and laboratory, instrumental, or other facilities. In short, these institutions will be asked to contribute their share to a national enterprise, in harmony with their own highest purposes.

The National Research Fund will thus be used to facilitate and expand the work of experienced investigators in directions indicated by their proposed programs of research. By rendering the

career of research more productive and thus more attractive, it will also draw into graduate work many brilliant students who are now lost to science, strengthen the system of National Research Fellowships, and enable young men of demonstrated research ability to continue their investigations in pure science.

If adequate opportunities are offered to American investigators, they will respond by making new contributions to knowledge, which will raise the United States to the rank in science of the leading European nations. Such a change would be quickly felt in the industries, both by the stimulating effect of new ideas and by an increase in our body of men trained for research. As in Germany, greater appreciation of research would mean more competent scholars in the universities and a greater proportion of graduate students.

VI

Greatly as the industries will profit by the cultivation of pure science, the trustees of the National Research Fund point out that medicine and public health cannot fail to reap equal benefits. Fundamental discoveries are steadily providing the means of lengthening human life, just as other discoveries make possible the advance of the industries.

Sometimes a single advance in pure science works in many directions at once. Mauve was discovered by Sir William Perkin in 1856. Aniline, from which mauve is derived, is one of the products of coal-tar formerly regarded as a useless waste. Thousands of chemists, thoroughly trained in the pure-science laboratories of the German universities, and supported by great corporations enjoying the powerful encouragement of the government, have built upon this foundation the great dye industry of Germany. The basic processes involved in the preparation of the dyes are precisely those required for the manufacture of trinitrotoluol and other high explosives. As if to compensate this indispensable equipment for war, some of the aniline dyes have proved equally indispensable in saving life. For they supply the only known means of rendering certain bacteria visible under the microscope, thus permitting them to be studied and the methods of combating them found.

Pasteur's discoveries and their application to surgery are an illuminating tribute to research in pure science. He was studying the crystals of racemic acid, with no thought of practical ends, when he noticed a minute difference in form, which enabled him to separate crystals of precisely the same chemical composition into two different classes. This discovery, to the lay mind so valueless, greatly excited Pasteur. For his powerful imagination carried him far beyond its immediate applications in chemistry and physics toward still greater consequences. He followed up his work and discovered that while the crystals of one class would ferment, the others remained unchanged. What, then, is fermentation, that strange process hitherto regarded as a purely chemical phenomenon? Pasteur showed it to be due to the presence of hosts of bacteria, which eagerly devoured one class of crystals and ignored the others.

This was the beginning of that great study of putrefactive changes, and of the part played by bacteria in disease, which was to make the world Pasteur's debtor. Modern surgery, the cure of rabies, the germ theory of infection—all go back to those initial experiments in pure science that laid the foundation of his career.

Here Lord Lister takes up the story. In common with the surgeons of his day, he had seen no hope of preventing putrefaction in a wound because it was supposed to be due to atmospheric oxygen, diffused through the porous dressings used to absorb the blood. When Pasteur showed that fermentation and putrefaction were really caused by bacteria, which entered the wound from without, the whole situation changed. Lister,

having heard of the deodorizing effect of carbolic acid on sewage, tried it upon wounds. The bacteria were destroyed, putrefaction rendered impossible, and immense loss of life prevented. As a single illustration, the prevalence of hospital gangrene at the General Hospital in Munich had increased to such a point that eighty per cent of all wounds were infected. After Lister's antiseptic methods had been adopted not a single case of gangrene occurred, and the fearful diseases pyæmia and erysipelas also disappeared.

Pasteur's discovery of bacteria and their study by the methods of pure science rapidly built up the new science of bacteriology. His investigation of rabies, begun in 1880, soon led to his cure for this frightful disease. Since that time progress has been incessant, and one by one the scourges of diphtheria, typhoid fever, malaria, yellow fever, and other diseases have been overcome.

Some diseases are not caused by bacteria, and here also fundamental researches in pure science have provided the means of their cure. Thus, adrenalin, thyroxin, and insulin, which in the glands of the body regulate the physiological processes on which life depends, and even determine intellectual and emotional reactions of individuals, have been produced as the result of extensive laboratory researches in pure chemistry.

To achieve such ends the funds available for work in pure science should be greatly multiplied. Many corporations will profit so directly that large contributions from them may be expected. The private philanthropist who cares for the prosperity of his country and the good of the human race, can hardly fail to recognize the immense returns his contributions will bring. As for the men of science, who ask merely for better opportunities in research, they may be counted upon to devote their efforts to the advancement of knowledge without thought of personal gain. Their hopes are well expressed by Millikan, in an address before the California Institute of Technology on "New Truth and Old." After describing Galileo's discovery that force or effort is proportional, not to the motion of moving bodies but to the rate of change of motion, leading to Newton's famous equation of motion, $f = m\ a$, he says:

> Not a single dynamical machine in existence to-day can be designed without its aid, not a steam engine, not an automobile, not a dynamo, not a motor, not an aeroplane—not a machine or device of any sort for the transformation of work or for the utilization of power. Subtract merely the result $f = m\ a$ from modern civilization and that civilization collapses like a house of cards. . . . But it is not that fact that gives the idea its highest credentials. . . . It was rather the method used by Galileo and followed by Newton and Franklin and Faraday and Maxwell and Pasteur and Darwin, and a host of others who caught its significance, which has brought into the ken of mankind the conception of an evolving, developing, progressing world.
>
> Certainly through the method of Galileo and the success that its pursuit has already brought, mankind has just recently begun to glimpse limitless possibilities ahead of it in the understanding of nature, and in the turning of her hidden forces and potentialities to the enrichment of life. Nobody knows to what limits we shall be able to go with the aid of this method, but if the past three hundred years is an index of what the next three hundred years may be, then the supreme question for all mankind is how it can best stimulate and accelerate the application of the scientific method to all departments of human life.

The Lion's Mouth

"WINTER SPORTS"

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

THIS is the time of year when the illustrated papers are filled with pictures of winter sports. All the old favorites are hauled out and presented once again with captions slightly altered. There is the ski-jumping contest at Dartmouth—that one where the winner is soaring out into space while crowds gaze up at him from the valley half a mile (or so it seems) beneath. I have often wondered what the landing was like; but they never show that. There is the usual frosty scene at Lake Placid—an ice carnival against a background of hills literally buried under snow. "An exciting moment at Poland Springs" shows, reading from north to south, Captain Snagg, Miss Totter, Miss Lurch, and The Hon. Arthur Foljambe rounding a curve on the toboggan run. Elsewhere you may study the behavior of persons demented in various ways, leaping over three barrels on their skates, "curling" while evidently frozen to the bone in a northwest blast, or hiking on snowshoes through immense drifts of snow. "Winter sports," it seems, "are in full swing."

Well, let them swing. This arctic pageant leaves me cold—for two reasons. The first you have already guessed. The second is that right here in New Haven we have a variety of winter sports of our own which provide as much excitement and diversion as we can stand. No need for us to go to Lake Placid that we may brace ourselves by the shock of conflict with the rigors of the climate. Old Father Winter freely brings his offerings to our very doors and sometimes inside them.

The objects chiefly aimed at by those who indulge in winter sports are four: to get (i) excited, (ii) physically exhausted, (iii) dirty, (iv) frozen.

I shall now proceed to describe three major winter sports of southern New England. The reader will observe that each of them provides most of the above desiderata.

Thawing Out the Car. The most important requirements for this game are an air-cooled garage, a temperature of not more than five above zero, and a radiator which you meant to have filled with alcohol yesterday but forgot. The best time to play is 8.30 A.M. After discovering that the radiator is frozen the player lines up opposite the radiator and curses. He then goes to the kitchen and returns with a kettleful of boiling water, which he pours over the engine and the exposed parts of the cooling system and the front of his overcoat. End of the first period: no score. At the opening of the second period the player appears with another kettle of boiling water and some rags. He soaks the rags in the water and wraps them round the pipe. He also soaks his sleeves. End of the second period: score, radiator 10, player 0. Player then removes cap from radiator and starts up the motor. (If the motor won't start the game is over and all the player can do is to retire to bed until the weather forecast says fair and warmer.) Keeps engine running until water in upper part of radiator boils over. He

thus has a continuous supply of boiling water with which to soak rags. Radiator, engine, and pump are kept poulticed with rags for an hour. At the end of this time the radiator reluctantly begins to thaw. If the player has not already succumbed to carbon monoxide poisoning from the exhaust and if the gasoline in the tank has not been used up he may declare himself the winner.

Blizzard Removal. This game takes us right out into the Great Outdoors. We will say that a northwesterly blizzard has raged all day and left ten inches of snow on the ground. About half past five in the afternoon the storm ceases. The player takes a snow-shovel and attacks the sidewalk and the driveway to the garage. At seven o'clock the job is done and the player returns to the house filled with a sense of accomplishment and radiant with the glow of physical exertion. In the night the wind changes to E.N.E. and blows all the snow that had been excavated and some that hadn't back into the cuttings. In some circles this game is known as "You Can't Win." Still, every true sportsman knows that it is not the victory but the race that counts. And in New Haven we householders are nothing if not sportsmen. We have to be.

The Hunt for the Arctic. This game calls for a more elaborate equipment than either of the preceding. It should be played at 8.30 A.M. when the children have just ten minutes in which to get to school. The game is started by the loud cry of a child, "Mother! I can't find my other arctic." The regular reply to this is, "It must be in the hall closet." To which the child replies in piercing tones, "I've looked in the closet and it isn't there." So far the opening moves are as conventional as chess. What one may call the middle game follows some such lines as these. The entire family turns out to look for the missing gear. Father first plunges into the Stygian chaos of the closet. (An unlighted closet under the stairs produces the best sport.) There is a little of everything in the closet, most of it on the floor. Skates, a collection of unassorted rubbers, old gloves, a pile of music, last year's telephone directory, golf clubs, hockey sticks, umbrellas, walking-sticks, a football, two leaves of the dining-room table, and several coats and hats that have fallen from their hooks. Father's method is that of the terrier: he hurls everything out behind him into the hall. He finally emerges cross, dirty, and dishevelled, exclaiming, "*I* can't find the damned thing. Why on earth do you keep the place in such infernal confusion?" To which mother replies, "I can't possibly keep it tidy when you go churning everything up that way." While this little altercation is developing and the children are crying, "Oh, never mind the old arctic. We don't need them, anyway. We'll be late, I tell you, we'll be late," the dog saunters into the closet and retrieves an ancient rubber which he begins to chew with ill-timed playfulness. Mother disappears into the closet and is lost to human ken while father administers a kick to the dog, only to elicit a shrill yelp from the animal and a wail of protest from the children. Sometimes mother comes out with the missing arctic and smiles an insufferably complacent smile of triumph as she says, "I knew I could find it if you'd only let me in first." But this is likely to introduce a note of rancour into the game and, as any Harvard man will tell you, that spoils things. No, it is better for the game to take its normal course and to end with the discovery of the arctic either on the front porch or behind the kitchen range.

A group of us here in New Haven who play this game on an average three times a week throughout the winter are thinking of writing a brochure on the subject in which we shall describe some of the refinements of which the game is susceptible. With Stefansson's permission we shall call it "The Hostile Arctic."

And so, you see, we do not need to go to Lake Placid to hear Winter's call to radiant and vigorous man- and womanhood. From December to March there is hardly a moment when it is not sounding in our ears.

"THE HOT BATH"

BY PIERCE O'KEEFE

THE title of this makes me wish that it was one of those ironic little morceaux which the French do so well. You know the sort of thing: like "The Diamond Necklace." A few hundred words, all disillusionment and Insight into Life. No such luck. This is a plain record of travel. It is not even an *impression de voyage*. Let us call it an addendum to Baedeker. Here are the facts in bald prose.

When I landed in England I was dirty. Foreseeing this I had written in advance to the modest hotel of my choice asking for a room "with private bath if possible." The last two words were thrown in to show that I was not one of these mad Americans making extravagant demands. I had a sense of proportion. But if I had hoped to predispose any of the staff in my favor I was disappointed. The hall porter informed me with crushing dignity that he had been in the hotel for twenty-three years and such a thing as a private bath had been unknown there. He might have been denying the imputation of a flea in the bed. But I did learn to my joy that there was no extra charge for the bathroom. "None of your 'Cold Bath sixpence, Hot Bath a shilling' here, thank God," I thought.

I went to my room. Explored. Discovered the bathroom after three sorties. Returned to my room, undressed, put on a dressing-gown, and skulked along the passage. It was 3.30 on a Sunday afternoon in a London hotel. "Great Britannia!" I thought, "What an hour for a hot bath!" Dirt drove me on. The bathroom door was locked, and there was no one inside. I went back to my room and rang the bell. After ten minutes the hall porter, who seemed to be the only living thing besides myself on the premises, hauled himself painfully up in the lift and came to my door. The key of the bathroom, he said, was in the keeping of the chief housemaid. She was off duty until 6.30. The Strand on Sunday afternoon does not appeal to me. I lay on my bed in a state of mild exasperation until 6.30. At 6.50 I gave up the search for the Queen of the Housemaids and the Mistress of the Bathchamber. I made plans for an early bath the next day. I determined to get my revenge by using at least two shillings' worth of hot water.

Anyone familiar with English hotels will know I was a deluded fool. The scene between 7 and 9 A.M., repeated on all the upper floors of the hotel, is always like this. You put on your dressing-gown and slippers, grasp your sponge and towel, open your door a little, and peer out. At that moment the occupant of the room across the passage does the same. You withdraw into your shell for a decent interval. You step out then, only to see a large male figure in front of you, armed with a sponge as big as a football, striding resolutely towards the bathroom. You give him fifteen minutes and then, goaded by anger, make boldly for the bathroom. Someone else is in there now. And he or she has only just gone in, for you can tell by the sound that the water is being run *into* the tub. At this point you are so hungry for breakfast that you give up. At least I did.

I stayed three days in that hotel and I never did succeed in getting a hot bath there. And there was no charge for baths, either: that is what galls as much as anything!

After leaving London I took lodgings in the country. By this time the dust

was settling down upon my person, layer upon layer, as upon hapless Pompeii long ago. It was therefore with joy that I contemplated the enormous bathtub, at least seven feet long, in my lodgings. "I shall fill it to the brim," said I, "with the hottest water, even if it costs me ten shillings, and *stew* in it."

O vain hopes of mortals! . . . But hard prose is best. The causes of my undoing were these. (1) The hot water tank had, by generous estimate, a capacity of perhaps three gallons. (2) I do not know what that substance is which is the poorest conductor of heat in the world. Anyway that is what the bathtub was made of. The result of (1) and (2) was that I lowered myself into a tepid film of water three inches deep at the deep end and brought my nakedness into contact with a surface of marmoreal coldness. I lashed around like a hooked tarpon for a few minutes. It was magnificent but it was not a hot bath.

I stayed a week in those lodgings.

O buried cities of the past, I know now how you feel.

I told my troubles to some people I knew living in the neighborhood. They were most sympathetic. "Come on over to our house," they said, "and have a bath. You can have all the hot water you want."

I went. In the bathroom was one of those admirable English institutions—a "hot press." In the middle of the press stood a noble copper boiler. It was scalding to the fingers wherever you touched it. Ah, now for a tub full of the warm south, with beaded bubbles of soap winking at the brim!

I ran a little water into the tub and then climbed in. I was for letting the warm delicious tide rise slowly over my limbs. Six inches, seven inches, eight. And then the dreadful suspicion. Yes, the hot water was beginning to run cold! I leaped out and felt the boiler. It was already lukewarm.

I learned afterwards that one of the maids (may nettles and thistles grow on her grave!) beside herself at discovering such largesse of hot water, had drawn off *my* supply to wash her hair.

I am about to spend six months in France and you know what French ideas about baths are.

As far as I can see there are three courses open to me. (1) To resign myself to my present condition of imperfect cleanliness and to think meanwhile of what St. Francis and other devotees of dirt were able to do in spite of it. (2) To engage a suite of rooms at an expensive London hotel for the sake of the bathroom, just as the wealthy book collector will buy an entire library for the sake of one volume. (3) To cancel my plan for European travel and to return to America and wash.

At the moment of going to press I have not decided what I shall do. But when I *do* get back . . . *O puer!* O you Herculaneum and Pompeii!!

"ON DEDICATIONS TO WIVES"

BY PRUDENCE McCONN

IF MY husband ever writes a book—which is hardly likely—I shall beg and implore him not to dedicate it to me. Among my prejudices I have one cherished *bête noire*, and that is dedications to wives. Especially those typical and painful examples following roughly this pattern:

To
MY WIFE,
without whose patient loyalty
and unfailing inspiration,
this book would never have been written.

They are so smug, so magnificently and masculinely conceited. They seem to say, "See this wonderful and incredible feat I have accomplished! I have written A Book. I never thought I should

be able to, and it has been an awful job, but now it is finished. I am an author and all I have to do is to sit back and let the world applaud. You, my dear, could never have done such a thing. You are excellent in your way—yes, indeed. You have charm. You make superb cherry pie. You keep the buttons on the children's clothes. But could you have written a book? The idea is absurd. Indeed, I should not have married you if you had been capable of it. But I am generous. Some few rays of this effulgence shall be deflected toward you. You must share in the glory. We will pretend that you had a part in the great achievement. I shall, Little Woman, dedicate my book to you."

Of course it isn't true. A man's family is a great nuisance when he is trying to write—the children avowedly, the wife unavowedly but more absolutely.

She says, "But the Joneses have had us to dinner twice, and we've simply got to have them some night this week. That old book can wait."

She says, "But darling, when we married I did think we were going to have some time together. Now it seems as if we never have time even to go to a movie. I've consented to your cutting out bridge, but do you have to cut out everything?"

She says, "You will surely have a nervous breakdown. You are burning the candle at both ends. You absolutely must take up your golf again and at least get a little exercise."

An honest dedication might read as follows:

To
MY WIFE,
in spite of whose hourly interruptions
and daily nagging,
this book finally managed to get written.

Some wives interfere even more actively. I know I do. When my husband reads me something he has written I am as likely as not to express my honest conviction that it is terrible. I have declared, on provocation, that if he ever published such nonsense I should disown him, let alone the book. It never has the slightest effect, and some day—if there is to be a book, and a dedication—it might appropriately read like this:

To
MY WIFE,
in evidence that her most
devastating criticism
and most flippant sarcasms
failed to suppress any portion
of the accompanying work.

I sometimes wonder if the cult of wife-dedication isn't a kind of spiritual passing of the buck. When you write a bad book you can't exactly blame your wife for it, but you can say she inspired it, and then there is a vague, subconscious diffusion of blame. But it is a mean trick. It is unfortunate to be the author of a bad book, but to be the inspirer of one—ugh!

Yet women stand for it. They smilingly allow their names to sponsor—anything.

Of course most books dedicated to wives, like most other books, should never have been written. Why does not some sensible man give to the world a blank book, introduced by these simple but noble words:

To
MY WIFE,
without whose untiring efforts
in dragging me from my desk
into wholesome activities
the following pages might be filled
with platitudinous drivel.

I recall only one dedication to a wife which seemed to me logical and adequate. It is that in *Father's First Two Years*. This touching odyssey of the trials of a new father the author dedicates with great propriety to his wife, "but for whom," he feelingly declares, "this book could hardly have been written."

WAR MEMORIALS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MAYOR THOMPSON of Chicago, who affects to believe that the young minds in his interesting city get a steer in the schools that is more pro-British than it should be, considerably amused and not a little irritated an attentive world by his proceedings in that matter. As will probably still be recalled, he sent agents, not only to read school histories but to examine books in the Public Library of Chicago and see that nothing was submitted to readers that did not tell a suitable story about the past relations of Great Britain and the United States. There was a report that he intended to have a lot of books burned, and perhaps he did; but the prospect raised such an outcry that that plan was not carried out. The fact remains though that there was a campaign against the pro-English state of mind.

But after all Mayor Thompson got after the wrong books. School histories ought to tell the truth so far as it is known and accepted by the best judges, though that may be far from what Mayor Thompson desires; but pro-British sentiments in the United States do not much derive from histories at all. They are the natural fruit of minds fed on English literature—Burns, Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Macaulay, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, Stevenson — the whole galaxy of writers of English, including of course the Scots, the Irish, and the Welsh. English literature is the great pro-British influence in the United States in that American readers of the last century were nourished on it from their youth up. Perhaps readers of the current century will not be steeped in it to the same degree, but they will get it aplenty, for it is the main basis of thought which finds expression in English.

If Mayor Thompson should attempt to purge the Public Library of Chicago of English literature he would soon realize how great an undertaking he had come to. School books and recent histories are just a drop in the bucket; they come, they go; but back of them is that great mass of permanent reading which, now you think of it, includes the Bible itself as we get it from Tyndale, Wycliffe, and the King James' translators. In politics the United States can be detached from England on various issues as they transpire without any special difficulty; always has been so detached at times, probably always will be. But to eradicate Great Britain and the influences of English literature from the mind of the United States is something as impossible as it was for Canute to turn back the tide. If Mayor Thompson insists upon trying to do it and wants to lay the ax to the root of this pro-English influence, let him begin by suppressing Mother Goose.

But such matters are determined not so much by propaganda as by fate. And what is fate? It seems to be the resultant of accumulated facts; and the facts which in a real and highly appreciable

measure keep the United States and the British Empire in the same group of nations have been accumulating for three centuries and are not political but much more subtle than that and much more powerful. Politics or economics may at any time tend to bring these great aggregations of wealth and population into rivalry and, possibly, commercial conflict, but that is only the natural course of competition, and there is a difference between competition and hostility, competition being usually healthy and enmity usually not. Mr. Edison says that in due time Europe will get together to discipline the United States. It is rather hard to imagine Europe getting together for any purpose and harder still to imagine such a combination for that purpose, but if it should befall and Europe undertakes to fight the United States, Europe will not include Great Britain.

AND speaking of wars, an interesting discussion has developed in Cambridge (Massachusetts) about a Harvard War Memorial. To that end it is planned to build a chapel, and money is being raised and paid in for that purpose. What the Memorial should be was amply discussed for several years and the chapel idea was duly adopted. Still, it is not satisfactory to all Harvard graduates who are interested in the matter, and letters about it are still published in the *Alumni Bulletin*. One such letter which came into print in October in that publication was from Mr. Owen Wister, who protested against the chapel as unsuitable, thought the decision might still be changed, and appealed for a monument. Of course a chapel built for a War Memorial would be a monument, and when Harvard talks about a chapel what is really meant and proposed is a great college church. But Mr. Wister said, Why a chapel? and argued that the ideals for which Harvard men gave their lives in the Great War were not chapel-bred ideals. He did not think they came out of contemporary Christianity. Leonidas, he said, was not chapel taught and he asked a pregnant question: "Does Christianity add anything save pity to the ancient noble ideals of mankind?" He was opposed to a Christian church as a monument because he considered that the ideals which carried our young men into the War were not particularly Christian ideals. In France, in England, and all Europe, he said, you see monuments to the dead in the Great War. So you do, but he may have noticed that in England, at least, the monuments very generally have a cross in them. The cross being a Christian symbol, the idea must be still considerably prevalent in Great Britain that Christianity somehow was mixed up with the war. Moreover, of eleven pictures of American War Memorials in France, Belgium, and England published in the New York *Herald-Tribune* on November 6th, six were of buildings described as chapels.

"Like Leonidas," said Mr. Wister, "the United States fought a war of self-preservation. Is self-preservation learned in Appleton chapel? Isn't Soldiers' Field (the Harvard athletic field) a more likely school for those ideals which inspire a man to fight?"

Coming from such a source that was a very interesting question. But did the United States fight a war of self-preservation? Quite a different opinion from Mr. Wister's is possible about that. If he means self-preservation in the spiritual sense, he is right. If he means that the United States finally went into the war to save its soul, he is right. But if he means that it merely went in to save its bacon—to avert the peril to itself of a German victory—there will be wide disagreement with that opinion. The belief obtains in many, many minds that the great motive for our going into the war was not fear of Germany, but the feeling that we could not stay out and keep our self-respect—the feeling that a great duty had come which the United States could not shirk. To be sure, Germany finally forced us in. None

the less it was fate that took us in, not calculations economical, political, or otherwise. It was that fate which is the resultant of the slow accumulation of ineluctable facts.

What were the particular ideals, says Mr. Wister, that actuated our men who went into the war? "Patriotism, courage, hate of despotism, self-sacrifice." If self-sacrifice is not in Christianity, what is? Courage? Hate of despotism? Are they not both details of the Christian ideal? As for patriotism, the kind of patriotism that inspires a country to face its duty to the world, to make good on its obligations and to prefer justice to ease or riches—is not that in practice a natural fruit of true Christian teaching?

There are, to be sure, extraordinary apparent contradictions in the teachings of Christ. There was non-resistance in them certainly but, on the other hand, the Preacher who preached non-resistance was the same who said, "I come to bring not peace but a sword." Christ certainly was conscious that he was leaving in the world a great dynamic force that would make for terrific disturbance. His teachings put spiritual considerations far above material considerations. They denied to material force the power over mankind. Germany seemed to assert that "Might makes right" and that Might should rule the world. The sense that the Allies held to the contrary opinion had a vast amount to do in bringing the United States into the War. It came after long delay when the compulsion to which German autocracy sought to subject Europe was extended to the United States. When Germany said to Uncle Sam, "Do thus and so or take the consequences in submarine destruction" our Uncle replied through our President, "We will not do thus and so and we will take the consequences." So we got into the War and once we got in, we got in with all we were and all we had. But to us it was not a war for self-preservation. It was to France. It was to some extent to Great Britain, but not to the United States. To us it was a war of indignation and defiance, a war to assert a great principle; to thousands of us in its way a holy war to meet a spiritual obligation which had been bred in our minds by centuries of Christian teaching.

It is true enough that Christian teaching, as we see it taught in these times, is a curious thing and includes a vast number of details in the practice of which surely the Founder of Christianity would not recognize his own spirit. In a good many things our country of late years has gone over to the enemy in its attempted use of compulsion to regulate life. There are laws that keep order in the universe, and there must be laws to keep order in this world of men, but certainly it is a Christian principle that free will, the choice between good and evil, must not be eliminated from human life. The line that keeps order must be so run that free will may still do its work. It is certainly a detail of the Christian idea that in every man there is a responsibility for conduct that is higher than any human law whatever. We can obey the law and save our souls but we cannot necessarily save them by obeying the law. If Christ taught anything, surely he taught that. He gave a new importance to the common man. The ancient noble ideals that Mr. Wister speaks of were noble, to be sure. Rome produced splendid characters of great dignity and virtue; so did Greece; so doubtless did the civilizations anterior to them, but such men stand out in history as exceptional characters, tall heads that rose above the mass, whereas the leaven of Christianity seems to have been intended to raise the mass itself and to be the most effectual existing force for that purpose.

Another fruit of Christianity which bears on the question of a Christian church as a memorial to men who died in the War is that it taught more definitely and vividly than any previous religion that death is not the end but rather the door into new life. Certainly that was not a new idea born of the teach-

ings of Christ, but it was one that got enormous help and emphasis from those teachings and from the record of Christ's life, death, and resurrection. Truly it seems that the great fact to be emphasized by a monument to our dead in the War is that they still live, and that so much of life as they sacrificed was a spiritual investment the profit of which they carried with them into the invisible. Into that great ocean to which humanity ceaselessly flows we carry only spiritual values, and such a value truly is the sacrifice of one's life in the fulfillment of a great duty.

AS TO the question of a chapel or some other monument for a War Memorial, there is plenty to be said for a monument, but certainly a church is not unfit as a War Memorial for an institution that was founded as a school for Christian teaching and that carries *Christo et Ecclesiæ* on its seal.

Moreover a college church has the advantage that it is outside of all sects, not bound by creeds nor by any denominational restrictions. In the present Harvard chapel, and in many college chapels, men of all denominations preach, laymen often included. So in such a place a man with a real message has nothing to hinder him from delivering it. It seems evident that the Christian idea, the understanding of the mind of Christ, is undergoing a process of development which will bring it into harmony with that other great development of knowledge and of truth which belongs to science. It begins to be realized, for example, that the Sermon on the Mount is full of sound psychology. Inasmuch as this process of reconciliation seems to be going on pretty fast, it makes for patience about the building of such a War Memorial as the proposed Harvard church. One may hope that such a monument, if it is accomplished, may stand for such a conception of Christianity as shall satisfy, perhaps, men like Mr. Wister, who seem not satisfied now with Christianity as they see it preached and practiced.

People usually form their opinions about religion not from the words of those who originally taught it, but from the performance of those who profess to practice those teachings. That must be and there is Scripture for it—"By their fruits ye shall know them." But if the fruits of many who profess Christianity with resounding emphasis are not Christian, then we may reasonably infer that the Christianity they profess is not Christian either. When that is true, the disclosure of it must certainly and inevitably follow.

By strange vehicles indeed and always imperfect religion has come down to us. It has had to come through minds of our human fellow creatures. To be sure from time to time it has been revealed to Earth, but the revelations have seemed to be related to the development of the human mind at the time they were made. If they treat of matters too far beyond current knowledge the mass of men will not understand or receive them. Only that can reach us out of the invisible which we are sufficiently developed to take in, and what we can take in at any given time is only a step towards our final understanding, if indeed a final understanding of anything is conceivable. Consider our idea of God. So far as concerns *us* God is simply our thought of Him—the picture we can make of Him. And of course as we grow in understanding—if we do—He seems to change by a sort of evolutionary process because we have so changed and are perpetually so changing. If we think we see the fallacy of some suppositions of our brethren we do well to remember how many of our own opinions must seem fallacies to creatures or beings who are more advanced than we are. Anyone is justified in speaking of his own time as "this particular stage of prejudice in which I live." Nevertheless, enough knowledge and a sufficient understanding to live by in our own time is always accessible to us, and we are free and indeed obligated to add all we can to it as we go along.

Personal and Otherwise

THE politicians to the contrary notwithstanding, prohibition is the most interesting political issue before the country to-day. Governor Alfred E. Smith is both a wet and an outstanding candidate for the presidency. What would happen to prohibition if he were elected? What would he have the power to do about it as President? What would he be likely to do? Here is a political question of the first importance. It is answered in the leading article of the month by ***Walter Lippmann***, chief editorial writer of the New York *World*. Mr. Lippmann's published books, from *A Preface to Politics* all the way to *Men of Destiny*, have revealed him as an astute observer and interpreter of political affairs in general, and his most recent HARPER article, "The Sick Donkey" (September, 1927), showed his special understanding of the problems of Governor Smith's party.

Elmer Davis, whose HARPER portraits of Bishop Manning and Big Bill Thompson attracted unusual attention, now portrays for us not a man but a city. Mr. Davis is not a Bostonian himself; he was born and brought up in Indiana, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, turned school-teacher in his native state, thought for a while of becoming a professor of ancient history, went instead into newspaper work, became a crack reporter on the New York *Times*, and leaving the *Times*, has continued to reside in New York and has devoted himself to writing novels (the latest is *Strange Woman*) and articles for the magazines (several of which, including "Portrait of a Cleric," "Portrait of an Elected Person," and other HARPER papers, have now been collected in *Show Window*). Mr. Davis surveys the struggle between the old Boston and the new with a friendly but impartial eye.

Anthony Richardson, a young and promising English writer, is the author of *Word of the Earth*, *Ransom*, *High Silver*, and *The Barbury Witch*, and of a story in our last issue, "The Cuckoo."

Feminists on the war path for ***Henry R. Carey's*** scalp will find him at Germantown, Pennsylvania, but we have little doubt that a squadron of embattled males will be ready to rush to his defense. May we beg those who do not agree with him to abstain from the *argumentum ad hominem* (we have had a good deal of that in the comments on some previous articles for and against the "modern woman") and to stick to his argument? Mr. Carey is a Harvard graduate, a member of the Pennsylvania bar, a former member of our Diplomatic Service, and a writer for many magazines.

It is proper that a historian should come forward to remind us of our forgetfulness of history. ***James Truslow Adams*** is the author of *The Founding of New England* (which won a recent Pulitzer Prize as the best book of its year on the history of the United States) and of *Revolutionary New England, 1691–1776*.

Donald Corley writes magazine fiction and lives in New York; but, as readers of "The Eyes of Compassion" will realize, he is essentially a poet and a traveler in the strange lands of the poetic imagination. His most recent HARPER contribution was "Preface to an Unwritten Novel," published last May.

Bernard DeVoto has been a good many other things than a college instructor in English. He has been a ranch hand, a newspaper reporter, a lieutenant of infantry, and a student of Mormon history (he comes from Utah); he is also the author of *The Taming of the Frontier*, of two novels (*The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire*), and of several HARPER contributions, including "Footnote on the West" (November, 1927).

Now, after winning an appointment—at the age of thirty—as assistant professor in a large university, he has forsaken the academic world and moved to Massachusetts, where he will give his time to writing.

There are two kinds of discoverers: those who explore the little known parts of the world in person, and those who study the reports of travelers, historians, and scientific observers, and draw from them new conclusions which enlarge the bounds of human thought. ***Vilhjalmur Stefansson*** is both kinds. Three months ago in "The Airplane and the Arctic" he used both his wide personal experience in the Far North and his examination of the recorded experiences of other men to show the feasibility of Arctic flying. Now he gives us his carefully considered view, again based both upon his own work and upon that of others, on the much debated question of the "blond" Eskimos with whom his name is widely associated.

Winner of a prize in one of the Harper short story contests in 1924, ***A. R. Leach,*** of Parkersburg, West Virginia, and New York, makes this month her second contribution to HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

William Howard Gardiner has long been an expert student of naval affairs and kindred matters, and thus is well equipped to show the nature of the international problem left on our hands by the failure of the deadlocked Geneva Conference of last summer. He wrote "The Philippine Muddle" in the issue for November, 1926.

When we first knew ***Irwin Edman,*** he was engaged in two apparently irreconcilable occupations: he was studying for a Ph.D. in philosophy at Columbia and writing lively reportorial articles for the Sunday *Tribune* of New York. In the ten years or so which have intervened, Mr. Edman has not lost his capacity for combining scholarship with writing on topics outside his special field; on the one hand he is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia and the author of *Human Traits and Their Social Significance,* and on the other hand he is a poet, a deft essayist, and the author of that shrewd study of contemporary youth, *Richard Kane Looks at Life.*

In the third of the five parts of "Meat," ***Wilbur Daniel Steele*** brings to a head the conflict which runs through all American thought to-day: the conflict between those who would protect the weak even at the expense of the strong and those who hold—as Mrs. India said in Part One of the story—that "the world was made for well people." Mr. Steele, several of whose remarkable short stories have now been collected in a volume entitled *The Man Who Saw Through Heaven,* is spending the winter in South Carolina. For the benefit of new readers and of others who wish to refresh their memory of earlier instalments, we give here a brief synopsis of Parts I and II of "Meat":

Anne Flagg India had been gloriously healthy in mind as well as in body; yet when she bore a son Rex, marked with the same physical blemish which had previously marked an irresponsible cousin, the fear that Rex would grow up to resemble this dissolute kinsman made of her a zealot. As time went on, her husband, Sam India, found that his wife's love was not only concentrated upon the dull, awkward, queer child, but—fanatically—upon the fierce resolve to remove temptation from his path.

The Indias had an older boy, Flagg, and an adopted daughter, Fern, whom they had taught to regard herself as Flagg's twin. Sam India—and Anne too, before Rex was born—had hoped to bring up these older children to live with gusto and moderation and to look on all life with eyes open and unafraid. But Anne India now saw ugly possibilities in everything that might touch Rex's life—even in the innocent sport of the three children as they played together. Determined to protect Rex at any cost, at last she forced her dismayed husband to send Fern away to boarding school.

Rex grew stronger as he reached his teens; but Anne India's policy began to show its effect upon Flagg and Fern, adolescents meeting only on vacation. Their world now seemed to them full of evasions and horrible temptations; sex, and their affection for one another, seemed to them shameful; wine, now banished from the table by Anne, was to them a loathsome and fascinating poison. Finally Sam India decided that the time had come to protest.

Ludwig Lewisohn is best known perhaps as the author of *Upstream;* he is also a former college professor, a former dramatic editor and associate editor of *The Nation,* the translator of many foreign books, a novelist,

and a learned student of many literatures. He is now living in Europe and sending occasional papers to HARPER'S.

There is no more eminent American astronomer than ***George Ellery Hale,*** organizer, director, and now honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, and honorary chairman of the National Research Council. The list of his distinctions and awards for his investigation in the fields of solar and stellar spectroscopy is long and impressive. Dr. Hale speaks for the place of scientific research in our modern world as one having authority, and his article gains in timeliness from the campaign being conducted under the chairmanship of Herbert Hoover for a National Research Fund.

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The poets are ***Florence S. Small,*** of Philadelphia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who has had verses published in a number of magazines but is making her first appearance in HARPER'S, and who is now returning from a long visit in Tasmania; ***Mary Carolyn Davies*** of Oregon and New York, author of several volumes of verse and prose; ***W. H. Davies*** (not a relative of Miss Davies), the distinguished English lyric poet who was once a tramp and fruit-picker in America, a pedlar of laces and needles in England, and a hymn-singer of the streets; and ***Granville Paul Smith,*** a frequent HARPER contributor who sends his present contribution from Charleston, South Carolina, where he teaches in a military school.

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The Lion is nourished by ***Charles A. Bennett,*** whom we inadvertently introduced last month (when he wrote for us on "The Cult of the Seamy Side") as associate professor of philosophy at Yale, whereas reading has long since made him not only a full man but a full professor; ***Pierce O'Keefe,*** a pedagogue who offered last month some observations on the academic world; and ***Prudence Pratt McConn*** (Mrs. C. M. McConn), of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a new contributor.

To Mrs. Bellows and the Keppel Galleries we are indebted for permission to reproduce as our frontispiece one of ***George Bellows's*** most delightful lithographs, which happens to be less familiar to most of us than his pictures of the prize-ring. Shortly after Mr. Bellows's lamented death, we reproduced a painting of his daughter entitled "Lady Jean"; some of our readers will perhaps recognize her in the group. The work of George Bellows is too well known to require further mention; he proved to a whole generation of American artists that a man might never leave the shores of this country, never sit at the feet of European teachers, and yet rise to the very top in his chosen art.

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Protesting at the views on marriage expressed by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley in "Feminist—New Style" a subscriber in Kentucky writes us that she read the article "with horror and regret" and that she feels that in publishing it "HARPER'S is merely adding fuel to the flames of the present day trend of thought along the line of a disregard for the established laws of society, especially along the lines of marriage, its obligations, responsibility, etc."

After praising several other HARPER articles and describing "Feminism and Jane Smith" as "the outstanding article of many years because it lent its influence for the position God intended women to have, to hold, and to keep," this subscriber returns again to Mrs. Bromley's paper and expresses the opinion that HARPER'S is a magazine "too fine, too celebrated, and too useful to begin this crazy new idea."

The Southern Methodist also views Mrs. Bromley's article with concern in a long editorial concluding:

> Upon these deliverances, in a magazine which until within recent years stood for what is highest and best in Christian social life, we will make but little comment. . . . We do not know how correctly this writer in HARPER'S delineates the thinking and ideals of the class of women for whom she essays to speak; but we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, if our country should ever have a generation of women made up largely of the type

she describes, the downfall of our civilization would be near at hand.

Perhaps *The Southern Methodist* will prefer Mr. Carey's article in the current issue.

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We should like to call the attention of our readers to the announcement, in the advertising pages of this issue, of a new department devoted to Community and Industrial Opportunities.

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A rejoinder to Mr. Gerald W. Johnson from Marion, Alabama:

In asking "Should Our Colleges Educate?" Mr. Gerald W. Johnson raises a question of whose existence few persons are aware. The vast majority of us are quite certain that American colleges *do* educate.

Having raised the question, Mr. Johnson proceeds to answer it (apparently) in the negative. Our colleges ought not to educate; they ought to civilize. And they *are* doing that, not because they want to but because they are being forced to it by their students, the alumni, and the general public. Ergo, the colleges are all right. God's in his heaven, and so forth.

Mr. Johnson's banter is delightful. As satire, his article is a joy. However, those of us whose funny-bones are tickled by it have been enabled to reach that state of felicity only because our colleges did educate us—through courses of study, at that. Undoubtedly they civilized us too, if we came to college uncivilized, by means of extra-curricular activities. Why, pray, should they not do both? There is no real incompatibility between the two things.

The late G. Stanley Hall used to attack the study of Latin—in words that fairly exhaled Latinity. Is not Mr. Johnson guilty of the same fallacy? He is, unless—as I suspect—he was writing with his tongue in his cheek. If what he wrote was intended seriously, one can but conclude that he does not approve of colleges that turn out a product capable of appreciating the humor of Mr. Gerald W. Johnson.

Of course Mr. Johnson meant nothing of the sort. I have an uneasy feeling that he really agrees with Cardinal Newman that "Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation."

"The preparation for knowledge"! Is that to be found in a mere veneer of good manners plus go-getting up-to-date-ness? In part, no doubt, it is. But surely a genuine respect and admiration for knowledge constitutes the greater and by far the more essential part of that preparation. Isn't it about time our colleges took that fact into consideration when candidates are up for admission to college and graduation from it?

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Here is an incident, relayed to us by a subscriber in Maryland who had been reading Mr. Sprague's "Putting Business Before Life," which carries high-pressure salesmanship to its extreme.

It was told to our subscriber by a former apple-grower who had turned road-worker. One day as he worked on the road a car came along with a man and a woman in it. The car stopped and the man got out and tried to sell him a subscription to an apple-growers' magazine. He wouldn't buy, explaining that he had given up apple-growing. The agent then asked him to do the favor of giving him a bill for some change—he was oversupplied with change, he said. The road-worker complied. The agent took the bill, handed over the change for it, *lacking the amount for the subscription*, and calling, "You'll get the paper soon," jumped into his car. By some dodge he had previously got the road-worker's name and address. Only by jumping on the running-board and brandishing his pick did the road-worker succeed in getting the rest of his money back.

"Surely," comments our subscriber, "this should have a place in the selling contest described by Mr. Sprague."

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The advance continues.

Of the November issue 146,000 copies were printed.

Of the December issue 154,000 copies were printed.

Of this issue we are printing 160,000 copies.